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SATURDAY NIGHT

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The Front Page

THERE are grounds for suspecting that in its terror of the CCF the Liberal party has moved so far to the left that it has afforded room to the Progressive Conservative party to crawl in to the right of it. Miss Charlotte Whitton, the very brilliant young woman who was adviser on social problems to Mr. Bennett and is now doing the same job for Mr. Bracken, is taking sharp issue with both the Marsh Report and the family allowances project; indeed she is doing so good a job on the latter that she may frighten the Government away from it before it is irrevocably committed. In an address to a Progressive Conservative Club in Toronto this week she emitted a clear and ringing call for a social policy which should be definitely Canadian and not a reflection of any European system, and which incidentally should recognize that the provincial and municipal authorities are nearer to the people than the federal ones and are much better suited for the carrying on of welfare work. Financially she was willing that the federal purse should equalize the burdens as between the provinces, which suggests that she has acquired some of Mr. Bracken's sympathetic feeling for the Sirois Report.

The case against too large a reliance on cash benefits both for unemployment and for sickness is very strong, and Miss Whitton knows it thoroughly. What the under-privileged classes in Canada need more than cash benefits is a great extension of social services, especially in parts where the entire area may be described as under-privileged. The expansion of federal activity in the social sphere is almost certain to take the form of mere distribution of money, whereas the provision of services and institutions belongs to the provincial type of activity. Miss Whitton looks with some reluctance on the prospect of Canadians becoming a race of expectant beneficiaries of half-a-dozen different kinds of dole.

DRILLING CREWS, PIPELINE EXPERTS AND ROAD BUILDERS JOINED FORCES TO OPEN UP CANADA'S GREAT NEW OIL FIELD ON THE RIM OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

(Typical of the men who pioneered the Norman field is this oil driller from Turner Valley, Alta. Story of Canol Pipeline, pages 4 and 5.)

One Law for All

THE Vancouver shipyard worker who was sentenced to six months under the Defence Regulations for advising his brother (in a private letter opened by the censor) not to enlist has been released on appeal, on the somewhat technical ground that the Attorney-General's consent was given eight days after, instead of before, the laying of the information. The Dominion Minister of Justice is thus relieved of what would no doubt have been a painful and difficult duty. We have no particular objection to Canadians being punished for advising their brothers not to enlist, provided that *all* Canadians who do so are similarly punished. But we have the gravest objection to a Canadian in one province being punished, under a Dominion law, for privately advising his brother not to enlist, while Canadians in another province are advising their brothers not to enlist, and doing it in a most wholesale and public manner, and nobody prosecuting them at all.

Ukrainian Halls

THE outlawing of various Ukrainian, Finnish, Hungarian and other societies in Canada in the first year of the war, on account of their attitude towards Canadian participation, which was the attitude of the Communist party and was dictated by the current policy of the Soviet Union, was an entirely justifiable procedure, and had naturally to be followed by other procedures for taking charge of the properties of these societies which they were no longer capable of using or administering. As soon as the attitude of the Communist party changed the attitude of these societies changed also, and they became the most ardent supporters of the war effort.

The ban on these societies should have been withdrawn as soon as it became evident that they were no longer opposing the war effort; they were not banned on account of their sympathy with Communism, but on account of their opposition to Canada's effort in the war. It has remained in force for two years. It would probably have been lifted long ago but for an extraordinary indiscretion on the part of some of the Government's officials, who, as if supposing that the ban was permanent (although it was imposed under a purely temporary measure, the Wartime Emergency Powers Act), insisted on *selling* part of the property of some of the societies and destroying another part, thus making it impossible to return these properties when the societies once again became lawful. A committee of the House of Commons reported in favor of withdrawing the ban over a year ago, but, probably because of the embarrassing situation caused by this policy of sale and destruction, no action was taken until last week.

It adds greatly to the indignation of the dispossessed societies, though it in no way affects their case, that the properties were in many cases sold to their opposite numbers in the same racial division of the population—a situation entirely comparable to that which would be produced if the halls of the Orange Order were seized and sold to the Knights of Columbus, or vice versa. All that the original owners are now being offered is the price paid by the new purchasers; so that the real owners of a hall worth, let us say, $100,000 are being offered $30,000 while their pet enemies get the equivalent of the $70,000 as a free gift. (These figures are not imaginary; they are pretty close to the real figures in the case of one property in Toronto.) There is of course no compensation at all for the property which was destroyed outright—chiefly libraries, in which works of Marxist tendency were only a very minor element.

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Russia's Boundaries

See article by Willson Woodside on page 12

The recognition of these societies as lawful, and the restoration of all property that has not been disposed of, implies a clear admission that the remaining property should not have been disposed of, and that the offer of a forced-sale price for the real estate and nothing at all for the books is an injustice. It is our suspicion that the Government is even now exerting its persuasive influence upon the new owners to induce them to sell the properties back to it at something resembling the purchase price, thus helping it out of the mess into which it has got itself. We shall continue to press the claim that nothing less than the actual return of the property seized, or the payment of a sum of money sufficient to replace it, will meet the demands of the case and prevent the spread of a feeling of grave injustice among an important element of our newer population.

All attempts to obstruct the use of the properties by their present legal owners, by disorderly means, are of course deplorable; but we hope it will not be supposed that Ukrainians are the only kind of people in Canada who would resort to similar methods in similar circumstances.

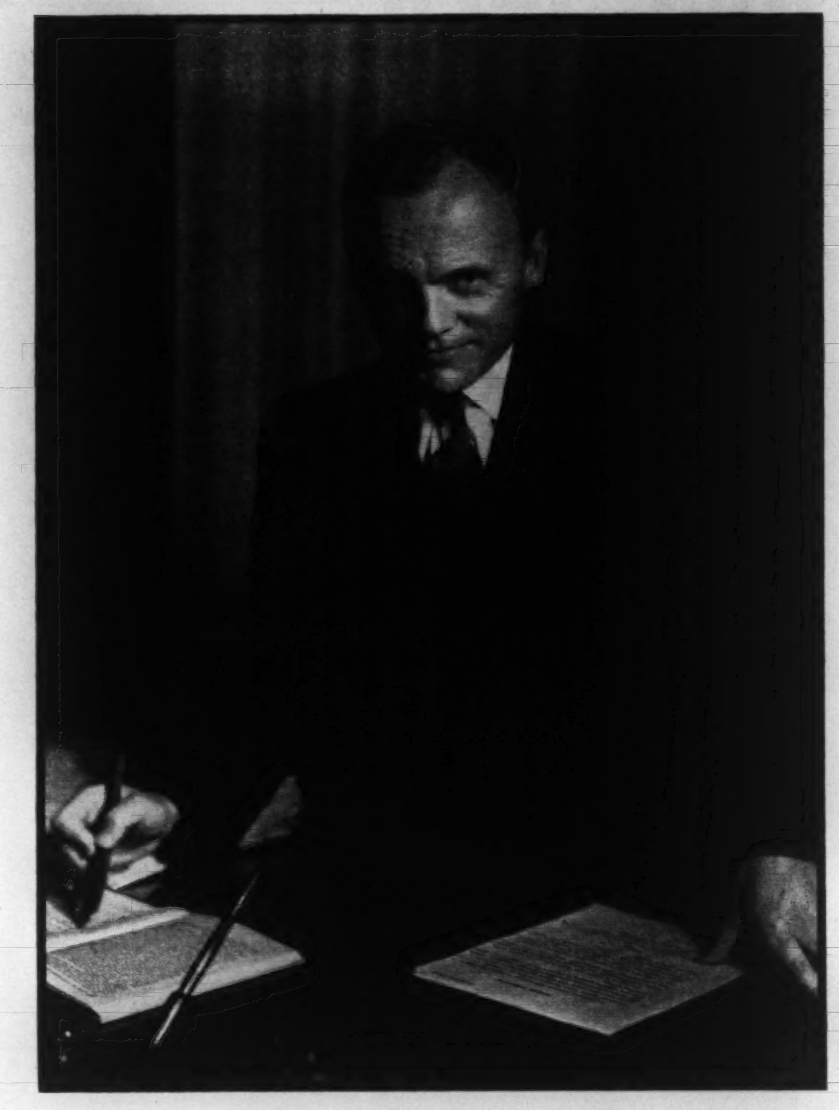
Quebec Politics

BY THE time these lines are read the Bishops of the Roman Catholic dioceses in the east of Canada will probably have issued a pastoral letter making it clear that the faithful are at liberty to vote for CCF candidates without incurring any ecclesiastical displeasure. That this is the case has been fairly evident for some time, but there have been earlier pronouncements by individual Bishops which tended to suggest the contrary. The expected action will add further complications to one of the most complicated political situations ever experienced in the province of Quebec.

To understand the new Quebec political situation it is necessary to bear in mind that there are today a great though unknown number of Quebec federal votes which are, so to speak, in the market for the highest bidder. We do not of course mean the highest cash bidder, for corruption is not so rampant as that in the ancient province; we mean the party which will offer the highest price in things which the Quebec *Habitant* and the Quebec industrial worker (the latter a relatively new and fast increasing element) want to get from the Dominion. This is a condition which has existed only once since the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891, after which Laurier swiftly gathered the overwhelming majority of the French-Canadian seats of Quebec into the Liberal fold, to remain there, so far as federal politics were concerned, until the last election, with the sole exception of the great anti-Imperialist campaign of Mr. Bourassa in 1911. They broke loose in 1911; there is a pretty strong presumption that they have broken loose again in 1943. Twice in fifty years, and each time in the twenty-fourth year of leadership of the man at the head of the party.

In 1911 there was only one party to profit by the secession of the Quebec voters from the Liberal ranks, and that was the Conservatives. (The seceders thought that they would have the balance of power and would be able to dictate terms to either party, but in this they were disappointed.) In 1943 the situation is vastly different. There are two nation-wide parties competing for the votes of dissident Liberals and unaffiliated electors all over Canada—the Progressive Conservatives and the CCF. Neither of these has hitherto been able to make any appeal to the French voter; but one or the other may now cash in on him all the same, as the Conservatives cashed in

(Continued on Page Three)



GREGORI IVANOVITCH TOUNKIN —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

A Son of the New Russia

BY COROLYN COX

TODAY Gregori Ivanovitch Tounkin, product of what we refer to loosely as "the New Russia", has come to us in the diplomatic service of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and is currently Chargé d'Affaires at the expanding Ottawa Legation, which is already spilling over out of the large J. R. Booth residence acquired on Charlotte St.

Mr. Tounkin is a cheery and agreeable person who talks excellent English, has shed, if he ever had it, the reserve, if not suspicion, that seemed to separate us from the first few of his countrymen who broke the long silence between us and our Northern neighbors. When he smiles, which is often, he reminds you of the irrepressible Jimmy Cagney.

Tounkin is 37, and so has been shaped by the Communist regime. He was born in the village of Chamovo in the Republic of Russia up north of the Dvina River. Russia is but one of the republics, though the largest, that together form the Soviet Union. Tounkin's father was a farmer, could read and write a little, lived in a squared log house in the little village, went out to his farm lands during the day, as they do in France. His mother was illiterate. Gregori started his education in a one-teacher small village school at the age of 8, saw his village change from a place where but few persons could read and write, to become part of a vast country in which less than one per cent of the population are today illiterate.

For his high school Tounkin went off to live with relatives in a village five miles away, then further afield to Shenkursk to finish up and take his matriculation examinations. He is in Ottawa today because he was born late enough to reap the benefits of the Soviet scheme of education. By qualifying scholastically, he was able to go without cost to himself to the People's University in Moscow, was provided with a room to live in and money to live on right through his entire course. He went into that section of the vast university called the Moscow Law Institute.

In addition to sciences, history and geography, Tounkin applied himself to languages, reads French and German fluently, as well as both speaking and writing English with ease. He did post-graduate work in history of public law, then achieved the honor of working in the Academy of Sciences in Moscow, lectured in another law school in that city.

"We worked very hard—we had to," is Mr. Tounkin's simple description of what went on in the U.S.S.R. during the years between the great wars. At the academy this hard work was devoted to research in mathematics, physics, geology, economics, chemistry, all the fields of science, and all the top scientists of the U.S.S.R. were connected with the Academy.

Each of the fourteen Republics that compose the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has its own government. The Supreme Soviet, which corresponds to our Federal Parliament, is chosen by secret, direct ballot of all the people of all the Republics, one representative to every 300,000 people. All persons, men or women, over 18 years of age may vote. There are some two hundred million persons in the U.S.S.R.

Composition of the government of the day is as approved by the Supreme Soviet. Elections are held every four years, though the one due last year was skipped because of the war situation, and the powers of the existing government were prolonged for one year.

Narkomindel is the name for it in Russia—the Department of External Affairs. Tounkin entered it in 1939, by appointment, not by examination. His first post was to Iran in 1941, and the next year he was sent out to Canada.

Though Mr. Tounkin's home village of Chemovo has a longer, colder winter than ours, Ottawa's climate is just about like that of Moscow, and far colder than the city of Sevastopol, which is on our latitude. Indeed, there is scarcely any snow in the Crimea.

At the time of the Revolution, off in his little village people knew of it, but only much later felt its change. The first disturbances were, of course, in the larger centres. At the close of the civil war in 1920, there followed the reconstruction period. By 1928 the first Five Year Plan was initiated. It was necessary to push against time as the Nazis forged their ghastly plans for Europe. Only when it was thrown into relief by the bright flares of war did those of us outside the U.S.S.R. guess at the success of the Soviet efforts. Thousands of new engineers, agronomists, medical workers, scientists of all sorts graduated from the Soviet Union universities, had gone to work on the scheme.

Mr. Tounkin is able, fortunately, to laugh good humoredly at the amazing questions we ask him about life in his country. Citizens of the U.S.S.R. are free to own their homes, but could not buy a factory; can, if they wish to and earn enough money, which many do, buy a yacht; but would not be permitted to own a steamship line. In other words, collective property does not mean your hat and your coat, your wife and your diningroom furniture, your home and your garden, but refers to the means of production of your fellow men, such as the factory, the cargo vessel, the mine.

Mr. Tounkin's wife, a Ukrainian whom he met in Moscow when he was working in the Academy, has come out to Ottawa with him and brought their little son of three and a half years. Mr. Tounkin is naturally amazed when he is told that many Canadians believe that the family in the U.S.S.R. is destroyed and the "institution of the Home" abolished.

Mr. Tounkin finds the people here very friendly, and he hopes that mutual understanding and collaboration between Canada and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics will be further strengthened in time of war and continued in time of peace. He is going to do his utmost to promote further the friendly relations happily already existing between our two countries.

Canadians will hope that Mr. Tounkin will be able to move about among us informally, confer with us "off the record", when we can be forgiven for asking what will no doubt seem to him the most absurd questions, get the answers that will gradually put us in shape to work out our relations with our Great Neighbor to the North as rationally and realistically as we do our relations with our Great Neighbor to the South. There seems every reason to expect that our technique of sincerity might be equally welcome there. At the moment, we are obviously but scantily informed about the U.S.S.R.

TRAINS

LIKE life-blood
Coursing the veins of a great continent
The trains weave their way
Over the face of the long-suffering earth.
Streamlined and beautiful with their human freight,
Ugly and picturesque with materials of war.
We are aware of them all day,
But more keenly in the hushed hours of the night.
These wood and steel serpents
That writhe slowly up the long hills
And descend, crashing, into the valleys,
That shatter our sleep
With their piercing, sudden cries—
These carry food for stricken millions,
And the weapons and wheels that answer
The prayers of fighting men.
They bear laughing, frightened boys
Interminable miles from home
And bring them back stern and seasoned warriors.

Noisy and unwearied, they break into our dreams.
We stir and murmur, "Another train,"
And return to sleep, reassured.

VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Judgment of the Nations

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

BECAUSE of your constant striving on behalf of victims of Nazi wrath, you at least in this regard are "pure from the blood of all men", and for this you doubtless shall have your reward. Some of your contemporaries who have opportunity, and many of us ordinary citizens, who have not a newspaper or magazine to carry our message, have not done our utmost, and for this we may have to give account.

It seems unthinkable that any who profess Christianity should hold for these suffering people any attitude but that of sympathetic hospitality. Christ's teaching is plain: first, the record of the Good Samaritan who showed himself good neighbor to the Jew, left half-dead by the thieves. The Samaritans certainly did not love the Jews; even the members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society could hardly feel more antipathy for them. Yet, when the priest and Levite had passed by on the other side of the road, the Samaritan (perhaps even in danger from robbers himself) stopped, ministered to the beaten man, conveyed him to safe keeping, and underwrote his expenses. We in Canada, in no apparent danger from the marauding thieves of Europe, pass by on the other side. Apparently, callousness and self-interest, parading in the guise of sanctity, are common now as then.

Second: there is Christ's account in Matthew 25 of the great judgment of the Nations. There is doubtless an application to the individual in this, but it should be remembered that, primarily, it is a judgment of *Nations*. For what are they praised or condemned? "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least—who were hungry, thirsty, strangers, naked, sick, in prison—ye did it not unto Me. Depart from Me, ye cursed." May Canada, our nation, not come under this condemnation because of the vociferous, visionless selfishness of an organized few.

Toronto, Ont. JOHN C. W. IRWIN.

Quebec Schools

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

HAVING read the article in the issue of September 18, by Miriam Chapin, concerning education in Quebec, I was astonished that one apparently not having the proper information regarding such a subject should present it to the public.

When I came to Toronto, over a year ago, it was with the conviction that I should be visiting the seat of the highest Canadian education. Therefore after having studied the results in many cases of the Ontario school system, and its intolerance of the Quebec system, I find myself more definitely in favor of the latter.

Far from being "unfit for the modern world," a graduate of Quebec Protestant schools is well equipped to cope with any problem, and has, moreover, a strong fundamental knowledge of the French language as well as English.

While it is true that the French schools do stress too greatly religious teaching, it can by no means apply to the Quebec schools as a whole. The Protestant Board of Education, directed by one of the leading educational authorities, Dr. W. P. Percival, has compiled a compact curriculum of religious teachings which can be taught to any denomination, which requires only ten to fifteen minutes a day, and without which the time-table would be indeed lacking.

I have taught in Quebec schools from 1934 to 1942, have studied many provincial books on modern education, have watched the amazing development of teaching standards, have attended conventions held by competent authorities, and have been actually awed by the great progress made by the inspectors, who themselves are thoroughly skilled in their work. And I still think that Quebec pupils will compete favorably with those of any other province.

Now that Compulsory Education is being enforced, the French and English schools will be co-operating even more closely, and I should advise any further contributors to your paper to ascertain fully the facts concerning Quebec education, before presenting such a morbid viewpoint to your readers.

Toronto, Ont. THIRZA C. DONOVAN.

In Touch With Canada

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

LAST Christmas I purchased SATURDAY NIGHT subscriptions for some of my friends in the services. I think you may find some satisfaction in the following quotation from the airgram of one of them, a Canadian Army nurse serving in Britain:

"The SATURDAY NIGHTS continue to be my pride and joy. This morning being Sunday I was able to stay in bed instead of rising at the customary 6:30, and so read the three which came two days ago. I will never be able to tell you how much these papers mean. They have kept me in touch with Canada. There is not a page or a column that I do not read. I was not intentionally making an exhibition of my knowledge to Lady Tweedsmuir and Mrs. McNaughton when we met in London last week, but as we were with each other for a whole day there was lots to be said about Canada, and they both were surprised that I should have so much 'inside information' about literary clubs and women's doings. Whereupon I told them that I had a friend who sent me 'S.N.' Lady Tweedsmuir immediately insisted that I should forward them on to her after reading. Mrs. McNaughton looked a little disappointed that she hadn't spoken first, so she will be the third to receive them! And then we are passing them on to the Canadian Legion in London. Previous to this I have been giving them to the boys in the wards, but I think the newer arrangement will be most profitable."

Vancouver, B.C. SUBSCRIBER.

LICHENS

FAINTLY the lichens scribble
Pale words upon a face
Of sheerest peril; words that time
Inevitably must erase
In rain and tempest.
Now the hawk alone
Upon some rigid pine perceives
The writing scrawled on stone.

LENORE A. PRATT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

on Bourassa in 1911, by enlisting the aid of his representatives in forming a Government which will save him from being ruled by the party against which he has revolted.

Unfortunately this situation leads to a great lack of clarity. In 1911 the situation was not really obscure even before the election. (It was indeed the knowledge that Laurier was doomed to lose Quebec that enabled the anti-Reciprocity forces to pull themselves together very late in the day and fight an anti-Reciprocity campaign in the other provinces which did not at first look very promising.) A vote against Laurier was bound in those circumstances to be a vote for Borden, even if all it could lead to was a Borden Government dependent on Bourassa Nationalist support; it would still be a Borden Government. Today it is impossible to tell what sort of a Government a vote against King will lead to.

However this situation will be partially cleared up if the CCF, as is most probable, insist on running their own candidates in a number of French constituencies, a procedure which will make it much more difficult for them to coalesce with non-CCF French members after the election. The Conservatives are almost certain to follow their 1911 tactics of leaving the Quebec Nationalists to conduct their anti-Liberal campaign by themselves, and will therefore be in no such difficulty after the election. If the CCF run candidates in French constituencies, it is indeed probable that the Conservatives will extend financial assistance to Nationalist candidates, but without an open alliance.

TO YOU OUT YONDER

FAITH falters on the threshold of the years,
Blinded and speechless with the shock of war;
And yet, in spite of blood and sweat and tears,
We dream of peace and spacious days that are
For those who shall inhabit this terrain,
When we who wage this fight for liberty
Shall be but memories—shadows of the brain.
To you out yonder in the years to be,
We leave these bitter lessons we have learned,
Too late for profit in our passing day,
That you be worthy of the peace we earned,
Nor lightly cast the blood-bought gift away.
Let these who in the bloom of youth have died
See of their travail and be satisfied.

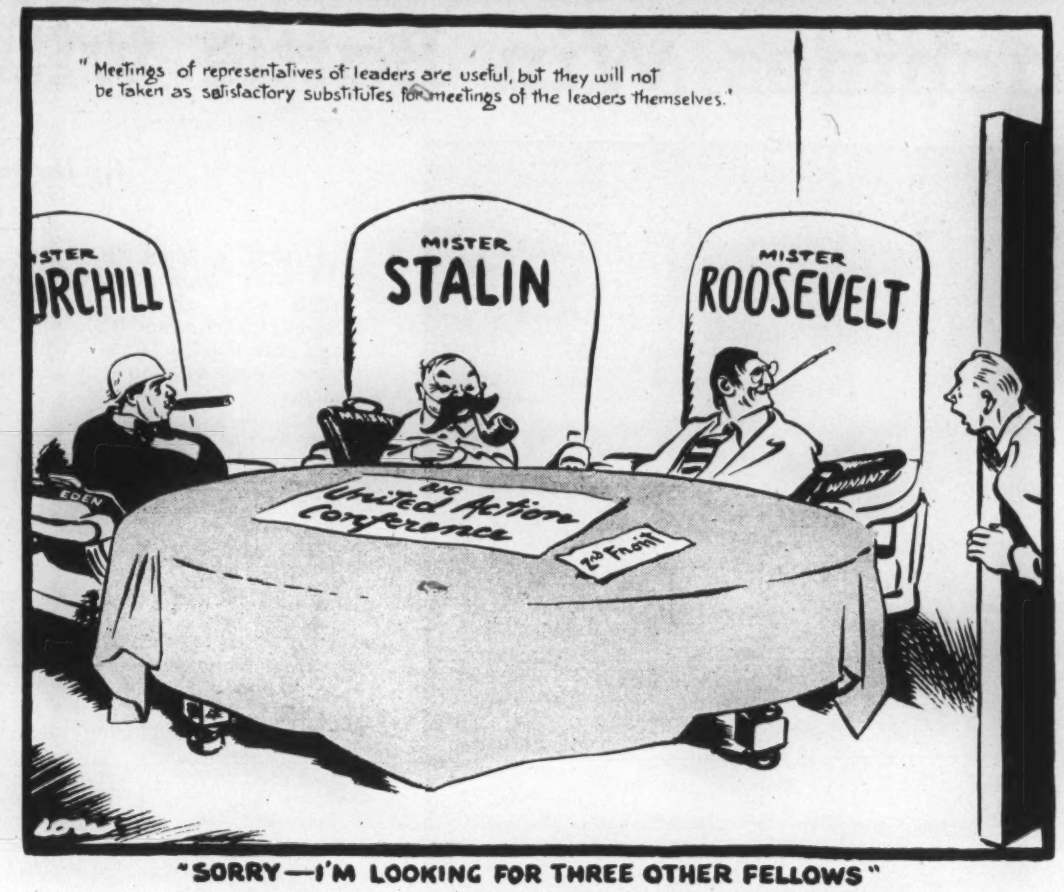
J. LEWIS MILLIGAN.

Farmer and Worker

THE CCF leaders have no hope of the French-Canadian farmer, but they have convinced themselves that there has been a great change in the attitude of the French-Canadian industrial worker, and that he is now an enthusiastic believer in the Canadian Congress of Labor. This sounds to us like the delusion of young and inexperienced politicians. It is true that the CCF has been pretty "moderate" about the prosecution of the war, and pretty vigorous against the "trusts"; but in both cases for the wrong reasons so far as Quebec is concerned. Quebec dislikes both the war and the trusts for the same reason, that it thinks they are "foreign". The CCF thinks that the war is too largely, and the trusts are entirely, run by the capitalists. Quebec dislikes Russia, the CCF likes it. Quebec wants to live to itself, the CCF wants it to live in a highly centralized and socialized Canada.

If the Conservatives run no candidates in Quebec, nobody will be able to say that the Quebeckers voted against them, and the Nationalist members-elect will therefore be free to coalesce with them after the elections if they feel like it. If the CCF run candidates and make a poor showing, the Nationalist members-elect will not dare to coalesce with that party, because it will appear that the Quebec voters have pronounced against it. So Mr. Bracken's party looks like the probable chief beneficiary of the Quebec revolt, assuming that that revolt results in a House of Commons with no single party in a majority. On the other hand, this very prospect, if the English-speaking electors can be convinced that it exists, might do Mr. Bracken a lot of harm in the elections; the suggestion that a vote for Bracken means a vote for a Bracken-Raymond Government would not be without effect, unless Mr. Bracken looked like having 123 seats anyhow, without the Bloc Populaire.

The purpose of these articles, however, is not to peer thus into the remote future, but to shed some light on the present state of affairs in Quebec. The Quebec voters having convinced themselves, pretty largely, that they can do better for themselves by avoiding any pre-election tie-up with any nation-wide party, their politicians are freed to compete for votes by the most extreme appeals to local prejudices and local interests. Even the CCF will have to adopt those tactics in the French constituencies if it is going to do any better than it did in Montreal Cartier. The Liberals who remain faithful will have to come as near to them as they can. The resulting oratory is going to sound pretty terrible outside of Quebec; but it is important to remember that it is not really anything like as bad as it sounds. Even Mr. Raymond does not really want to disfranchise all English-speaking Canadians.



"SORRY—I'M LOOKING FOR THREE OTHER FELLOWS"

The Lady Nelson

ON PAGE 4 of our issue of October 2 there appeared a picture of Canada's first hospital ship, in the title of which that vessel was described as the *Lady Rodney*. This was an error. The hospital ship is the *Lady Nelson*, and it is only the *Lady Nelson* that is entitled to the protection of international law as described in the text. We make this correction in order that there may be no misunderstanding as to the status of the *Lady Rodney*.

Fighting France

UNDER the honorary presidency of Mr. James S. Duncan the Toronto Committee of France Combattante is holding its annual tag day today in Toronto; but it is also making a nationwide appeal for financial assistance for the numerous important works carried on by France Combattante among the soldiers and civilians who have escaped from that martyred country and are laboring to advance the Allied cause.

It would be the deepest kind of tragedy if in our new-found and entirely proper admiration for the Russian resistance to Hitler we should forget that France took up arms against him almost two years before Russia was forced into the war; and also that the tactics of defence-in-depth, which saved Russia after the sacrifice of thousands of miles of Russian soil, were of no avail to France except by the sacrifice of her entire continental territory. Russia had half of Asia to retreat into; France had only the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean.

That the French *government* betrayed the cause of freedom when by the machinations of Laval it refused to withdraw to Britain or to Africa is true; but the French government had then ceased to be any true representation of the French people, as is evidenced by the practically universal refusal of that people to co-operate in the functioning of the New Order established by German bayonets. The real life of France has been carried on since that time by the Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who beyond the reach of the Gestapo have maintained by sword and pen and the labor of their hands the cause of the freedom of Europe—and by those heroic souls who even within France itself have dared to obstruct the efforts of the enemy and to assist those of their brethren abroad. No-one in all the world outside of the fighting portions of the British Empire has a greater claim upon our generosity, our respect and our love. The generosity may be made payable to Fighting French Committee, 12 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

The Prom Season

THE season of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Toronto, better known as the Proms, came to an end on Thursday with a special benefit for the mercantile marine. In point of attendance it has broken all records. In point of finance it has probably done equally well, though nobody will complain that the profits divided up among the players (the Proms are a co-operative venture of the musicians' union) are an excessive payment for the time, artistry and devotion which they put into the concerts.

The Proms are now a very different institution from what they were for several years under the baton of Reginald Stewart. Whether they are a better institution is to some extent a matter of taste; but they are certainly a more popular one. The important point, we fancy, is that they are one which is more suited to the spaces of a hockey arena and the temperature of a summer evening. Mr. Stewart took his symphonies very seriously; the visiting conductors who have succeeded him have for the most part been willing to leave that complex type of musical composition for the better prepared audiences of Massey Hall. The occasional pop bottle falling to the floor after the intermission would have caused Mr. Stewart either to suspend the performance or to tear out portions of his remaining hair; it does not seem to disturb Mr. Kolar or Mr. Kostelanetz unduly. In the matter of encores, Sousa marches and Strauss waltzes have usurped the place formerly occupied by pieces of re-orchestrated Bach.

We cannot find it in our heart to say that these changes are wrong. As we gaze upon the serried thousands of girls, with about half as many men who are either elderly or in uniform, filling the arena from floor to roof every Thursday night, and as we recall that at least half of them have been working hard in factory or office all day, our reflection is one of great gladness that they are getting what they so obviously want, and that what they want is so good in itself and so likely to make them go on and want something even better.

THE PASSING SHOW

WHEN the National War Finance Committee is through with the slogan "Speed the Victory" they might lend it to the National War Labor Board.

•

The United States Army has asked the big-league baseball players to postpone their tour to the Pacific Front. It seems there are a few Japs to be cleared out of the outfield first.

•

Now is the time to begin thinking about the post-war that is to come after the war that will develop out of the post-war.

•

Wartime Secretary

She isn't quite efficient, she's a dowdy little dame.
We often think of firing her, but keep her just the same.
With all her faults we know she has a little on the ball.
She has a liquor permit and she doesn't drink at all.

NICK

•

There is talk of loosening the liquor rationing. Pretty late to save the hunting season.

•

When the Germans tell the world how they executed a planned withdrawal from the Dnieper, all the Russians answer is "Dnuts!"

•

Mussolini's latest doctor says he has only six months to live. This agrees with several other prophecies about the end of the war.

•

Never-Grow-Up

When a naughty boy with a dirty face
Hears a word that no-one with manners uses
He chalks it up in a public place—
An act that no-one with taste excuses.

And he still remains an indecent wight
When, come to years, as a Realist airy,
In every novel he deigns to write
He chalks up his grimy vocabulary.

J.E.M.

•

The official ban on the dissemination of weather information has been lifted. It is now possible to say "Good morning" without risk of being interned.

•

Sixteen guests at a Montreal wedding breakfast were rushed to hospital with ptomaine poisoning. The Little Woman will have to do better than that.

•

Nazis claim that Britain and the United States are bombing German factories to destroy German competition in world markets. It is just accidental that these factories happen to be turning out guns and planes.

•

Ballade of Tangled Thoughts

What do I wot of W.I.B.?
Landlords, they say, can hardly bear the pain
Of rent restrictions. Now the A.R.P.
Discard their stirrup pumps. And yet again,
One weekly ounce brews weakly tea. Explain
(If possible, concisely) "Acta sunt"
Applied to reservations on a train. . .
I wish they'd open up that Second Front.

Some patriots for One dram now drink Three.
For vict'ry shipyard workers strike amain,
All paradoxical to you and me,
Though what commanders lose commandos gain.
Yet Vichy's purl to Fighting France's plain
Appears designed to counteract some brunt.
Perhaps I lack a statistician's brain. . .
I wish they'd open up that Second Front.

The income tax has got me up a tree,
And sugar coupons drive me down the drain,—
Blood, sweat and tears, and sometimes housemaid's knee.
Elastic in old girdles feels the strain.
The Oil Controller chants a weird refrain:
"O Maritimes, take note, I wun't, I wun't!"
Tell me, is Communism balm or bane? . . .
I wish they'd open up that Second Front.

Prince, paranoia lurks in Lovers' Lane.
Hair-raising? Aye, but was your razor blunt?
I've no umbrella, and it looks like rain.
I wish they'd open up that Second Front.

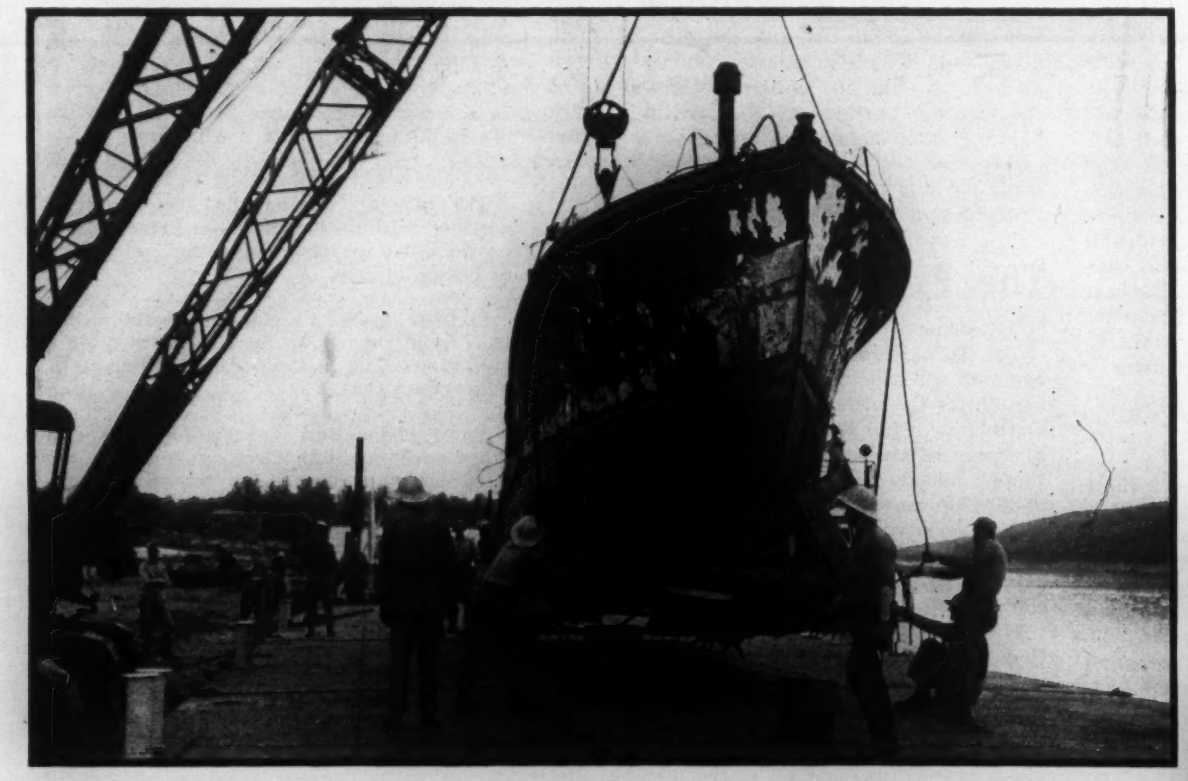
Saint John, N.B. H. G. C.

•

Germany's defences are described as becoming dangerously thin, which confirms the idea that Marshal Goering is no longer among them.

Men and Machines Win Battle with Nature . . .

Toughest hurdle in the 1120 mile haul to Norman is 16-mile Pelican Rapids Portage. Loaded tugs and barges were pulled from water (above), towed by caterpillar to Ft. Smith and there re-launched.



Many more ships were required for transporting vast amounts of equipment and supplies needed to build the pipeline. Built at MacMurray this tug is being loaded on a barge for shipment "down" north.

With freeze-up, supplies came by "cat" train — box cars built on runners, drawn by caterpillars.

By Raymond Arthur Davies

WHEN finished, the Pipe Line West from the Norman Oil Well area along the Mackenzie River to Whitehorse in the Yukon and the Pacific Coast will surely rank as one of man's great achievements.

A year ago where the pipe line now begins was almost virgin wilderness, disturbed but slightly by three small oil wells yielding the modest quantity of 300 barrels a day in summer months, and a small refinery employing less than a score of men.

Today the modern age has moved into this area.

Here it is 1120 miles from the railhead at Waterways; 1,420 miles from Edmonton; 130 miles south of the Arctic Circle; closer to Russia than to Toronto; a region of almost impenetrable muskeg, almost unscalable mountains, almost unbridgeable rivers and chasms, almost unbearable cold. Yet all of this is being conquered. Man can become accustomed to anything. He wears better than a machine. Where the individual fails, sheer weight of numbers is doing the job.

In July last year the first 60 men left Edmonton to develop the imaginative Canol (Canadian Oil) Project that aims to attain the output of thousands of barrels of crude oil per day at the Wells and bring it 500 miles by pipeline to Whitehorse for refining and use against Japan.

In one year the picture has changed completely. There are many more wells than a year ago. Oil flows across the five-mile-wide Mackenzie River. Supplies pour in by barge and plane. Last winter they came a thousand miles by "cat" train from Grimshaw, north of Edmonton.

Where not long ago a score of men worked a few months in the year thousands are now employed the year around. Work does not cease. There is constant battle against nature. Difficult pipeline construction jobs have been faced before. But never has a pipeline been built under such difficulties as face the Canol construction men.

Everything began with chaos: water, forests, muskegs, untrained men, untested tools, piled supplies—all seemed mixed into an unravelable jumble. Everything required experimentation, costly trial and error. Camps had to be set up; roads cut through; a temporary pipeline carried from the refinery across the river with oil for heating and machines; docks built; airports clawed out of muskeg, silt and forest.

All this seems to have been a long time ago, so much has been accomplished. Today as you approach the termini of the Canol Project on both sides of the Mackenzie at Norman Wells, you wonder how all this was done. On the oil well side, tanks, black and ugly still, unpainted but promising in their many scores of-thousand-barrels capacity, gaze into the sky, forerunners of a great tank farm. Oil derricks peek out of the woods. The refinery works 24 hours a day. A hotel has been built, a postoffice, two or three tent colonies, new docks, roads, an airport.

ACTIVITY really boils on the river's west bank opposite the Wells and beginning at Camp Canol. Here a road has been carved into the steep river bank. A fill has been made. Four or five barges can tie up. Long lines of peculiar trucks, their rear wheels capable of being moved closer or farther from the cab to accommodate burdens of different dimensions, stand ready to receive the freight, one truck bigger than another, all on tremendous, heavy duty tires, with chasses high above the ground.

Camp Canol is a maze of work, the source of men and supplies for construction along at least half the route to Whitehorse. Crews from Whitehorse are working on the other half. Every day new construction workers arrive from the United States by plane. Some days four transport planes fly in. Occasionally one or two will carry nothing but baggage and the others, passengers. A year ago one plane a week was rare.

At Camp Canol I met some of the world's greatest experts in pipeline and road construction. The Captain who took me around had come from a Near East pipeline. Others came

Planes played vital role in Canol project by pouring in men and supplies.

. . . To Push Oil Pipeline Through Rugged North

Photos, National Film Board

from Chile, Peru, Columbia, Venezuela.

"They cabled me," the Captain said, "to come and help build an impossible pipeline. I came."

The impossibility seems to begin right at Camp Canol. Though a hundred feet above the river, the camp is laid out on muskeg. What solid soil there is has had to be brought from somewhere else. Logs were sunk; sand piled on; cabins and bunkhouses built on the new surface, which somehow feels frail and yields to the tread. But memorial to the muskeg below is the "Cat swamp" right in the middle of the camp. The soil is muddy, black, dangerous. Caterpillars, trucks, trailers get stranded. A heavy truck sank to the axles before my eyes in a matter of seconds.

The pipeline, black and sinuous, winds through the camp from the river bank into the beyond—westward.

"Laying a pipeline is easy," I was told. "It is the right-of-way, the road by which pipe and machines have to be transported that's difficult."

The pipeline is welded at the rate of a mile per crew per day. Some of the world's best "pipeliners" are at work. This is a select and highly skilful group. Their wages are astronomical, sometimes $1,500 a month and they move from job to job all over the world.

The line really wound along the highway into the distance. "Wound" is the very word, for the variation of 160 degrees of temperature, from minus 70 to plus 90, causes an expansion and contraction of nearly 30,000 inches—2,500 feet for the whole distance from the Mackenzie River to Whitehorse. If the line were laid straight it would burst. Instead it is laid loosely, in slight curves, providing slack.

THE highway is the real key to the pipeline. It is the nightmare and probably will be the resounding victory of Canol. The first 25 miles of the three-lane road are built through muskeg. As we sped at 60 miles per hour I marvelled at the super-elevated curves, the excellent grades, the fine condition of the surface. But you could not step off the highway without sinking in muskeg up to the knees.

"We've lost caterpillars and other heavy machines in less time than you can say 'Here's to Victory'," my Captain guide informed me.

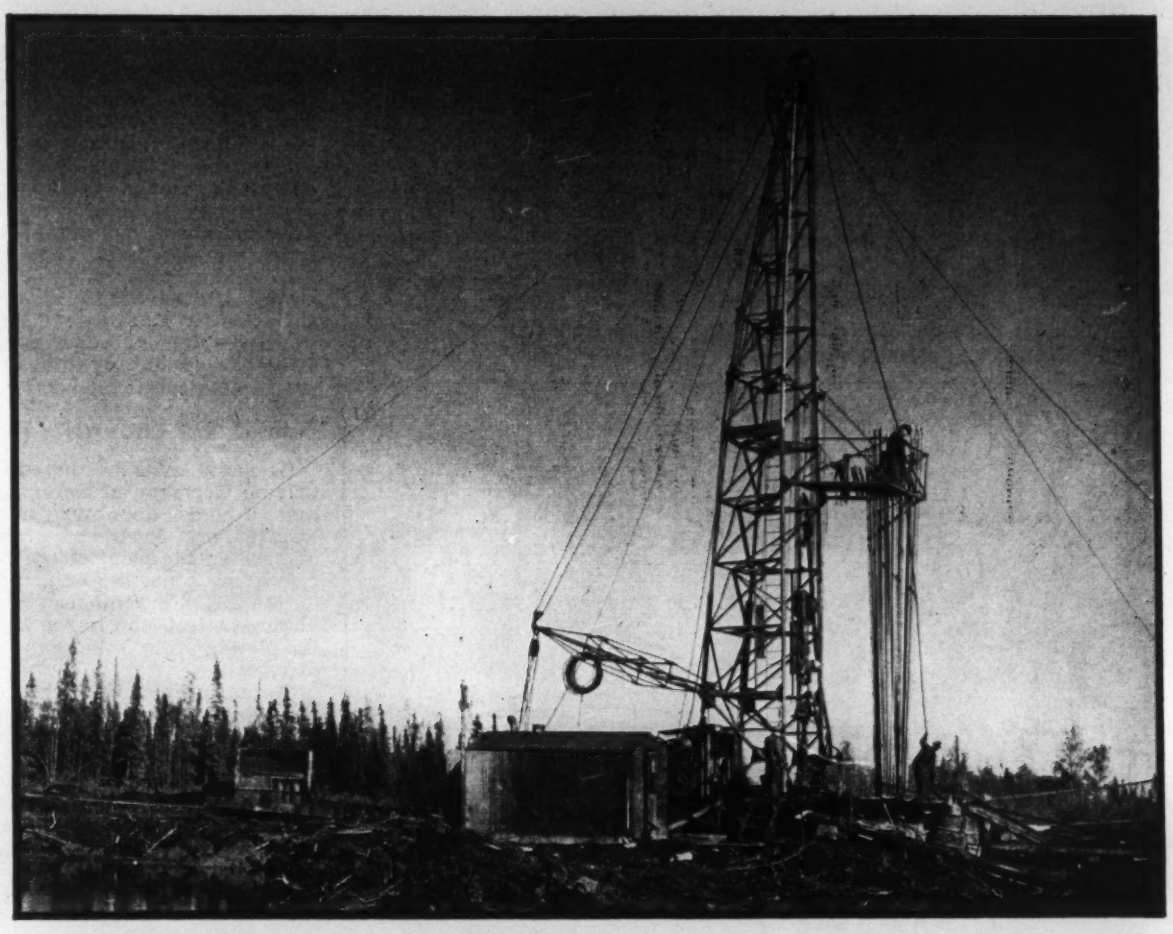
The road was built in the early spring just after the first thaws set in. Bulldozer crews shoved aside the trees and shoveled and pushed the soil to the centre. In successive operations the surface was raised about four feet above the muskeg. Then sand was dumped on top, brought from pits miles away. In this way muskeg was kept from thawing out under the roadbed; a solid foundation was created.

But the muskeg is only one of the enemies to beat. Another is rivers, the first of which is the Carcajou, 28 miles from Camp Canol. Ordinarily the Carcajou is shallow and not wide. You can drive across it in places. A wooden bridge was easily constructed. But after icebreak the river reared, expanded to nearly 1,200 feet, water rose four feet in a few hours. The bridge carried away. A more permanent structure must be erected.

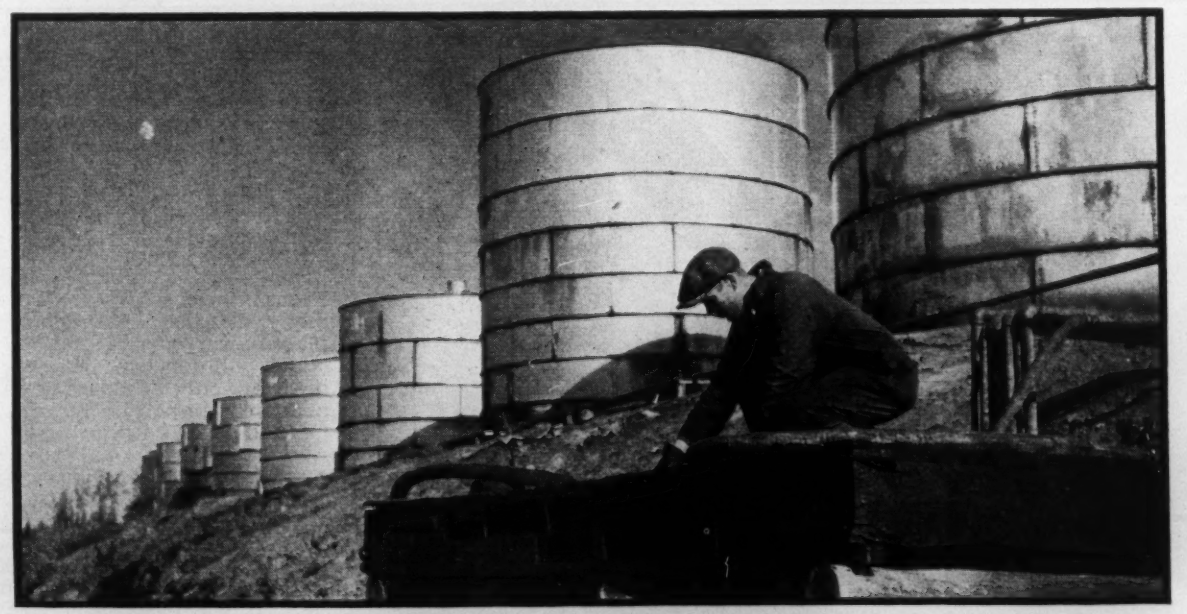
BEYOND the river the Carcajou Mountains begin. The road must pass through narrow canyons, across small streams and through cuts in sheer mountain sides. The complete permanent route has not yet been determined and constant exploration is being done. At times a route chosen must be changed even after much initial work has been completed.

And then there's winter. There was one whole week last winter when the temperature never rose above minus 60, 92 degrees below freezing. "This was a week of hell," the engineers said. Equipment didn't work. Everything had to be preheated. But work continued. The men, warmly dressed, went on with their jobs. All were instructed to watch their neighbor's faces and warn whenever ears, noses, cheeks began to turn white—signs of frostbite.

Much difficult work still lies ahead. No matter what happens, though, the example set, the experiences gathered, will profit Canada, will help build up the North.



Feeding the Canol pipeline are the Norman oil wells, on the rim of the Arctic. Many derricks like this tower above northern pine and spruce. The limits of this field are not fully explored.



Forerunners of a great tank farm are these tanks at Norman refinery, which supplies fuel to trucks, caterpillars and to boats on the Mackenzie. Pipeline will carry crude oil to Whitehorse.

Experts in pipeline construction were enlisted from all over the world.

Part of the pipeline near Whitehorse. Curves provide slack to allow for 70 below temperatures.

Our One Great Hope for Re-Educating Germany

BY PATRICK KIRWAN

Germany must be re-educated; but to what purpose and how?

Is she to be taught the folly of war, or the bitterness of defeat, or shown the democratic way of life? And is this to be done through the schools, the press, or the radio?

The author doesn't agree with much of the present planning. He puts most of his faith in one great hope—moving pictures. This medium, he believes, can be controlled, and through it the German people can be shown facts that have been concealed from them, their great myths can be exploded, and the fruits of co-operation can be shown, realistically.

London.

EVERYONE seems to be agreed that Germany must be re-educated. Mr. Henry Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, has told us, "The German school systems must be supervised to undo the diabolical work of the War Lords in poisoning the minds of the young"; while our own Socialist Party Conference has cast an overwhelming vote of more than a million in a resolution embodying the same purpose for the entire adult population.

Exactly how this colossal task is to be undertaken, or what the precise aims are, remains unclear (and, in view of our own domestic educational confusion, likely to stay that way), but a few vague aspirations have emerged and can be dealt with here and now.

The Germans must be taught the folly of all war! Any German can point out the flaw in this argument. It is folly to lose a war: a victorious war can be very profitable—German history proves it.

The Germans must be taught the democratic way of life! Is the conversion to be accomplished by loving kindness, or by keeping a rod in more or less permanent pickle? The controversy still rages.

In any case, the Germans seem neither to like nor to understand Democracy. The years of the Weimar Republic (a model democratic constitution) resulted only in an inextricable political confusion of coalitions, cranks, crooks and one-man-parties; riots, broken heads and assassinations, culminating in the Reichstag fire and Adolf Hitler. Democracy can only be learned slowly. It can only be taught to Germans by Germans: Dachau and the firing-squads have made a pretty clean sweep of any Germans with sincere democratic convictions.

Defeat Not Enough

Germany must be disarmed! Depriving Germany of Panzers, Stukas and U-boats does not necessarily disarm her. Even now these arms may be on the point of obsolescence. Even now some bespectacled genius of the I.G. Farbenindustrie may be holding a test-tube to the light, contemplating the Weapon of the Future.

Germany must be taught the bitterness of defeat, the humiliation of military disaster! If the final catastrophe be on a sufficiently grandiose Wagnerian scale German national pride will not be humbled. Germans will gaze with awe on the smoking trail of ruin and disaster, listen enhanced to the mighty cacophony of the death-rattle. "Only Germany could sustain such colossal defeat," they will exclaim in masochistic ecstasy. "Only on Germany could Fate rain such fantastic and undeserved blows."

This may sound like madness to the average American or Canadian; but the truth is that neither the Englishman nor American knows very much about Germany. And yet it is only with an understanding of Germans and Germany that the process of re-education can even hope to begin.

Stendhal has given us a pretty sound analysis of German national character, strangely enough, in his stimulating work "De l'Amour." "The young Germans," the great French novelist observed, "whom I met at Gottingen, Dresden and other places, were educated in systems styled philosophical, but which were in reality only a form of obscure and badly-written politics. They seem to have inherited from their Middle Ages a strong leaning towards enthusiasm and credulity. Hence, every decade or so they must have a New Great Man, one who will outdo all the others."

This profound observation was made in the first years of the last century, when Germany was still a hotch-potch of petty and conflicting states, and before she had been subjected to that further series of philosophical systems and Great Men which in our day produced Mein Kampf and the Fuehrer.

German Enthusiasm

In case Mr. H. G. Wells should think that Stendhal is lending new and powerful support to Lord Vansittart's thesis that all Germans are born with some daemonic form of original sin unshared by the rest of the sons of Adam, I hasten to add that he considered this enthusiasm and credulity in their moral aspect to be of the "highest and holiest sublimity." He instances Luther, who made "a powerful appeal to their moral sense, and the Germans fought for thirty years in obedience to their conscience." And he sums up by saying that in spite of the absurdity of the belief, the action was seemly and worthy of high respect.

He quotes an anecdote illustrating the "military spirit in all its excess," and smiles at their love of military pomp.

"A ceremonial parade is always sure of never being ridiculous in Germany. Those ceremonies at the Courts of the Petty Princes may make you or me nearly die of laughter, but they are very imposing to the citizens of Meiningen and Koethen. To them the half-dozen gamekeepers who march before their princeling, bearing his arms and device, are the soldiers of Hermann going forth to give battle to the Legions of Varus."

Stendhal looks on these traits in the German character as does an adult on the activities of a boisterous child—with amused tolerance and a certain uneasiness; but it is not difficult to see how a century and more later they came to be exploited and perverted into the homicidal frenzies of National Socialism.

And here it is salutary to recall that Germans were not the only ones who stood spellbound when the fanfares sounded and the searchlights flashed in Nuremberg; and were hushed while the Fuehrer spoke. There were prominent men of other nationalities who shared these raptures, squaring their uneasy consciences by repeating the equivocal Pauline injunction: Let us do evil that good may come.

Very briefly then—here are the peoples to be re-educated, and these the predominant national impulses to be diverted from evil courses into good. And here is a possible situation in which the problem must be solved.

To Break Down the Dream

Germany is defeated, her war criminals executed. The Fuehrer has committed suicide and his remains are in a secret grave. The young paladins of the Hitler Youth have come down from the mountain fastnesses. They have been reared in the Ordensburgen as the future rulers, not only of Germany, but of the world, and are highly unlikely to be amenable to the benefits of Anglo-American democratic education and a dull job of work at democratic wages. They will move among a bomb-crazed people, convinced by years of Goebbels's propaganda that they are the victims of a world conspiracy and unwarranted aggression, who have suffered an undeserved defeat. There will be secret pilgrimages (with Wagnerian rites) to the Fuehrer's grave. Oaths will be sworn, and there will be whispered a new and blasphemous Resurrection Myth.

The New Great Man, the reborn Leader, will come again to lead the soldiers of Hermann against the legions of Varus. This time revenge will be complete; third time lucky—all good things are three—and the Weapon of the Future lies perfected in the test tube.

Amid this intense, romantic, mystical, secret German life, and probably quite unconscious of it, will be a bored Army of Occupation and the Host of the Educators.

They will control the schools? Impossible! No matter who supplies the text-books, they will be expounded by German teachers.

They will control the Press? Impossible! If an efficient Gestapo cannot prevent a clandestine Press in terrorized countries, how can benevolent democrats?

They will control the radio? Fatuous! The excitements of the B.B.C. and kindly talks directed towards convincing little Fritz and little Hans that they must be good democratic boys and never again pick up their muskets are no substitute for fanfares and searchlights.

There remains, however, the film. The German cinemas (if any are left) *can* be controlled. The making of films *can* be controlled. Here Germans can be *shown* the facts that Goebbels has concealed from them—the record of the Nazi Party—the Nazi bombings of helpless civilians—the surrender of the heroes of Stalingrad—the whole truth of Nazi aggression. Here German enthusiasm and credulity can be encouraged towards the moral aspect and the World of Plenty. And here the myth of the Great Man can be exploded in harmless laughter. Mr. Charles Chaplin can reveal the secrets of greatness — even to Germans.

Mr. Beddington of the Films Division of the M.O.I. and his talented assistants should be cutting these films and recording the commentaries *now*—before the war ends and the Industry begins to clamor for the abolition of Mr. Beddington—and they should be ready to be shown before the young paladins of the Ordensburgen can begin their secret operations.

Last Friday Premier George Drew officially opened Ontario Hydro's new six-million-dollar generating station at DeCew Falls, Ont. (shown above) and threw the switch that added to Ontario's supply of electric energy 65,000 horsepower, "dedicated to the cause of victory". The plant's power was made possible by the diversion of the waters of the Ogoki River and Long Lake into Lake Superior and is the third great generating plant to be brought into operation by the Commission since war began. A 10,000-horsepower plant was opened in the Georgian Bay system in October, 1941, and a 54,000-horsepower plant on the Madawaska River in 1942.

Picture of a mighty war Weapon

THAT old saying about the pen being mightier than the sword was never truer than it is today.

The swords of modern war are tanks and planes and ships and bombs. These things cost money . . . huge sums of money . . . and that makes money the first requirement in fighting a war.

Every time a Canadian opens a fountain pen to subscribe for a Victory Bond, that pen is helping to make possible the swords of modern warfare.

Your Government not only cannot fight a war without money, but Victory will require *all the money you can manage to do without!* And your Government needs that money *right now!*

Buy all the Victory Bonds you possibly can . . . And then go on buying War Savings Stamps and Certificates regularly. No doubt you are now doing your bit . . . but the time has come for all of us to do our *best.*

Through investment in Government Bonds, your life insurance companies are helping to finance the war effort. Metropolitan, for example, has invested substantial sums for the benefit of its policyholders.

Metropolitan's Head Office and Field employees also are buying War Bonds by direct purchase as well as through the Payroll Savings Plan.

Our boys are giving their lives . . . the least that we can do is to lend our money! You bought Victory Bonds in previous campaigns. That is not enough. The war must go on to Victory. So must your purchase of Victory Bonds.

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ALL TOGETHER Pull for Victory!

Let us put our backs into it and make our weight felt. This is the tug that's going to bring us closer to our goal! We mustn't slack off and let the other fellow pull *our* share! ... The signal's sounding for us to do our best. That means *all* the Victory Bonds we can afford! Let us buy them to the limit of our savings—then buy an extra bond on the payroll plan, from current income.

The war can't wait. The need is now. Hitler's got to feel this! We've got him groggy now—but we still have to deliver the knockout. So let's work with all our might and make this a total effort for a total victory.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Don't Bet on No-Election

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

CONSULT any cabinet minister except the Prime Minister on the subject and you will be told with an air of positive assurance that there is no chance of an early election—that the Government has no thought of risking its fate on the whims of the electorate before 1945. You can take the ministers' word for it if you like.

All things considered, it is a comforting word. A general election at this stage in the war is not an engaging prospect to contemplate, and some of its possibilities are even less engaging. We regret to have to say that we are not so easily comforted. Some dark and doubting streak in our disposition, no doubt. Anyway, we insist on looking the gift horse in the face and examining its teeth.

And we are not quite sure about the teeth of this particular gift horse that the cabinet ministers offer. Mainly this is because we think that the ministers either are only guessing or, even if they are possessed of any knowledge of the matter, would want in any case to spread the view that an election was a long way off. As guessers we do not think, despite their preferred position, that they are any more likely to be right than other people, because the thing that has to be guessed is what is in the mind of the Prime Minister, and it is well known that the Prime Minister's mind is not an open book to his cabinet colleagues.

(As men possessed of knowledge of the subject we would trust them even less because they would be prejudicing their own and the Government's interests if, knowing there was to be an election in December or in March, they didn't try to make us think there wasn't going to be.)

Question Isn't Closed

Our only concern is to advise against the conclusion that the question is closed when there is no real evidence that it is closed and when in some quarters there might very well be a calculating desire to promote such a conclusion. Mr. Mackenzie King's recent statement to the council of the Liberal Federation was no more an assurance that an election was improbable before 1945 than it was an indication that it might come any time soon. Indeed, when it is considered that circumstances which he identified as reasons which would render an election unavoidable are either present now or certain to be present very shortly, it could be regarded as more the latter than the former.

Mr. King may be as desirous as he said he was of avoiding an election until 1945, but he is clearly less confident than his cabinet colleagues profess to be that it will be avoided. Also, and we think significantly, there seems to be, on the part of those who are trying to foster the idea that an early election is out of the question, a studied ignoring of that break Mr. Churchill made on his return from America about allowance having to be made in connection with pending Empire matters for elections in all the dominions.

Since Mr. King addressed his party followers in a way that did anything but close the question, some things have been transpiring which might very well transpire if an election were years away but which, were we faced with an admission that an election was coming, we would be naturally disposed to connect with it. Thus:

The announcement that the troops in Canada were to have their leave more than doubled to fourteen days every six months with extra days for travelling to and from their homes;

The sudden lifting of restrictions from various organizations and groups outlawed since early in the war;

Mr. St. Laurent's hint that the Government is preparing to take steps to finalize our national status by moving the power of constitutional amendment from London to Ottawa;

The relaxing of several control regulations;

And finally, but not least, the newspaper disclosure that Mr. King has gone into seclusion for two weeks at his retreat in the Gatineau Hills ... with the apparently inspired reminder that he has some farm affairs to look after there.

Could Happen Anyway?

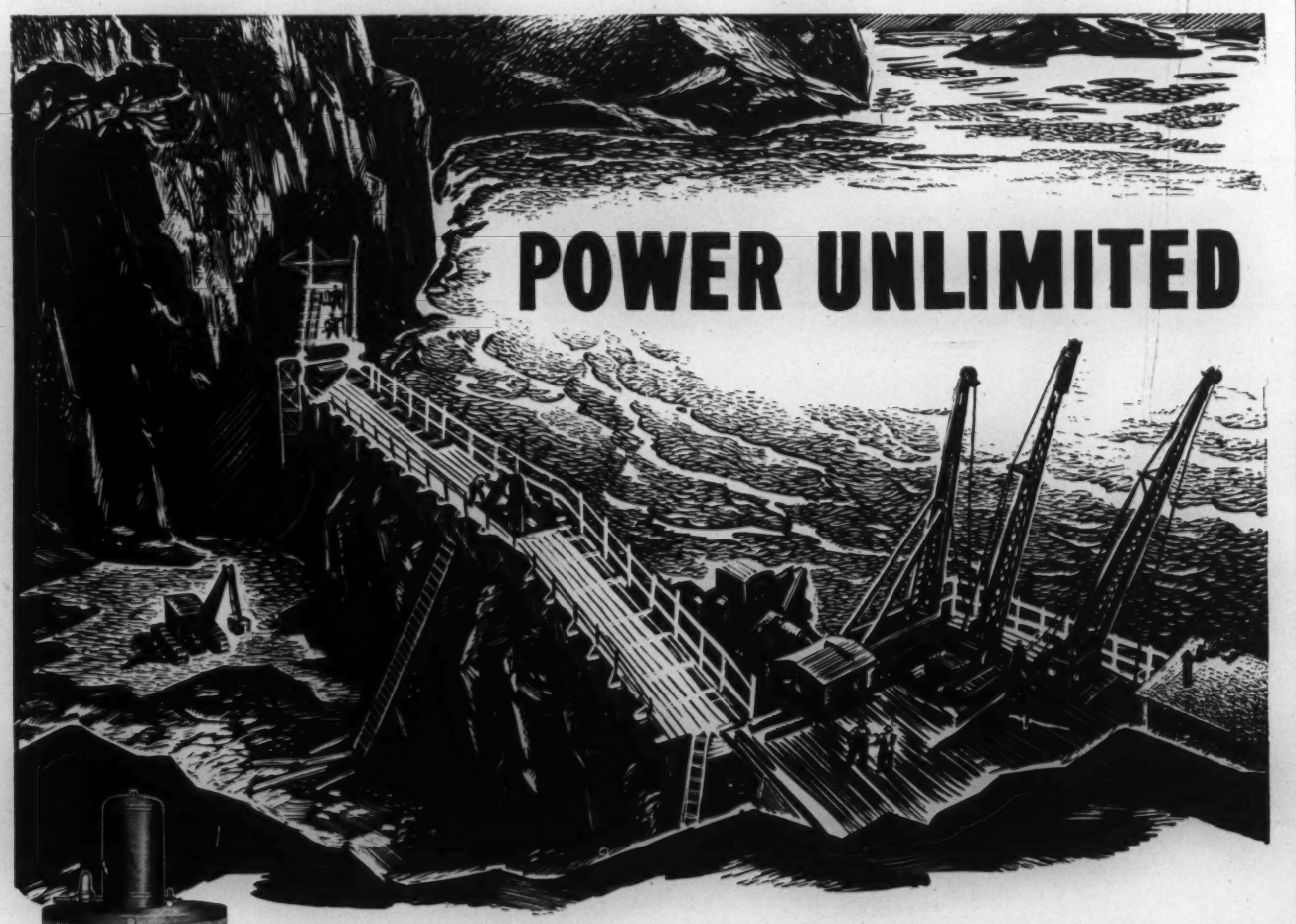
With no thought at all for an election the government might decide that soldiers should have more leave, lift the ban on bodies it had outlawed as prejudicial to the war effort, order the easing of the price control administration's regulations, and come around to having the B.N.A. Act amended without reference to the Parliament at Westminster. And the Prime Minister could even seek the solitude of the autumn woods. But these developments have occurred with remarkable suddenness within a very few weeks after Mr. King's discovery that, distasteful as it would be to him, he will have no choice but to have Parliament dissolved and an election held unless certain circumstances are avoided which, in the nature of things, are most unlikely to be avoided.

Extension of soldiers' leave, removal of irritating controls, freeing from restraints of Jehovah's Witnesses, Ukrainian societies and other bodies would do no harm to a government about to appeal for votes. Removal of the constitutional limitation on our nationhood might be helpful now in several sections of the country, not excluding Quebec. And as for Mr. King's retirement to the hills for an extended period, that kind of "holiday" for him is usually associated with coming events of more than ordinary significance.

It may be asked why Mr. King would consider allowing himself to be "forced" into an election within the next six months or so. Well, for one thing, most political observers would agree that the closer the voting is to the end of the war the poorer the Government's chances of being returned are likely to be. That is the common and expected penalty of war governments. In the midst of the war Canadians might not feel, any more than the voters of the other dominions evidently felt this year, like swapping horses. At any rate, Mr. King should be able to turn that consideration to his advantage. And for another thing, it would be strange if the Prime Minister had no thought to spare for his chances of heading Canada's representation at the peace conference.

That, one would think, would be a task he would greatly desire at this stage in his career and in the evolution of Canada's position in the world. And the peace conference is not likely to be held before the present term of Parliament ends. The war in Europe may be over by then but the war in the Pacific is a more uncertain matter. If Mr. King could be returned to office now he would have reasonable assurance of getting to the peace settlement. If he had to depend on the humor of the electorate in the period between the defeat of Germany and the holding of the conference, who could tell?

All of these matters we have mentioned are, we think, considerations which point to the wisdom of taking the scoffing about the possibility of an early election with a fair-sized dash of salt. Whether the cabinet's delay in announcing a decision on a labor relations plan is another such consideration probably will be revealed in due course. It seems not improbable however that the delay has something to do with concern for the political effect of certain points in the decision when it is disclosed. Word has got around that, while the Government is definitely attracted by the family allowance project, it is now leaning towards the idea of separating it from the labor relations plan proper and giving it to the country a little later as part of a social security program. Adoption of the idea would tend to confirm its concern for political reaction to its long deferred decision in the labor matter.



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BRITISH NEWS LETTER

Are We Undervaluing Europe's Underground?

BY COMMANDER STEPHEN KING-HALL, M.P.

(Cabled from England as part of the National News Letter, and published by special arrangement. Copyright.)

SOVIET spokesmen here make no secret of their conviction that if the Western Allies can strike some big new blows in Western Europe this autumn a German collapse by spring is possible. The capture of key points on the western side of the Dnieper gives some substance to their contention.

How much can we do during the next three months outside of the campaign in Italy, which is now occupying the attention of some twenty to twenty-five German divisions?

Operations during the autumn and winter months are possible, for instance, along the French Mediterranean coast, and the American Seventh Army has yet to be heard from. Another area of possible operations is the Eastern Mediterranean, where large Allied forces are known to be assembled.

British and American leaders are as anxious as the Russians to bring the European struggle to an end at the earliest possible moment. They have a better idea than our Russian allies of the problems and delays involved in amphibious operations.

Nevertheless Anglo - American strategy during the past few weeks has raised certain questions which must be faced frankly if our operations in the days to come are to go forward with all possible expedition and the hour of Germany's surrender is not to be needlessly postponed.

The first question to be asked is: Have we yet grasped the significance of the political factors in this war and the consequences which arise from its revolutionary aspect?

The evidence points to a negative answer. In the case of Italy, for instance, we seem to have counted too much on the assistance we should get from the Italian armed forces and not enough on the efforts of Italian civilian resisters. In general the Italian armed forces failed us as they failed their former masters. By counting too much on them we lost golden opportunities in the Dodecanese and along the Dalmatian coast. On the other hand the Italian civilian resistance in North Italy has greatly embarrassed the Germans. There is some reason to believe that this resistance prevented Rommel from reinforcing Kesselring's armies at the critical moment when the British and American forces were threatened with annihilation at Salerno.

It is doubtful if we are even yet giving much attention to the political aspect of the Italian situation. We have encouraged Badoglio to "broaden the basis of his Government" by inviting some democratic elements to join it. Whether he will be able to persuade any real democrats to come into a Government of which he is the head, and which contains such notorious men as Generals Roatta and Ambrosio, is very doubtful. Meanwhile what are our allies, the Greeks and Yugoslavs, to say nothing of our friends in Ethiopia, to think of British-American principles and policies when we accept an Italian Government containing men with such records that one at least is regarded as a leading war criminal? What is the effect likely to be on our guerilla allies throughout Europe?

Lost Opportunities

Side by side with this tendency to lose sight of the overwhelming value of political forces, there is reason to ask if our Anglo-American planning is not done on too fixed a basis. We shall not find a definite answer to this question until the war is over and all the facts can be revealed. Moreover it must be recognized that amphibious operations have to be planned in greater detail than operations on land alone. Nevertheless the opportunities that have slipped through our hands in the past few weeks are such that one cannot help asking if it was beyond our means to seize and exploit them.

For instance, could we not have made a better showing in the Dodecanese? If the most we could do by way of capitalizing Italy's capitulation was to put a thousand men into Cos, it would have been better to have husbanded our resources until later. Given the strategic importance of Cos, it was inevitable that the Germans would try an early counter-measure. We ought to have learned in Crete and elsewhere that when they decide on such a move they act fast and decisively.

The result of our indecision appears to have been a military and moral reverse, with the loss of perhaps a thousand first-class men. In most of the Eastern Mediterranean islands we appear to have counted too much on the Italian military forces.

Other golden opportunities presented themselves along the Dalmatian coast, where at one time the guerillas were in possession of most of the good ports. Perhaps with our commitments in Italy we were unable to do anything in that quarter at the time, but it is impossible to avoid the suggestion that our inelastic strategy and our tendency to discount the popular forces in Europe may also have accounted in part at least for our failure to exploit the situation. We nearly missed the bus in Corsica for the very same reasons.

From now onwards the capacity to exploit favorable situations and to secure the fullest possible aid from our Allies inside Nazi Europe will become increasingly important. They constitute vital factors in the consideration of what operations the Anglo-American armies could and should undertake during the coming months.

An American correspondent who played an important part in World War I reminds me that his country's effort, great as it was, was far less than it might have been in 1917-18 because of the vastness and perfection of the plans for America's contribution to a campaign envisaged for 1919. With millions of people threatened with slow starvation in occupied Europe, it would be tragic irony if we made a similar miscalculation today.

Panic in Rumania

In the Balkan countries the news that the Red armies had crossed the Dnieper came like a thunderbolt from a fairly blue sky. The shock has been greatest in Rumania, where the public clamor for the immediate return of the Rumanian divisions from the Crimea has been intensified, especially since the German evacuation of the Taman peninsula, where other Rumanian forces are known to have been engaged. Strenuous efforts are being made to improve the anti-aircraft defences around Constanza and other towns on the Black Sea. There have been several reports of Russian parachutists being dropped in both Rumania and Bulgaria. The Rumanians claim that these agents were well supplied with money, provisions and medicaments, and that their purpose was to organize opposition and sabotage throughout the country. It is impossible to say what the effect will be when the Russians sweep on towards Bessarabia, but there is a growing feeling of desperation among the people which might bring about a flare-up against the Antonescu Government and its servile collaborations with Germany.

Fear of a Russian advance into the Balkans is growing throughout South-Eastern Europe, and as it grows German difficulties increase. So do the opportunities for action by the Allies in co-operation with our friends within these countries.

In Italy as the Allied army advances, casualties are speedily cleared to dressing stations in the rear. These two look very fit and cheerful despite their bandages, as the orderly fixes them up with a smoke.

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THE HITLER WAR

"Russia's Frontiers Not a Subject of Discussion"

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

IN ADVANCE of the sessions of the Moscow Conference — which is about to open as this is written— *Pravda* has laid down that "the Soviet Union's borders can no more be a topic for discussion than, for example, the borders of the United States." Nor can there be any more question of the status of the Baltic States than of California.

In any other country this would be only a newspaper editorial; and even in Russia it is still an unofficial statement, which Stalin could disregard or repudiate if he wished. But everybody understands how such things "happen" to be printed in Russia. It could not possibly be done except on the instructions of the "big boss". So the *Pravda* statement appears as another of those blunt, public moves of the Soviets' which are so disconcerting to our diplomacy. If we are to deal with Russia we shall probably have to learn to be equally blunt.

As to the Baltic States, we shan't quarrel much with Russia over them. Ideally, there may be a desire in the United States and Britain, to see the rights of these small peoples assured. It may be said, this is part of the Atlantic Charter, it is what we are fighting for.

But in the first place, excepting Lithuania, the Baltic States are not countries with any long, well-established national tradition. Lithuania was once one of the largest states in Europe, ruling Poland and extending to Kiev and Odessa. There is much to be said in favor of a Polish-Lithuanian union today. But Russia is very much against that; and one cannot deny that Russia is entitled to her own views on security, has won the right to have the main say in this region through her enormous sacrifices. What is more, she has the military might to insist on her ideas.

The British, it seems, are ready to let the Baltic States go. They would have conceded them, as Russia strongly wanted, in the 20-Year Treaty of Alliance signed in London in June 1942, it is said, but for the objections raised by Washington. London no longer recognizes the ministers of these states; but if she has given ground here, one imagines it is only to take a stronger stand on a "previously prepared position in the rear." In other words, on the Polish frontier.

For Russia's borders, which are "not open to discussion", are also Poland's. And Poland happens to be an ally of ours, a country which opposed Germany before either we or the Russians got around to it. She is not to be placed in the same class as Finland or Roumania, which have fought alongside Germany, and can expect to be punished for it. Poland has suffered and sacrificed as much as Russia herself, and was as quick as Britain to throw her remaining strength in with Russia, in June 1941.

No one can say, therefore, that Poland "deserves" to be cut up. And no one can say that we shall have nothing to say about her frontiers, her future chances of maintaining her independence. For, as the pains taken by Germany and Russia to divide her up in 1939 prove, Poland is an important factor in the European balance. Napoleon, too, was much concerned with this.

What Poland Means

And she has a second tie to us, in that she is essentially a Western nation, more Western than Germany has ever been. Her eastern frontier, as every traveller to Russia must admit, is the real border of Europe and of the Western world. Thirdly, we are bound by honor to stand by Poland, as she stood by us, fighting a hopeless battle against Germany at a time when Russia was more "realistic" (or was she?) and dealt with Hitler, making a sudden end to Poland's fight by taking her in the rear, and deflecting the whole might of Nazidom against the Western world, so that it was brought within an ace of obliteration.

Poland's policy, since she was liberated in 1919, has not been above reproach. But has ours, in appeasing Hitler? Has Russia's, in dealing with Hitler? Has the United States', in supplying Japan? One can find grounds for Soviet suspicions of the Polish "gentry". But have not the Poles a case against Russia?

The propaganda against Poland is so enormous that, in Heaven's name, one would almost think it was the Poles who had dealt with Hitler and invaded Soviet Russia. Let us have boundless admiration for what Russia has endured and achieved, but let us also keep the record straight. For history did not begin on June 22, 1941.

There is no reason to believe that the people of Poland, alone, will learn nothing through the war, that they will always want to be ruled by "gentry" and "colonels". We may be sure that, in their ordeal, the Poles have learned more tolerance for the minorities in their country, become more united, moved generally to the left in politics. There will be so little left in Poland after the war that it will be necessary to share it around, in a practical socialism.

Federating East Europe

The argument sums up in two points. First, Poland richly deserves a chance to build a new, independent existence. And second, a strong Poland is a vital interest of ours in a reconstructed Europe. We have at least as much interest in Poland's future as Russia has shown in Italy's, for example. Events since Munich have convinced Poles, Czechs and many others that Poland can only be strong and independent in association with Czechoslovakia, as a minimum, if not as part of a larger federation.

Such regional federations in Europe, leading ultimately to a full European Federation, have represented one of our chief hopes of gain from this war, and were sponsored by Mr. Churchill in a broadcast last March. Russia has, however, violently opposed this conception. She reacted sharply to the Polish-Czech plans, and successfully broke them up by being very nice to the Czechs and very tough on the Poles.

An editorial in *War And The Working Classes*, an important Moscow periodical which made its appearance after the Commintern organ was suppressed, significantly reprinted in the Information Bulletin of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, on August 24, sees "anti-democratic and semi-fascist elements" behind this scheme, "obviously hostile to the Soviet Union." "It is not hard to see that the plans of this federation, to be ostensibly formed to combat aggression by Germany, are, and by no means least, levelled against the Soviet Union."

The fact that, while Benes has insisted from the first that a Polish-Czechoslovak Confederation could only be set up in agreement with the Soviet Union, "Polish public figures who are particularly rabid supporters of the idea of confederation . . . by no means consider it necessary to settle these questions on the basis of friendly collaboration with the USSR", proves to the Soviet editorialist that the plan is directed against the east quite as much as the west.

Then comes the flat ultimatum that "plans for the establishment of an Eastern European Federation hostile to the Soviet Union can be built up, but only with the renunciation of friendship and collaboration between the USSR and the Allies in the post-war period, and only if the renunciation of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty be contemplated."

The key phrase in this pronouncement is "hostile to the Soviet Union."

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CONSERVE PAPER — WRITE ON BOTH SIDES

Certainly Russia must oppose any large grouping on her frontier which she is convinced will be hostile to her. Elsewhere in the editorial suspicions are cast on "the Polish gentry, feudal Hungary and monarchical Roumania." From the Russian point of view only Czechoslovakia, a new, republican Yugoslavia, and a Bulgaria purged of its pro-German leaders could be counted on to support a policy friendly to the USSR.

Clearly we cannot afford, any more than Russia, to leave feudal, fascist or pro-German elements in control in Eastern European countries, whether or not these are linked in a federation. Freedom these people must have, yes; but not freedom to be fascist and pro-German. We are engaged at the moment in a war over that. *Here then, is where we need to make our first agreement with Moscow; on what kind of regimes we are going to support in these countries after the war.*

Price of Expediency

Here we are reaping the fruit of the policy of "expediency" in dealing with Darlan, the folly of playing around with a Hapsburg battalion in the U.S., the friendly tolerance of Franco, the liaison with Badoglio and Victor Emmanuel, and our support, in general, of the traditional, conservative elements all over Europe.

In his Quebec speech Mr. Churchill said we hoped to see the kings of Greece and Yugoslavia restored to their thrones. But we see the Greeks and Yugoslavs bitterly divided, and engaged in civil war, over the question of whether they will take back the monarchy and the political group which has been associated with it.

Lacking agreement with us on what kind of regimes to support in Eastern Europe, Russia is actively engaged in supporting her friends there—a most natural procedure, it must be admitted. The Yugoslav Partisans, Daniel de Luce reveals from their headquarters, wear Russia's five-pointed star, and decorate their barracks with the hammer and sickle.

We hear also that planes occasionally reach them from Russia, bearing literature and agents, most likely. And we see the Partisans supported by a world-wide propaganda, which makes out Mihailovitch and his followers to be virtually German agents. Actually Mihailovitch, who was in the field before the Partisans and is again being heard from, is a supporter of the monarchy, the traditional elements, and the Great Serbian idea. (The monarchy is the Serbian house of Karageorgevitch).

The Partisans draw the bulk of their strength from outside Serbia, from elements of the Yugoslav population which have resented Serbian domination in the past, elements which lived long in Eruope, while Serbia was a Balkan nation. For the Serbs, it can be said that they are the grandest fighters in Europe, and have stood solidly by us in two wars. One doesn't give up friends like that. But a little gentle reforming does seem to be in need.

The Trouble in Greece

As to the situation within Greece, lately in the news as verging on civil war, the split there between monarchists and republicans is an old one. With the emphasis which oppression gives to the idea of freedom, it may be that many Greeks will remember the part which the present King George II played in supporting the dictatorship of Metaxas.

If Russia can be satisfied that reactionary, anti-Soviet elements in these Eastern European countries are repressed, the German tyranny of the past four years ought to be sufficient to assure that these people will see their strongest common interest in checking a renewed German attempt at hegemony. Here is our great interest in Eastern Europe: in uniting it so that it cannot again be gobbled up, bite by bite, by Germany, but will instead serve as a counter-balance to the Reich, adding to the security of France and Britain.

For after all, not only Russia is interested in gaining security from the New Europe. We too, have had to fight Germany twice, a Germany which has first gained control of Central Europe. We ought to be able to agree with the Russians on supporting to the limit the anti-German elements in Eastern Europe and suppressing the reactionaries. But we want to see Eastern Europe united, as a preliminary to uniting Europe: the Soviets seem to want to keep it divided.

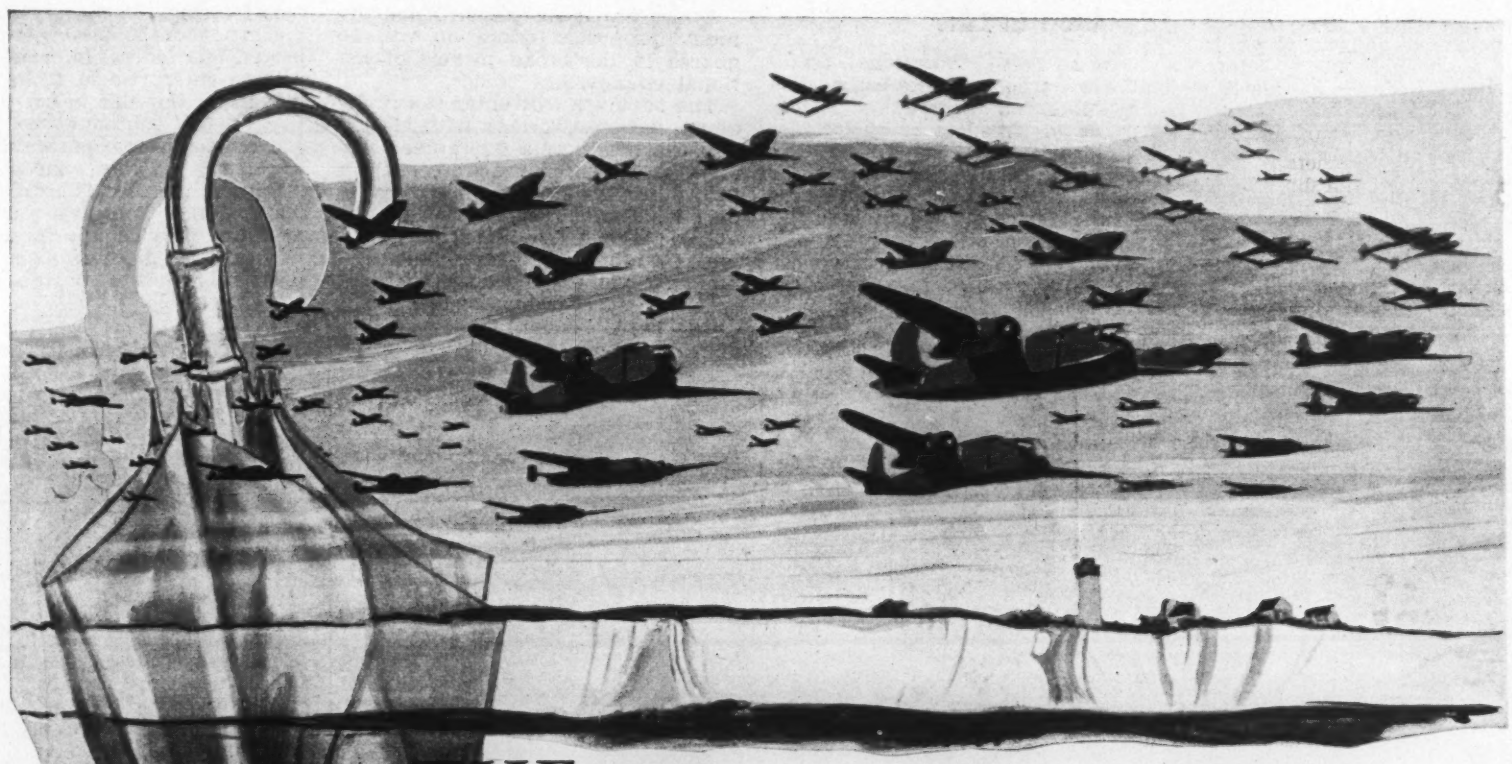
There will be difficult negotiation with Russia before this big question of Europe's future is cleared up. We wish to see that settled before their armies, or ours, move into the disputed regions. They seem to wish to postpone the discussion, as their bargaining position strengthens.

The present conference will be dominated by Russia's brilliant military position, and our negotiators will be severely handicapped by the fact that we have not yet been able to launch that big offensive in Western Europe which Moscow has always wanted, and which General Smuts has now definitely promised for next year.

But if our people stand up to the Russians—which is the only way to earn their respect and deal successfully with them—they could wring from them the admission that without our victory over the Luftwaffe in 1940, our drawing-off of the greater part of German air strength ever since Russia was invaded, our vast supplies of strategic raw materials and armaments, and our efforts to occupy Japan, Russia might have been beaten long ago.

Certainly they could wring from the Russians the admission that our bombing of German armament industry and transport has made itself felt on the Russian front and is aiding the present victorious Soviet advance. General Arnold has given a few figures of what is being achieved: a monthly production of 200 Messerschmitt 109's knocked out at Regensburg; a Focke-Wulf-190 production of 110 machines a month smashed at Marienburg; 42 per cent of Roumanian oil refining capacity knocked out in the Ploesti raid, and comparable damage to German rubber, aluminum and magnesium production.

For such results we can afford the occasional loss of as many as 60 Fortresses. Indeed, with these American day raids coming on top of the RAF's mighty year-long program of smashing arms centres one by one (over 100,000 tons dropped this year already), and considering the almost insuperable difficulty which the German Command faces in extricating its too-long and too-remote front in Russia, one sometimes wonders if an invasion of Western Europe next year will be any more than a grand mopping-up operation.



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BUY VICTORY BONDS

Canada's Plans for Job Control After the War

BY ANNE FROMER

Canada's program for post-war employment is further advanced than any other nation. A plan at present being considered in Ottawa would establish a Selective Service organization as a permanent fixture.

Many of the present controls would be continued. Youths could be helped into suitable employment, or given the opportunity which they lacked before the war of following the occupation of their choice. Seasonal lay-offs could be coped with. And although there would be no job 'freezing', both employees and employers would be more secure.

One proposal of the plan would also establish a non-contributory pension scheme which would automatically retire workers at an earlier age than any existing superannuation legislation.

BEFORE the war, men sought jobs and often couldn't find them. That was unemployment.

During the war, jobs are seeking men and frequently failing to find them. That is manpower shortage.

But post-war plans of the enlightened nations have no place either for a return of unemployment or for a continuation of manpower shortage. The result will be a new conception of labor training, planning, placement, job shifts; a new philosophy of "hiring and firing", even of the so-called "freedom" of a man to choose where, when and at what job he will work.

Canada already has prepared a program which is more ready for putting into operation than that of any other nation, and its scope is the widest possible: It begins before the child starts training for his life work, ends when he retires—at an earlier age than any existing superannuation legislation—to a well-earned leisure.

To understand the need for employment planning, it is necessary only to consider the lack of reason behind the vast majority of choices of occupation in "normal times". Often necessity dictates the type of employment an individual enters. A boy leaves school as soon as the law permits, because his parents need the money, and becomes a drug store messenger; maybe the man next door tips off the lad's father that the factory where he works needs a boy to paste labels on bottles—so the youth becomes a label paster.

Almost all young men leave school —whether early or after completing high school—with what is in effect an "open permit" to seek work where it can be found. The whim of an employer, a chance opening, too often lead to a "dead end" job which lasts for life.

Education in Line

Even so-called "vocational training" in schools frequently has little connection with reality. A boy exercises his freedom of choice, decides to become a machinist, electrician, plumber, woodworker. After graduation he seeks to fit his training into the employment market, which he then encounters for the first time. Perhaps his freedom of choice has led him into an overcrowded or waning field, and he ends up as a farm hand or a waiter.

Under Canada's "planned employment" proposals, education will be geared to the broad picture of national employment trends.

The beginner will enter the ranks of the nation's workers with his job assured, his income guaranteed, his right of advancement protected. On the other hand, his employer is promised uninterrupted use of his skilled services, freedom from "pirating" by other employers, under the planning of the "go-between" federal employment co-ordination service.

All this may sound like perpetual "job freezing", like government regimentation of both worker and employer, like federal interference with private enterprise in its most absolute form. But this is not the objective of the subcommittee on post-war employment opportunities which has drawn up the "charter."

Rather, the idea is to remove the uncertainties from post-war employment, to provide a pivot on which will turn the nation's expanding industrial activities in the years to come.

Training Program to Continue

Neither an employer's right to dismiss a worker nor the worker's right to seek a new job is lost. But both these rights can be exercised with a great deal less dislocation of industrial organization and of personal welfare when a central co-ordinating body takes a hand.

This body is already operating. In its present form, its wartime guise, it is known as National Selective Service. Whether or not it has functioned perfectly as the instrument for distributing Canada's wartime manpower needs is a matter of political opinion. Certainly its members have gained a great deal of experience, perhaps much of it by the trial-and-error method, as a guide to post-war procedure.

Its first task will be to direct the 1,100,000 Canadians in uniform or in war work back to peacetime occupations with as little confusion and hardship as possible. Later, it will turn to the long-range job of pointing the way for new generations of workers.

The primary objective in the transition from war to peace is to build up an adequate labor force to man the basic industries — agriculture mining, shipping and construction. The first step in supplying the needs of other industries will be a nation-wide "census" of civilian occupations, including both pre-war business activities in process of rehabilitation and new fields born of new technical developments.

Just what the pattern of Canadian industry will be after the war, no one knows for certain. But, by survey and estimate, the committee is acquiring a fairly accurate working premise. Its members have already come to the conclusion that a vast system of "re-education" for new occupations is essential, and the groundwork for this is being laid with the existing facilities of the national war emergency training program as a nucleus.

No Dictating

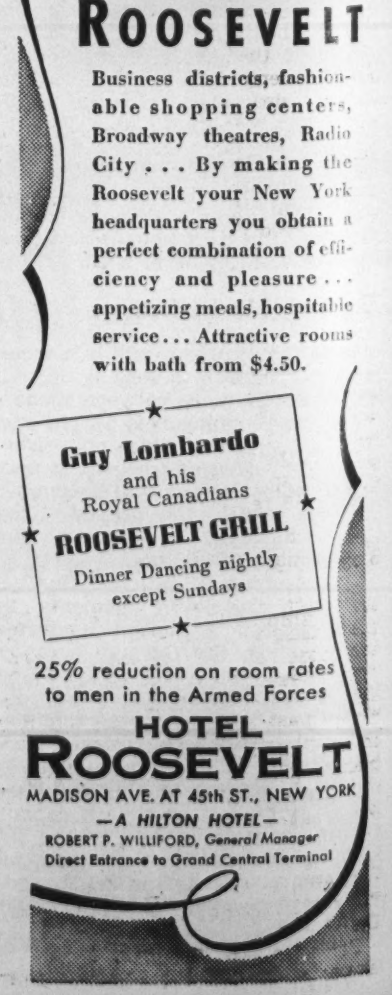
Hundreds of bodies, labour unions, retailers and manufacturers' associations, and other representative groups will be queried as to local conditions, as a guide to the needs in re-education and employment.

A feature of the program will be the co-ordination of military demobilization with war-plant layoffs. Foreknowledge of exactly how many men will be "free" at pre-determined dates will enable the employment service to reduce prolonged unemployment to a minimum. Service officials will have detailed information on the abilities of laid-off and demobilized men, their freedom to move to available jobs in other areas, and just what jobs are open.

With regard to the employment of "new workers" an International Labor office report to be implemented by the Canadian Committee on Post-War Employment opportunities states: "A requirement to find work through an employment office would not mean that young people would be 'ordered' to take this or that job regardless of their own wishes. If they know what they wish to do and where they wish to work, the role of the employment office would merely be to help them get into these jobs and record the placements. If they do not know what they wish to do, and where they wish to work, the office could give them an accurate idea of suitable employment or training possibilities, and direct them into the available jobs best adapted to their desires and skills. Adequate vocational guidance for young workers and for all new entrants into the employment market, regardless of their age, should be a first principle of post-war employment organization. Moreover, successful placement work does not stop with recording a placement on employment office files. It entails

"Wop Swatter" is the nickname G/Cpt. J. A. Powell, C.O. of an R.A.F. Bombing Wing in North Africa earned because he used a fly swatter as a pointer at briefings. So the crews gave him the metal swatter seen here.

The PICK of THEM ALL!
Constant Laboratory Control Guarantees the Quality of All
WHITE ROSE
INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS
CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO — EXECUTIVE OFFICE: MONTREAL — DIVISIONAL OFFICES: MONCTON, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, NORTH BAY, LONDON, WINNIPEG, CALGARY — REFINERY: PETROLIA, ONT.


Everything's so handy at the
ROOSEVELT
Business districts, fashionable shopping centers, Broadway theatres, Radio City . . . By making the Roosevelt your New York headquarters you obtain a perfect combination of efficiency and pleasure . . . appetizing meals, hospitable service . . . Attractive rooms with bath from $4.50.
Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians
ROOSEVELT GRILL
Dinner Dancing nightly except Sundays
25% reduction on room rates to men in the Armed Forces
HOTEL ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
—A HILTON HOTEL—
ROBERT P. WILLIFORD, General Manager
Direct Entrance to Grand Central Terminal

follow-up work to ensure that new entrants are, in fact, in satisfactory jobs.

"In the majority of cases an obligation for new workers to go through an employment office would not be a restriction but a practical convenience. It would go far towards preventing the waste and misdirection of 'youth power' so prevalent in the pre-war period. It would also help to promote efficiency in the economy as a whole since new workers instead of trusting to luck would be directed to jobs on the basis of a careful analysis of immediate and longer term labour requirements."

The Canadian planners' conception of guidance of young people into optimum jobs does not mean an arbitrary limitation of educational opportunities, but rather an extension of those opportunities. For example, the Committee on Post-War Employment points out that only four to five per cent of Canadians get any university education. A program took into account the number of occupations which could be filled more efficiently by persons having such an education would result in a much larger proportion of Canadians attending college.

In addition, no more than 27 per cent of the population normally attend a secondary school of any kind. "The remainder add to their elementary school education through business colleges, correspondence schools, part-time classes, apprenticeship and skills picked up unsystematically on the job", a report to the committee states.

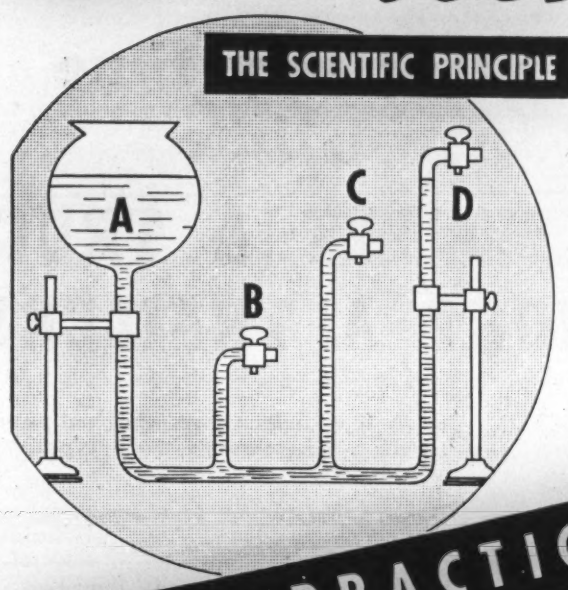
To remedy this it will be recommended that the minimum school-leaving age be raised and standardized throughout Canada, and that a comprehensive system of part-time classes be introduced so that even youths who have to go to work to help support their families will be able to continue their formal education. This is seen as equally necessary in rural areas as in towns and cities.

The exit from working life, when retirement is earned, is also an integral part of the Canadian plan. For this, almost as much as the numbers of "starting workers", affects volume and distribution of employment.

It is proposed, partly to enable workers to enjoy the evening of their life in leisure, and partly to prevent a "bottleneck" in employment opportunities for younger men, to lower the age of retirement. To do this it is considered desirable to co-ordinate existing pension plans of governments, private businesses and utilities into one comprehensive scheme. One of the proposals receiving consideration would put pensions on a non-contributory basis. A worker at retirement would automatically be considered to have earned his keep for the rest of his life by his years of productive labor.

HOT AND COLD WATER SUPPLY—

THE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE

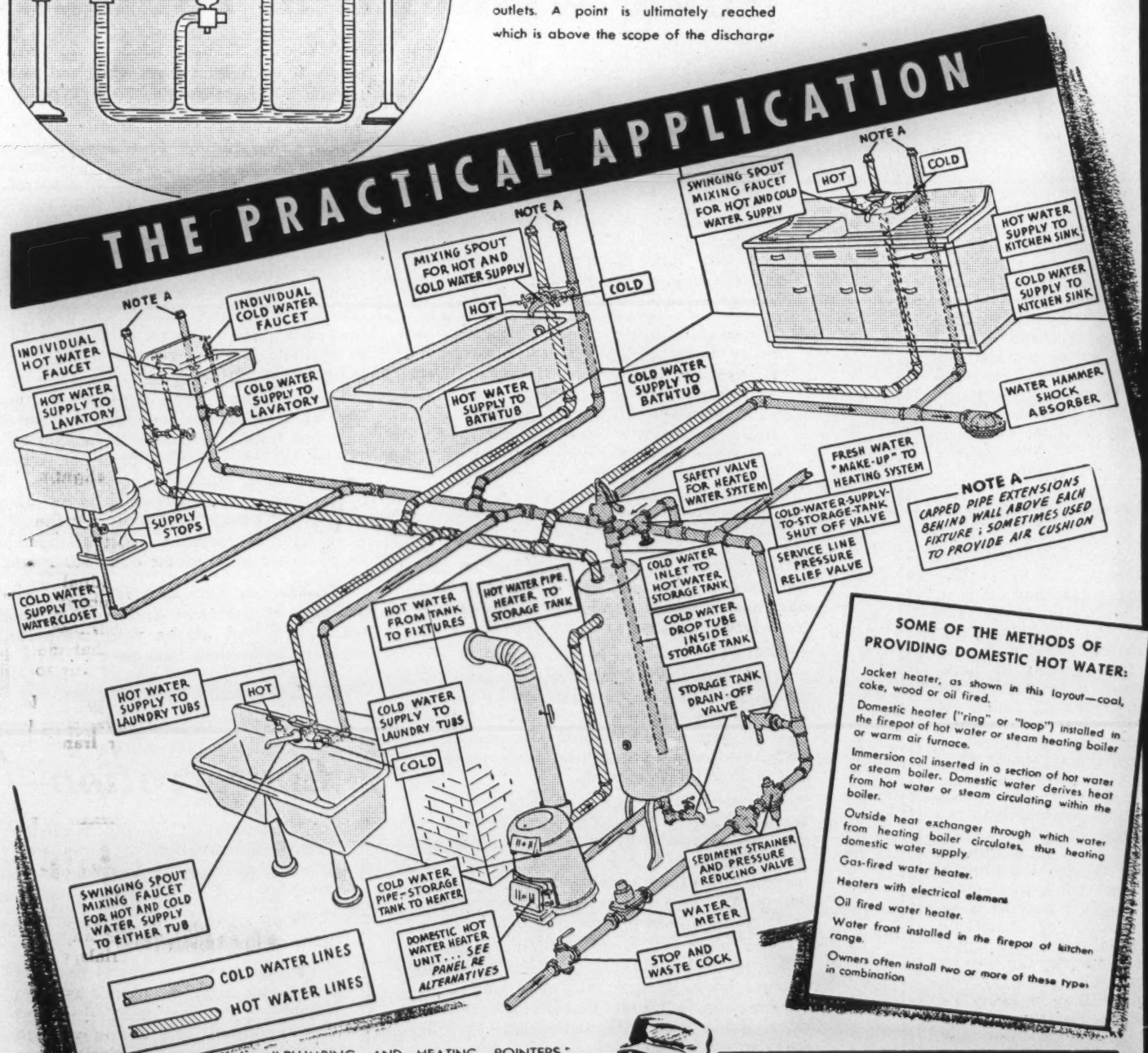


Water is delivered by force of gravity from source of supply "A" to outlets "B" and "C". As the height of the outlet increases in relation to the water level at "A", the pressure of the hydrostatic head decreases. Outlet "D", being above the water level, cannot be supplied.

Similarly when water is pumped, instead of being fed by gravity flow, available pressure varies with the height of the outlets. A point is ultimately reached which is above the scope of the discharge pressure of the pump. (In this illustration, the effects of friction, or a drop in pressure due to flow, have not been considered, as would be necessary in practical application.)

NOTE:—The scientific principle involved in the circulation of hot water from heater to outlets and return was covered in the previous Crane advertisement on hot water heating

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION


NOTE A
INDIVIDUAL HOT WATER FAUCET
INDIVIDUAL COLD WATER FAUCET
HOT WATER SUPPLY TO LAVATORY
COLD WATER SUPPLY TO LAVATORY
SUPPLY STOPS
COLD WATER SUPPLY TO WATER CLOSET
MIXING SPOUT FOR HOT AND COLD WATER SUPPLY
HOT
COLD
HOT WATER SUPPLY TO BATH TUB
COLD WATER SUPPLY TO BATH TUB
SWINGING SPOUT MIXING FAUCET FOR HOT AND COLD WATER SUPPLY
HOT WATER SUPPLY TO KITCHEN SINK
COLD WATER SUPPLY TO KITCHEN SINK
WATER HAMMER SHOCK ABSORBER
SAFETY VALVE FOR HEATED WATER SYSTEM
FRESH WATER "MAKE-UP" TO HEATING SYSTEM
COLD-WATER-SUPPLY-TO-STORAGE-TANK SHUT OFF VALVE
SERVICE LINE PRESSURE RELIEF VALVE
NOTE A — CAPPED PIPE EXTENSIONS BEHIND WALL ABOVE EACH FIXTURE; SOMETIMES USED TO PROVIDE AIR CUSHION
COLD WATER INLET TO HOT WATER STORAGE TANK
COLD WATER DROP TUBE INSIDE STORAGE TANK
STORAGE TANK DRAIN-OFF VALVE
HOT WATER FROM TANK TO FIXTURES
HOT WATER PIPE HEATER TO STORAGE TANK
HOT WATER SUPPLY TO LAUNDRY TUBS
COLD WATER SUPPLY TO LAUNDRY TUBS
SWINGING SPOUT MIXING FAUCET FOR HOT AND COLD WATER SUPPLY TO EITHER TUB
COLD WATER PIPE—STORAGE TANK TO HEATER
DOMESTIC HOT WATER HEATER UNIT . . . SEE PANEL RE ALTERNATIVES
SEDIMENT STRAINER AND PRESSURE REDUCING VALVE
WATER METER
STOP AND WASTE COCK
COLD WATER LINES
HOT WATER LINES

SOME OF THE METHODS OF PROVIDING DOMESTIC HOT WATER:

Jacket heater, as shown in this layout—coal, coke, wood or oil fired.

Domestic heater ("ring" or "loop") installed in the firepot of hot water or steam heating boiler or warm air furnace.

Immersion coil inserted in a section of hot water or steam boiler. Domestic water derives heat from hot water or steam circulating within the boiler.

Outside heat exchanger through which water from heating boiler circulates, thus heating domestic water supply.

Gas-fired water heater.

Heaters with electrical elements.

Oil fired water heater.

Water front installed in the firepot of kitchen range.

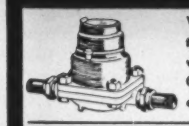
Owners often install two or more of these types in combination.

"PLUMBING AND HEATING POINTERS" This 48-page book of practical information on the operation and care of your plumbing and heating systems is still available. If you have not secured your copy of this valuable, generously illustrated reference book, get in touch with Crane Head Office, or

306 FRONT STREET, W., TORONTO.

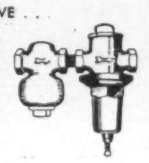
Conservation is most essential today . It is important that you know how your equipment works so that you can best operate and care for it. That is the reason for this advertisement. When adjustments or repairs are necessary, avoid "handy-men" always confer with your Plumbing and Heating Contractor. He is qualified by experience and training to help you get the most out of your present equipment.

GLOSSARY OF PIPING TERMS



WATER METER . . . A device to measure the quantity of water used by consumers. Consumption is usually recorded by thousands of gallons.

PRESSURE REDUCING VALVE . . . A mechanism for automatically reducing the initial high pressure of water furnished from street mains to a uniform lower service pressure required in domestic systems.



RELIEF VALVE . . . An automatic control for maintaining, within certain limits, the low service pressure delivered from the Reducing Valve. This is a safety device to check the operation of the Reducing Valve should it become clogged, or worn in service.

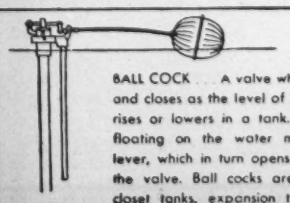
STOP AND WASTE COCK . . . A shut-off valve usually located within the building. When the water supply is shut, the waste outlet of the valve is automatically opened. Water from the system discharges from the waste opening, to permit repair work or prevent freezing.

SAFETY VALVE . . . An automatic relieving valve located on the hot water storage tank arrangement. Should the valve in the water supply to the storage tank be closed and remain closed, the safety valve prevents the building up of excessive pressures due to the heating of the water.

SUPPLY STOP . . . A valve located on hot and cold water supply lines immediately beneath plumbing fixtures: kitchen sink, bathtub, lavatory, water closet, laundry tub, etc., to provide for shutting off water at that point without depriving other fixtures of their water supply, and also for regulating the flow of water from the faucets.

WATER HAMMER SHOCK ABSORBER . . . A mechanism installed at one or more points on hot or cold water supply piping, to provide a cushion to take up the impact of water surge, which can cause "hammering" and shock to the system when faucets are shut off quickly.

MIXING SPOUT FAUCET . . . A combination faucet for plumbing fixtures in which the temperature of the water can be controlled by mixing the hot and cold supply to the fixture.



BALL COCK . . . A valve which opens and closes as the level of the water rises or lowers in a tank. The ball floating on the water moves the lever, which in turn opens or closes the valve. Ball cocks are used in closet tanks, expansion tanks and overhead water supply reservoirs.

CRANE AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES

Head Office: 1170 BEAVER HALL SQUARE • MONTREAL

Valves, Fittings and Fabricated Pipe Manufacturing Division
CRANE LIMITED, Montreal, Que.

Vitreous China Manufacturing Division
CANADIAN POTTERIES Limited
St. Johns, Que.

Porcelain Enamelware Manufacturing Division
PORT HOPE SANITARY Mfg. Co. Limited
Port Hope, Ont.

Boilers, Radiators and Soil Pipe Manufacturing Division
WARDEN KING LIMITED, Montreal, Que.

NATION-WIDE SERVICE THROUGH BRANCHES, WHOLESALERS, PLUMBING AND HEATING CONTRACTORS

Local Branch: Crane Limited, 306 Front Street, W., Toronto

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Woodsman, Chop That Tree!

BY B. K. SANDWELL

SEVEN thousand Canadian woodsmen are now in Great Britain, or elsewhere on the eastern side of the Atlantic, cutting lumber. They are there because lumber is urgently needed in enormous quantities, and every foot of it that can be cut on that side of the ocean saves the shipping space that would be needed to transport it from this side. The limitations of Atlantic transport are the absolute bottleneck which controls the amount of supplies of all kinds deliverable to the battle zone. The great majority of these men went to the other side at a time when the United States was not in the war and there was no reason for expecting the all-round shortage of supplies and labor that has developed on this continent as a result of its conversion to total war. There has been no corresponding diminution of the woods labor supply in the United States by shipment of workers to Europe. That particular contribution is Canada's. It had to be, because of the time at which it was made.

That contribution has gravely affected the supply of lumber for all kinds of wood products in Canada and the United States. (A very large part of Canadian production is for the United States—in 1940 a trifle of 215 million dollars.) At the same time the other sources available for the supply of wood products for this continent were shut off by the war or by transportation difficulties.

There have been further diminutions in the woods labor supply in Canada. Farmers, whose status of exemption from the draft was secure as long as they worked on their farms, have hesitated about going to the woods—as great numbers of them have been accustomed to do in the winter—for fear of jeopardizing that status, because woodcutting was not a preferred occupation. It has only recently been made so. Many woodsmen have enlisted for overseas service.

Now woodcutting is the original source of all wood products. You cannot skin your hare without first catching it; you cannot get wood products without first cutting down trees. And while this original source of all wood products has been diminishing, the demand for a great many wood products has been increasing enormously, and some of the increase is absolutely and unavoidably necessary on account of the war. Woodpulp goes into explosives in large quantities, into parachutes, fragmentation bombs, powder bags, paratroop jump suits, hospital wadding and surgical bandages and scores of other direct war supplies.

Big Wood Shortage

Wood has been needed as a substitute for coal in the fuel shortage which is a consequence of the war, and over which Canada has no control. Paperboard is substituting for metal in many ways.

As a result of diminution of supply, accompanied by increased need of wood for other purposes, the pulp and paper industry in Canada faces a shortage of from one and a quarter to one and three-quarters million cords of pulpwood. Probably about one-fifth of its requirements.

The products of the industry are consumed to the extent of roughly (current year) 1 million tons in Canada, 3.8 million tons in the United States, .7 million tons in Britain and elsewhere. The supply to Britain constitutes almost the whole of that country's newsprint, the use of which has been cut to the barest minimum since the cessation of shipments from Scandinavia; reduction in this part of the business is not to be thought of. The consumption in Canada might be curtailed to the extent of about 75,000 cords of wood, by further reducing wrapping papers and fine papers. This is not a sizeable saving, but there is no department in which a sizeable saving could be effected; newsprint consumed in Canada takes only 3 per cent of the output of the industry, and has already been somewhat cut down, and the really important products such as paperboards and fibreboards cannot be cut down without either interfering with war industry or increasing the demand for lumber—which of course is just as bad or worse.

If there is to be any substantial curtailment of pulpwood production in Canada it must, therefore, be at the expense of the export to the U.S. Against this there are very powerful arguments. The Americans are extremely short of pulp because of the greatly increased use of it for war purposes, and the shutting off of the overseas sources of supply. As a result of this situation American publishers have cut their newsprint consumption by 10 per cent, but they have done so with great difficulty.

There are very grave objections to any action by Canada tending to force the Americans to curtail their newsprint consumption any further; and there is no other department in which their use of wood products can be further curtailed.

It is customary for critical persons to complain of the large amount of newsprint admittedly devoted in the United States to the printing of such things as comic strips, murder news, anti-British editorials and other pictorial or reading matter of which intelligent Canadians do not think very highly. Canada, it is urged, is under no obligation to devote large quantities of manpower to enabling the American public to read the ideas of Col. McCormick and to see the pictures of Lil Abner and Superman. If these were eliminated, and the advertising matter condensed, the Americans could get along with anything down to fifty per cent of their present paper consumption.

Getting What You Want

The matter is not quite so simple as that. The Americans, like ourselves, are accustomed to getting what they want when they want it, if they are able to pay for it—and they are unquestionably able to pay for vast quantities of newsprint. To prevent them from getting it, therefore, by refusing to produce it for them at a time when they cannot get it from anybody else, would cause a very widespread and not unreasonable resentment among them. They would not fail to remind themselves that conscription in Canada is not for military service anywhere in the world, as is their own, but merely for military service within Canada itself, a kind of service the importance of which has visibly diminished very much in the last year as a result of the efforts of American forces of the land, sea and air now operating in the Pacific, far beyond the borders of their own country. Nor would they forget that in many respects the labor allocation system of the United States has been definitely more favorable to the woods industries than that of Canada.

While the first persons to feel the effects of a heavy falling off in Canadian exports would be the American publishers and advertisers, it is not to be supposed that the resentment would stop there. The American reader is greatly devoted to his large newspaper, to which he has been accustomed for generations, and regards it as a family institution, with elements suitable to every age and sex and occupation and interest. The argument that the British have learned to get along with newspapers one-sixth of the old size has nothing to do with the case; nobody could be blamed for their deprivations but Hitler and his submarines, which cut off the supply of newsprint at the source. In North America nothing has come between the consumer and the producer except the demand for manpower for other purposes; and the American consumer would certainly resent the shortage unless he could be convinced that it was inevitable— which would be very difficult even if it were, and practically impossible in view of the fact that it isn't.

Not only the American publishers and the American advertisers would be angry, therefore; there is good reason to suppose that their anger would be communicated—and they are the boys to do the communicating!—to a very large proportion of the American public. Which would not be at all good for international relations, either between the United States and Canada or between the United States and Great Britain, which country the Americans persist in regarding as ultimately responsible for everything that we in Canada do.

Now I dislike the suggestion that we must in all cases and at all times do what the Americans want us to do, because we mustn't ever make them angry. That is a bit excessive; there might be things that we morally had to do even if they did make the Americans angry. But I do not at all mind suggesting that we should never make the Americans angry without extremely good reason. And if we can, as we can, manage to get enough labor into the woods to give the Americans the pulp and paper they want, I do think that it is of the first importance that we should do so. For the future economic security and comfort of this country depend very largely on our being able to continue to sell wood products to the Americans after the war is over; and if we fail to supply them while the war is on we are very likely to find them looking for other sources after it is over.

It's wasteful at any time ... but in wartime

IT'S TRAGIC TO LET A TRUCK WORK WITHOUT A TRAILER!

MAYBE "TRAGIC" ISN'T QUITE STRONG ENOUGH.

Consider these simple facts:

- Despite our war successes, our production must be still greater.
- Transportation, an indispensable part of production, must likewise do a still bigger war job. Every freight-carrying vehicle must do every ounce of work that can be squeezed out of it.
- Thousands of existing motor trucks could easily do two to four times as much work as they are now doing. Moreover, they could do it with no additional drivers ... with relatively little more gasoline ... and with savings (in relation to the amount of cargo hauled) of 15 per cent in tires and 25 per cent in amount of steel used in the vehicles.

TRAILERS ARE THE ANSWER!

Any motor truck, pulling a Trailer, can haul two to four times as big a load as it is designed to carry. And conversion of any truck into a "tractor" to pull a Trailer is very simple.

True enough, Truck-Trailers are not adaptable to all jobs now handled by trucks, but they can handle a big majority of them and do them more efficiently and economically, meanwhile conserving precious steel and rubber for war needs.

For vivid evidence of Trailer performance, turn to the motor freight operators ... the men whose very existence depends on getting the most out of their equipment. A survey of leading intercity carriers showed that of the 1339 vehicles used by them, 1016, or 75 percent, were Tractor-Trailers.

And more evidence: Every economic slump since the advent of Trailers has seen a major boom in their sales and usage ... because people learned that they could haul more goods with less equipment. While we're in no economic slump now, the need for hauling more goods with a minimum of equipment is greater than ever in history.

Yes, it's tragic to let motor trucks—those already in use or authorized new ones—work without Trailers.

But ...

Where are the Trailers? Virtually none for non-military use has been built in the past eighteen months. The meagre stockpile then on hand has been slowly depleted. Many old Trailers have worn out beyond repair. The country's total supply has shrunk dangerously.

Can the rubber and steel for more Trailers be spared? The relatively insignificant amounts certainly can in view of the **multiplied hauling capacity** they will produce.

Can the necessary Trailers be produced without interrupting direct war production? Although the Trailer manufacturers of our country are concentrating on war orders, they can quickly devote sufficient facilities to civilian Trailers without slighting their military production.

Possibly the failure to permit the building of desperately needed Trailers has stemmed from a tendency to look upon the Trailer business as an individual industry. But this is a critical misconception. The production of Trailers is actually an integral element of every kind of business ... of every single company ... that must haul its materials or products over our roads.

The sooner authority is given for the building of sufficient Trailers, the quicker will a big part of the war transportation problem be settled, because ...

TRAILERS ARE THE ANSWER!

Conservation—

"Conservation" is the battlecry today—conservation of manpower, productive energy, materials, equipment.

"Conservation" is the very keynote of the Trailer Idea!

Every time a Trailer is coupled to a motor truck, the truck's haulage capacity is at least doubled — and this increased load is hauled with no more manpower and with very little extra fuel.

Further, in "shuttle" operations, the motor truck and driver are never idle—they keep on working while the Trailers are being loaded and unloaded.

Actually, "conservation" is the foundation for the tremendous growth of the Trailer Industry.

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Toronto, Ontario **Montreal, Quebec**

Unity? What Do We Do About Learning French?

BY L. CUMMINGS

This article is addressed to Ontario but it applies to all of Canada. Instead of trying to fight the idea of a bilingual country we would do better to make a sincere effort to learn French, and to extend the courtesy to French Canadians of using their language when addressing them.

THE visit of Premier George Drew to Quebec, and the speech of Premier Godbout in that city on the fifth of October to such unprovincial organizations as the Rotary and Kinsmen Club, give the first signs of reason returning to the problem of Canadian unity. National unity in Canada has been only the mirage of some politicians calculated to soothe the people. It certainly had no substance. Now we have two important public figures not only talking unity but, to a degree at least, practising it.

It is even more encouraging to find both these men advocating much the same procedure to accomplish this very desirable end.

Premier Drew, evidently, is not fluent in the French language, a condition, I am sure, he now regrets. He is fortunate, however, in having as his wife one who is completely at home in this tongue. It is reported that Mrs. Drew was most helpful in spreading her husband's gospel by this fortunate circumstance.

This very setup gives point to the following remarks.

Every Ontario youngster, who has gone through school to the grade of matriculation, has been exposed to a kind of instruction in French. I say a kind of instruction, because the particular brand we have used for the last thirty or forty years at least just doesn't register.

Personal experience may be as good a guide as any. This writer was brought up, for his first ten years, in a semi-French-Canadian city. He was accustomed to hearing the language spoken and many of his relatives speak French fluently. On his tenth birthday the family moved to Toronto, and the public and high schools were fully attended.

One of his strongest recollections of this period is that he never had a Frenchman try to teach him French. On the contrary, he was very conscious that those who were his teachers could not speak French themselves. So all the time devoted to this subject was so much waste. It was worse, because it gave the pupils an entirely wrong idea of pronunciation. This condition, to a lesser extent, continues into our universities, I am informed.

Government Tact

Another example of how this state of ignorance promotes disunity came to light recently in an office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. A fisherman, from down the Gaspé coast, wrote in complaining that he could not get any matches. His letter was in French, of course, and it was first interpreted to mean that he was a storekeeper and couldn't get his quota. Later it was realized that the letter was from an individual fisherman who was unable to get matches at his normal place of supply. Finally, a reply was sent to him giving some explaination of the matter, but the letter was written *in English*.

My point here is that (a) it was common courtesy to reply in French; (b) it was common sense to do so because very probably in this man's village there isn't anyone who can read English; (c) it is good business to do so. Commercial firms never commit the error of writing to a French-speaking customer in English.

Small wonder there is the present sorry state of affairs between Quebec and the rest of Canada, if our own government offices are adding fuel to the fire in this way.

Finally, it is utterly useless to fight the idea that this is a bilingual country. Our forefathers made an honorable arrangement out of which grew Confederation. It was a wonderful thing for Canada. Until recently it worked smoothly and happily. Are we now prepared to throw away all the good features of this charter just because some rabid partisans say we should?

The evidence of recent events gives one hope that at last we have men in places of power who are pre-disposed to clean up this deplorable state of affairs.

Mr. Godbout says he is prepared to make English the second language of Quebec. What are we in Ontario prepared to do about French?

With Premier Drew carrying the portfolio of education, surely he will take steps to modernize our curriculum along practical, realistic and national lines.

The most telling argument in favor of these changes is that we are now spending the time and money on a smattering of French but in actual fact we are getting nothing for our money.

Start From Childhood

We have heard much of late about basic English. Let us have basic French taught by Frenchmen on exchange from Quebec. Let them start even in public schools. Children pick up sounds more readily, are not so shy when trying out new words, and have no fixed ideas of their own.

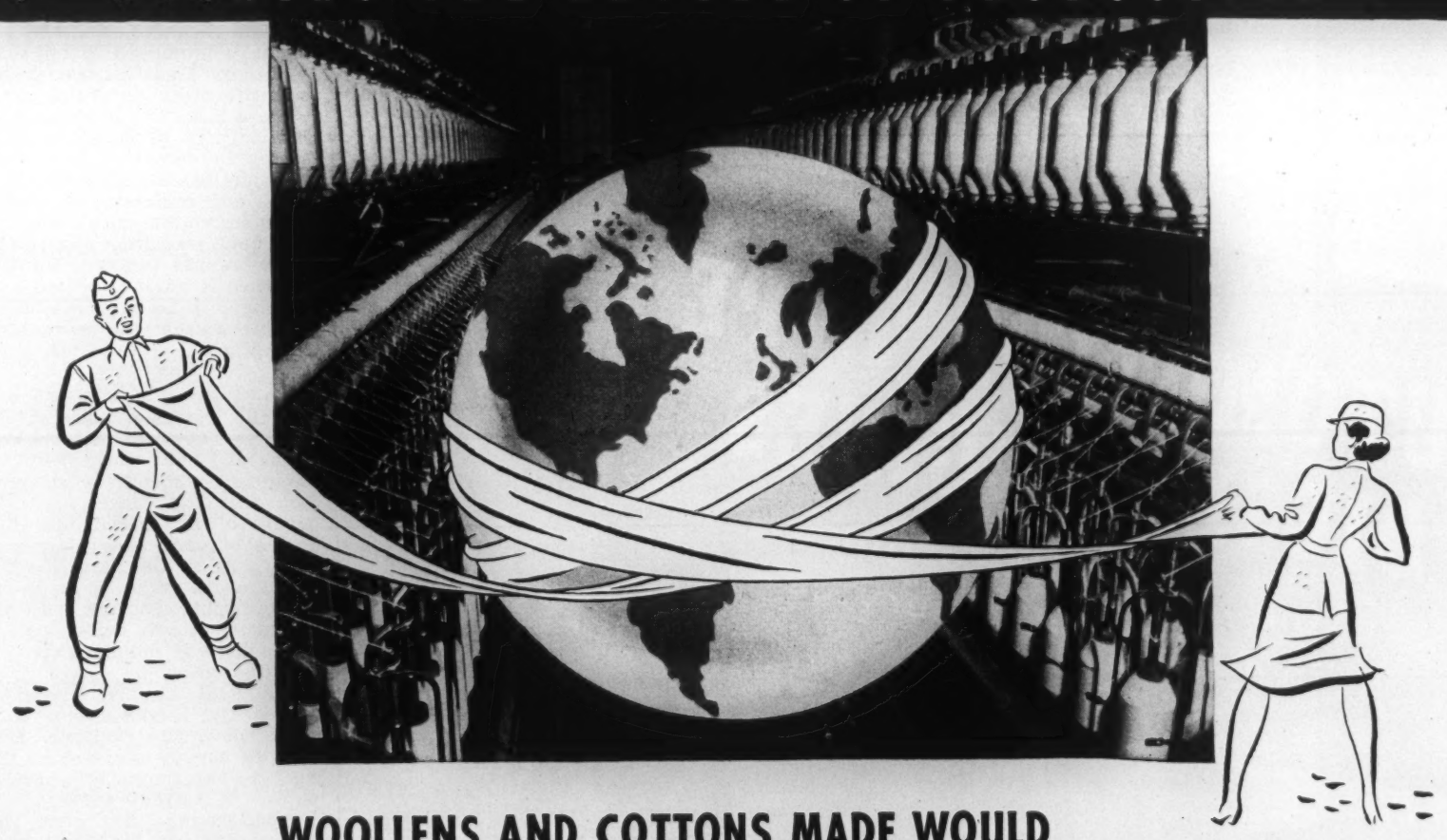
We have been so completely self-satisfied on this continent that we have never realized how deficient our education has been. Mrs. and Lieut. Churchill were glowing examples of what an asset another language can be. Their addresses to the women of Canada were pure gold, and the English version suffered not one whit from the time devoted to French. On the contrary, it was a perfect example of good taste, good manners and good politics. President Roosevelt followed their lead from Ottawa.

These truly great people have found the need of learning this second language. Who are we to say we won't learn the language of nearly 25% of our own people? Canada is much too great a country to put up with petty smallness in these important things. So, I say let us seize this golden opportunity of the right men in the right places to take the only effective step to restore real Canadian unity.

Ignorance is the breeding ground of most Canadian dissension. Ability to converse freely between the two major sections of our country is essential to internal peace and external power. These salient facts should always be kept in mind.

When this cockatoo flew into American lines in New Guinea, the troops made him their mascot. His chatter sounded so much like Japanese to them, they decided to call him "Tojo."

WINNING THE BATTLE OF PRODUCTION



WOOLLENS AND COTTONS MADE WOULD WRAP *TWICE* AROUND THE WORLD

FROM the spindles and looms of Canada's textile mills comes an endless stream of cloth for uniforms . . . sheets . . . blankets . . . hosiery . . . gloves . . . mufflers . . . sweater coats . . . underwear . . . tent cloth . . . airplane fabric . . . and other woollen and cotton goods far too numerous to mention.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Cancer Research Must Have Public Funds

BY DYSON CARTER

THE authoritative *Journal of the American Medical Association* states editorially: "The only hope of solving fundamental problems of cancer lies in research."

That is clear enough. But does it say much? The public asks: "How is cancer research progressing?"

The reply is unsatisfactory. There is no *organized* cancer research campaign, in spite of all the institutes and clinics haphazardly trying to probe this frightful disease. There is no research organization willing to try *all* promising cancer treatments.

Right now the war against cancer has entered the realms of sheer science fantasy. Even radium is being outmoded. Gigantic hundred-million-volt cyclotrons are being built, at staggering cost, and while these make sensational publicity stories the human race could never afford to maintain enough machines to defeat cancer. To say nothing of the fact that radiation therapy is only a makeshift, a kind of glorified surgery, not a cure at all.

These statements must be supported. This is not difficult.

FIRST, are we any nearer an understanding of the cause and nature of cancer?

Yes, we are. Dr. Alfred Taylor, of the University of Texas, has demonstrated at last what has been long suspected. Cancer can be produced in mammals by cancer-derived substances which do not contain cancer cells. Cancer tissue, grown on the yolk sacs of chick embryos (the familiar "egg" technique for growing viruses) and then passed through a centrifuge and a filter, gives a substance that appears to be a virus. It rapidly produces cancer in healthy animals. This virus is not contagious, like the virus of smallpox. The verdict is that very likely a virus causes cancer, and this virus may exist in the healthy human body, becoming active only under certain conditions.

This is a "scientific" way of stating what many doctors and laymen have observed. Any type of person can get cancer. *But what starts it?*

There are reputable medical men who believe they have a clue to this desperate riddle. We will consider only one. He is Dr. John R. Davidson, of Winnipeg. His work drew international attention when it was raised in the Dominion Parliament this summer. Another medical man, Dr. J. P. Howden, rose in the House of Commons and urged the government to extend Davidson's research on cancer. Thus an unbelievable situation was exposed.

Dr. Davidson is no quack. Seventy-three years old, he has spent all the years of his practice studying cancer. He was trained at Manitoba Medical College, a school of highest reputation, and at Johns Hopkins. He served as professor of Clinical Medicine at Manitoba. He was the first doctor in Winnipeg to use radium and X-ray for treating cancer. He has the highest professional reputation. Now—although such credentials are no guarantee of sound ideas—one would think that the research of such a doctor would command immediate respect. Not so.

The story is straightforward. We take it up at the time when Dr. Davidson abandoned his practice and professorship to give all his energies to research. Twelve years ago. Then Davidson was convinced that cancer was caused by changes within the body resulting from *improper eating*. "Cancer is a nutritional deficiency disease."

This conclusion was derived from elaborate experiments on mice. Davidson found that the regular experimental forms of cancer could be produced much more easily in mice that had been raised on food lacking in vitamins. The opposite was also true. Mice fed special vitamin-rich diets were very resistant to cancer. Furthermore, after generations of mice were raised on vitamin-deficient diets, the offspring became more and more liable to cancer. In this Dr. Davidson believed that he had a clue to the puzzling fact that there are "cancer susceptible" families, although the disease is definitely not hereditary.

Linking the Davidson research with the virus theory, it could be said that the cancer virus, existing in our bodies, passes over to the active, virulent form under certain definite chemical conditions brought about by prolonged lack of sufficient vitamins. There is no theoretical scientific objection to this picture.

More facts. Dr. Davidson was able not only to produce mice families susceptible to cancer. In five generations, by feeding with "excess" vitamins and minerals, he bred from those susceptible mice a new generation quite free from abnormal tendency towards cancer. This type of evidence is among the most powerful that can be provided by experimental science: the reversible demonstration.

WHAT are the vitamins used in the Davidson research? Mainly those associated with chicken embryos and with wheat germ. Why? Because the doctor's work convinces him that the disease of cancer (really a wild, uncontrolled multiplication of body cells) is related in some way to the normal cell-multiplication that takes place so rapidly in developing embryos, such as that of the fertilized hen's egg. Here again there is nothing that is scientifically unsound.

But it is in his clinical work where Dr. Davidson has collected most convincing evidence. He has stopped human cancer from spreading. He has completely cured some cases. A child suffering from lympho-sarcoma and given only a few months to live was gradually restored to health without surgery or radium. After three years the affected glands were cured and normal. A woman over eighty years old, in serious condition, was completely cured after two years of treatment.

In these cases the treatment consisted of special feeding. The Davidson diet is adjusted to individual patients, but in general includes large amounts of fresh vegetable juice (carrot and lettuce), raw vegetables (carrots, spinach, lettuce, peas, beans), vitamin fortified bread, wheat germ, rare beef, and milk. In addition the patient gets massive doses of vitamins in the form of codliver oil, wheat germ oil and brewer's yeast. Finally, there is a preparation made from chick embryos.

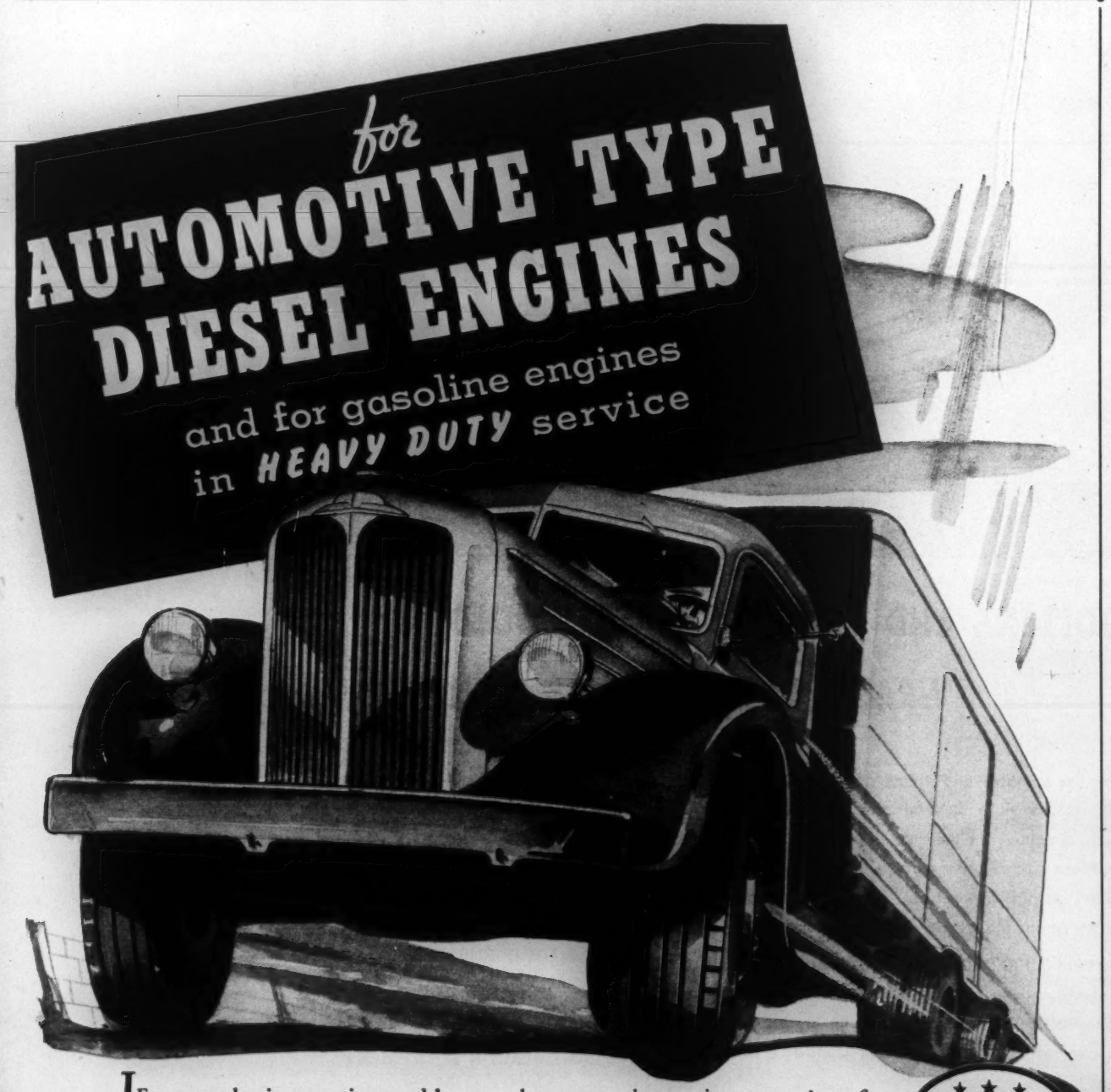
It is the Davidson theory that people who eat sufficient quantities of the nutritional factors called vitamins develop a "potent factor" that prevents cancer appearing. This is prevention. Another treatment has definitely worked remarkable cures of advanced cancer cases. But what amount of what vitamins is enough? Dr. Davidson doesn't know. He told reporters: "Time is not left for me to do what remains to be done. I have been hampered because no one is interested in prevention or control."

CANCER victims and those who have stricken loved ones might as well open their eyes and regard the truth. Until and unless the state begins to spend as much money on investigating every cancer treatment—as much money, say, as we now spend on depth bombs or on soldiers' underwear—then there are few prospects of a cure soon being discovered.

Dr. John Davidson's method may be the cancer cure. It may be a preventive. It has worked. It is supported by theoretical and experimental conclusions. But after years of trying to get facilities and help, Davidson must stand by. And the Parliament of Canada is astonished at Dr. Howden, a Member, bothering the House with this matter. The war can be given as an excuse for the brush-off. But this particular research had gone begging for help before Chamberlain went grovelling to Hitler.

We cannot dismiss all this as a plea for a medical idea that may turn out to be quite useless. There are imperfect but practical working methods of cancer control now in very limited operation. What is holding them up? Not public or professional indifference, as we are told. The barrier is economic. Even middle-class patients face bankruptcy at the prospect of paying for cancer treatment without assistance from public funds.

One savage fact to strike home the truth: so rapidly is cancer increasing that today, on our continent, *twenty-four veterans of the Great War are entering hospital with this disease every twenty-four hours.*



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LET'S STOP THIS WISHFUL THINKING

An injunction to Business Executives

There has been a deluge of nonsense that has led some people to believe that the war is all but won.

This baleful propaganda (probably inspired by the enemy) has caused some people to imagine that they can now relax and take things easy.

That's just what the enemy hopes for.

The truth is that on the "home front" as well as on the field, the war has reached its crucial stage. The most bitter fighting and severe trials are ahead. We and our Allies are now in the "Fortress Europe" and must fight hard to stay there. We dare not stop short of Berlin and the enforcement of "unconditional surrender".

And we on the "home front" must work even harder and be as resolute and determined in buying more and more Victory Bonds, as we expect our men to be in fighting.

As a leading business man, please counteract wishful thinking whenever and wherever you hear it. Increase your personal and business orders for Victory Bonds; and above all inspire all your employees to do the same. Give inspiration and leadership to the Payroll Savings Plan now operating in your organization.

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Problem Side of Family Allowances

BY CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

Dr. Silcox, who will not be accused of any lack of humanitarian instincts, here pronounces a warning against any embarkation upon policies, such as family allowances, designed to influence the rate of increase of the population or parts of it, without first establishing a definite objective for these policies.

The objectives of our social policy must determine our economic and financial methods, if we are not to land in a worse mess than ever.

The question of the quality as well as the quantity of the population desired is vital in the consideration of any policies whose aim is to influence that population.

IN A recent lecture at the University of Toronto on "The General Economic Setting" against which the entire problem of reconstruction should be considered, Dr. R. H. Coats, formerly Dominion statistician, referred to "the immense, the very complex, I should say the least understood of our problems—population", and then he wisely refused "even to skirt this question in a paragraph". It is the least understood of our problems, but it is the primary and fundamental problem against which the nature of any economy must be appraised. It is hopeless for anyone to attempt to solve the postwar problems inherent in the world's economy until he has frankly faced up to the implications of the population of the world and its distribution. If he does not do so, he will simply be talking drivel.

Although it is so little understood even by the experts, it is "the matrix of destiny"—to use one of Dr. Coats' fine phrases. It is against the hard core of population facts that most doctrinaire theories of democracy and equality go to smash. Thomas Malthus was one of the first thinkers to point out the economic implications of population-increase. His great "Essay on Population" appeared in 1798, a date not insignificant in itself, since then Europe was in much disorder following the French Revolution and its enunciation of the hopeful slogan of "liberty, equality and fraternity". In the United Kingdom, a marked decline in the birth-rate was evident only in the closing decade of the eighteen seventies, following the adoption of compulsory education and the speeding-up of industrialization. Children, no longer available for the mills, became liabilities and not assets.

Social Policy Comes First

The current discussion on family allowances in Canada will force our amateur economists and some who consider themselves professionals to face the sociological implications of such an encouragement—if, indeed, it be an encouragement—to population increase. It will also make increasingly clear that social policy must be determined before any economic or financial methods can be approved. For social policy and objective must determine economic and financial methods, and not the reverse, unless we are prepared to witness the further disintegration of our civilization.

At the same time, social policy, if it is to be practicable, must take cognizance of what is and of what is not economically possible. One cannot distribute twelve apples among one hundred people and give everyone an apple. The present situation in India will set in sharp focus certain aspects of the question. In 1931, the census of India revealed a population of about 338,000,000. Due to existing political unrest, some persons may have evaded the census-taker. But in the census of 1941, the population reached 388,000,000—an increase of 50,000,000 in ten years. This fact is giving many administrators in India a headache, especially as rumors of famine in that sub-continent are reaching us. In that country, millions go to bed hungry every night. It may be, as Keyserling said in his "Travel Diary", that in India everything vegetates in profusion, and possibly the basic requirements for livelihood there are relatively small. Nevertheless, the economic fact to be faced is just this—how can the standard of living in India, by any kind of economic adjustment, be raised to a level of real decency if the population continues to increase at this rate? Industrialization may solve some of India's problems, but only some, and then probably at the expense, to some extent at least, of industrial machines existing in other countries. New discoveries in the chemistry of foods may also help. But this problem is a hard nut for the economists to crack.

Nor is it necessary to dwell on the vagaries of Hitler and Mussolini who complained of the need of more "lebensraum" or living-space, while at the same time they provided state assistance in the effort to increase the birth-rate. One may point out, however, that here again we see the importance of the population problem in respect to social and economic policy. (This policy, it would appear, ultimately will result in netting about six linear feet per German, with room, temporarily at least, for a wooden swastika above it).

Could Be Disastrous

If the intention of a particular nation is conquest by war, then steps to increase the birth-rate are probably justifiable, since man-power becomes of the first importance. But if, on the contrary, we look forward to a world in which war shall be discarded as a means of national or social policy, and in which the ultimate aim of international cooperation shall be to provide the four freedoms and the security of people everywhere in the maintenance of a reasonable *standard of living*, then the subsidizing of the increased birth-rate takes on an entirely different complexion. It might indeed prove, from a purely economic point of view, only a prelude to disaster.

The very phrase "standard of living" introduces another difficult factor in the situation. A basic standard of living is one thing in Montreal, still another in Bermuda, and something quite different in Aklavik. It is one thing in peacetime Guadalcanal, and something else in Stockholm. Climate affects population possibilities, since residence in colder climates requires more durable housing, more fuel, different clothing and food. Generally speaking, population pressure is always greatest in warmer climates, and some countries can support a far denser population than others. The deeper one gets into this subject of the standard of living, the more bewildering does it become, and the more one knows, the less dogmatic he is as to what is or is not economically possible. At all events, the fundamental problem is that of securing the best possible equation of population with resources—and on a world scale. The economic and

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TIME THE WORLD

financial policies of different areas or countries in the world cannot therefore be standardized. What may be one country's meat will prove but poison to another country. Economies must be adapted to local situations.

Another factor must be considered, especially by democracies, since they tend to assign representative power in government on the basis of the entire population and not simply on the basis of the population of voters. Thus, a mature population can have less political power than an immature population. The application of this fact to the Canadian scene needs no amplification.

Racial Suicide?

Closely related to all this is the problem of quality as opposed to mere quantity. If we hold to a social policy which regards the increase of the population through the birth-rate as highly desirable, in what sections of the population should this increase be recruited?

It is becoming increasingly clear that our high-speed civilization calls for much greater education and intelligence in the "common man" than we have ever demanded of him heretofore. In the world of tomorrow, the man who has little to contribute but his unskilled labor and his capacity for reproduction will be increasingly hard to place. The use of the machine demands some knowledge of physics, chemistry and even of political and social adjustment, since the maintenance of democracy itself demands the lifting of the intelligence of the rank and file high above the moronic level of the present. In the light of these circumstances, if we recruit our population largely from the least intelligent strains while we place on the more intelligent such burdens of taxation as will in the end destroy all desire to accomplish anything, we shall be practising "race suicide" with a vengeance.

It must be admitted that it is hardly possible to apply to the breeding of man principles identical with those which we apply to the breeding of "other" animals. At least, it is not possible if we accept the Christian doctrine of man, or any theological or philosophical scruples which attribute to every child a spiritual as well as a material nature. We cannot, without violence to our Christian conscience, go boldly forth like the Nazis to kill off all the scrubs and the morons, whether we find them in hovels or in palaces. Conversely, it is difficult to establish criteria of values which should guide us in the positive breeding of new people. When we breed cattle, we may breed one kind for beef, another for milk, another for cream-content. We expect to dispose of their wares on the open-market, and in some cases, to kill them to be made into juicy steaks. But when we breed children, we do not hope to offer them for a price in the slave-market. Why do we breed them? Have we any ideas whatsoever as to our objectives in encouraging a rise in the human birth-rate? Is it that we may become affluent in potential manpower for war? Even if that is our objective, we have to breed only the best, for sadly enough, in war we take our choicest and most perfect youths—physically, intellectually and even spiritually—and offer them as living sacrifices to Moloch while we carefully preserve the less vigorous and the less intelligent. War is essentially dysgenic, and the biological argument against it is more unanswerable than the brutal elimination of the unfit. Or do we seek an increase in the birth-rate in order that we may become a centre of increasing social decency, intelligence, culture and efficiency? If so, once again, social policy must determine economic method. We may have to choose between quantity and quality.

When we know what we want, but not before, it will be high time for us to adjust the economic mechanisms accordingly. For the present we must reckon with the fact that it is the most economically inefficient portion of the population which usually reproduces itself with the least restraint, while we are busy concocting laws to discourage the adequate reproduction of the economically efficient. They work harder and we hurry and take away their increased earnings in income taxes; they build a family and accumulate wealth to maintain it when they are gone, and the omnicompetent State steps in and takes away much of the accumulation in inheritance taxes! Whither are we moving?

Is Birth-rate All Important?

Our decision on this primary matter of social policy will ultimately determine the character of the future economic and financial set-up, including taxation and provisions for social security. If the increased birth-rate is of primary importance, then, of course, the state must be prepared to subsidize its increase even as it would be justified in subsidizing the natality of pigs, cows, beavers and what-not, provided, of course, that in doing so, it took the necessary precautions to get the increase in the particular types of human beings which it most needed in the furtherance of its ultimate social policy. But in all this there is something to ponder which is implicit in the excuse of the mother of sixteen children who were being supported by public charity in an Ontario city. She had just recently informed a welfare visitor that she was expecting the seventeenth child, and when the visitor became a trifle critical, she said: "But, you know, that is the only recreation we have!"

In the question of family allowances, we stand on the threshold of the great and ultimate problem which population poses for the economists. It is of supreme significance, but it is also of supreme difficulty. To pass family allowances now as a matter of political expediency, whether by order-in-council or by legislation, might prove irrevocable. It might connote the dawn of a new day. On the other hand, it might easily launch us into a social revolution in which all the tried values of the responsibility of one man and his wife for those whom they bring into the world woud be cast aside in the hope of winning votes by more "bread and circuses". Easy is the path that slopes towards Avernus!

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The Religious Demand for a New World Order

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE

A unique event in human history is the Joint Declaration of principles for a new world order issued this month by American leaders of the Catholic, Protestant, Orthodox and Jewish religious bodies.

Though the signatories are all Americans, the movement originated at the North American Institute held last June in Toronto, and only time prevented the addition of Canadian signatures.

Mr. Somerville, who is editor of the "Canadian Register", says that the measures agreed upon in this document imply the establishment of a real world society and world government.

THE Joint Declaration of leaders of different religious bodies on world peace is a distinguished document because of the ecclesiastical eminence of many of its signers, and it is unique because of the variety of creeds that have been assembled on a common platform. It was considered impressive when the two Anglican Archbishops, the Roman Catholic Cardinal and the President of the Free Church Council in England joined in sending a letter to the London *Times*, but now we have more than a score of Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops joined with Protestant and Orthodox Bishops and with Seventh Day Baptists, Moravians, United Brethren, Unitarians and some forty Rabbis!

A sense of urgency has brought heterogeneous elements into association. It is easy for an individual, if he has the requisite knowledge, to write a declaration of peace policy which will have general and widespread assent, but it is less easy for a dozen, or a hundred, qualified individuals to agree on all the terms of a declaration. A casual reader may think the Joint Declaration is similar to other idealistic declarations that have appeared from various sources, and indeed the Declaration is avowedly based on previous religious statements. It is not remarkable for the originality of the views it sets forth, but for the authority and unanimity of its signers.

Anyone who knows the transcendental value that religious believers attach to their particular convictions will understand that the Joint Declaration is profoundly significant in what it does not say. The name of Jesus Christ does not appear. All Protestants, and indeed all Christians, reverence this as the one Name given to men whereby they may be saved. There is no mention of the Church which, especially to Roman Catholics, is a divine institution guided by the Holy Spirit, with authority to teach the truth of God and to be the Ark of Salvation for all who believe. These omissions, or rather exclusions, from the Joint Declaration, were necessary to gain the desired unanimity and they must have involved keenly-felt sacrifice from those who were silent on beliefs which they would fain shout from the housetops.

"Minimum" Measures

A sense of urgency compelled the sacrifice. The different religious bodies are not able to agree on all things, not even on all that they consider essentials, but they agree on some principles that they regard as vitally necessary to human welfare, and half a loaf being better than no bread they join forces in hope of giving effect to measures which they declare to be the "minimum" for the salvation of society.

The agreed measures would carry us very far indeed, not short of the establishment of a real World Society and a World Government. The first article of the declaration asserts the sovereignty of God over states. This is a denial of the principle of state sovereignty on which the present world is built, but as an exposition of this article would be more immediately theoretical than practical we may pass from it without further comment.

The second article calls for an international declaration of the Rights of Man to be vindicated by the positive action of national governments and international organizations. There is less precedent for this demand than for any other in the document, and I believe that it derives from proposals made for international sanctions against anti-Semitism.

The third article says that "the rights of all peoples, large and small, must be safeguarded within the framework of collective security. The progress of undeveloped colonial or oppressed peoples towards political responsibility must be the object of international concern." This means, to give concrete examples, that Poland had the right to effective support from all other nations when she was attacked by Germany, and that Abyssinia had the right to world protection against Italy, and China had the same right against Japan, these rights not depending on contractual obligations accepted by members of the League of Nations but existing by the nature of things.

World Order on Moral Law

The fourth article asserts the rights of racial, religious and cultural minorities to be guaranteed by national governments and international organization. The fifth article is politically the most important of all, for it requires international institutions for the making of international law and the revision, when necessary, of treaties, the compulsory arbitration of disputes, and the application of adequate sanctions to enforce the law. The sixth article demands international economic collaboration to assure all states the conditions of economic welfare, and the seventh and last article asserts that internal social welfare of individual states is necessary to world harmony.

No critic is likely to find this religious program of world policy lacking in comprehensiveness or concreteness. It is drawn up and signed as expressing, not mere desiderata, but ethical imperatives. The Covenant of the League of Nations was but a half-way house to World Order because of its reservations in favor of national sovereignty; it was a house built on the shifting sand of national interest instead of the rock of moral law whose object is the common good of all mankind. There cannot be World Order without World Law, which implies a World Authority above that of every national state.

Though the first signers of the Joint Declaration are all in the United States, it may be said to have originated from the North American Institute held in Toronto last June, for it was there and then that the decision was made to seek such a declaration. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, gave a decisive lead in co-operation by consenting to be chairman at a conference with Protestant and Jewish speakers. The harmony achieved in Toronto was an essential preliminary to the difficult intercredal negotiations that subsequently took place in the United States. It was only to avoid delaying the publication of the Declaration that longer time was not taken to get Canadian signatures that would be adequately representative of religious forces in the Dominion.

The Joint Declaration is not meant to be merely a platonic document, it is the opening manifesto of an intercredal and international campaign of education in principles believed essential to the establishment of durable peace on earth and good will among men.

Remember how the wild west heroes would fire at Indians from behind their wiry mustangs. This is the same idea with a new twist. Army motorcyclists are trained in such exercises to prepare them for actual warfare.

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5TH VICTORY LOAN

How the Germans "Educate" Europe's Children

BY WILSON POPHAM

The children of occupied Europe are being educated by their Nazi conquerors. But their education has little to do with book learning. It is a schooling in death, hunger, and political principles.

How thoroughly the Germans have practised their teachings on the broken minds and bodies of 37,000,000 children, and the gigantic task of re-education facing the allies when Europe is liberated, are dealt with in this article.

IN THE shambles that will be Europe after the defeat of Germany, the United Nations' rehabilitation commissions will find no wreckage more disastrous, no problem more serious, than the virtually complete destruction of education.

Faced with such imminent crises as the need for saving whole populations from starvation, of rebuilding millions of homes, of providing clothing and medical care for destitute and epidemic-ridden nations, it may be understandably easy, when thinking of plans for the days immediately after the war, to by-pass a situation which is the most far-reaching of all, affecting as it does the future of 37,000,000 children in occupied countries.

Five years of disorganized or non-existent schooling means simply this: that children who now should be ready to leave public school and enter high school are still, in millions of cases, unable to read or write: that young men and women who should have completed high school, and be equipped for their life work or ready to prepare for the professions, find themselves with only an elementary education.

Even where schools remained open, undernourishment, disease, disruption of families, child labor and the general dislocation of life under German occupation made an education unattainable for most.

With deliberate intent Hitler has rendered illiterate the entire youth of some of the nations he has overrun, in others has perverted the uses of schools to his own ends. Of the two evils—illiteracy or education in false doctrines — it is difficult to choose the lesser. But the United Nations have recognized both evils and have set up a conference to prepare counter-measures. Governments in exile, too, alarmed at the wastage of the school years in their home lands, are laying plans to be put into operation as soon as the enemy has been driven from their soil.

The Nazis have divided Europe roughly into two sections for their "lack of education" program: The occupied nations to the east, Poland, Greece, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, are the "slave nations" where schooling of any sort has been all but eliminated; In the western countries, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Norway, selected young people of "proper" background are given an education calculated to make them fitting subjects of the "master race." What these are taught, however, makes them even less fitted for a life of freedom than the illiterate children.

In Poland, according to the British "Save the Children" organization, which has conducted an exhaustive survey of child life in the occupied countries of Europe, the Nazi attitude towards schooling as expressed in an official statement of occupation officials, was: "No education is needed to sweep the streets or to dig potatoes. Other occupations are not for the Poles."

Poland's Schools Closed

Every school in occupied Poland has been closed. Even lessons in the children's own home are forbidden under pain of death. It is illegal to sell Polish text books, or for one person to hand a book on to another.

Booksellers stocks and the contents of public and private libraries have either been destroyed or carried off to Germany. Teaching by religious organizations has been made virtually impossible by the fact that a large proportion of the priests have been arrested and the activities of those who remain have been much restricted.

In any case, all children over 12 are considered as adults, and forced to do adults' labor. They must work 72 hours a week or more. Tens of thousands of the nation's 11,500,000 children under the age of 15 have been sent to Germany for work in labor camps.

In Greece where 2,000,000 children once lived it was hardly necessary for the authorities to order the schools closed. Starving children who must spend all their waking hours scavenging for food cannot go to schools, and no fuel is available to heat the school buildings in winter. Besides, Greek children have been dying of starvation at the rate of 150 a day in Athens alone, according to the report of the International Red Cross. And the situation was reputed even worse in other towns such as Salonika, Patras, Volo, and in the islands, particularly Chios and Syra. The people of Syra wired to Athens recently "Send wheat or coffins."

In Yugoslavia, German firing squads are a frequent cause of absence from school. At Kragujevac, 80 miles from Belgrade, 100 pupils, the entire enrollment of the three upper forms of the high school, with their teachers and the school principal, were taken from their classes to fill the ranks of hostages to be shot in reprisals. The "Save the Children" report tells of the students pitifully trying to fend off the bullets of the firing squad with their satchels and textbooks. In most Yugoslav schools, all attempts at holding classes were abandoned after that outrage. The nation's normal child population is close to 5,000,000.

In Czechoslovakia's Sudeten area, all but German schools have been closed. In the "protectorate" all universities and high schools have been abolished, and even elementary education is limited to two grades. At these, the Christmas holidays, usually 10 to 14 days have been extended from December 1 to March 31 to save fuel. Children are forced to work on the land after classes, and to collect money for winter relief. More than 4,000,000 Czech children are thus being deprived of any but the most sketchy schooling.

Nazi Re-education

The Nazis had high hopes for the "re education" of Dutch children. They sent 200 young Dutch teachers to Oldenburg to study the German educational system, opened "German schools" throughout the country, rewrote the text books, and in general proposed to "nazify" the two and a half million young Netherlanders.

Their plans failed dismally. Dutch children, as steadfast as their parents, refused to become little Nazis. But too often their rebellion led to juvenile delinquency, with the result that in Amsterdam and other cities crimes by children have tripled.

Although the external set up of the Dutch school system was left more or less intact, the occupation authorities insisted on the right to appoint "suitable" teachers, on the grounds that "children are interested in politics, and if a teacher does not understand the new conditions in Europe, he will pass this misunderstanding on to his pupils."

More than 1,270 of 1,500 Dutch school boards refused to operate under this system. Most obdurate were religious schools, and as a result salaries of teachers who were members of religious orders were cut almost in half, and head masters who were priests were ousted.

In Belgium, the Germans have attempted to divide the nearly 2,000,000 children into two "races," Flemish and Walloon, for educational purposes. The Flemish children are encouraged to think of themselves as German, and use of the Flemish language in schools is stressed although there is considerable opposition by parents, whose children know French as well as, or better than Flemish. Various Flemish

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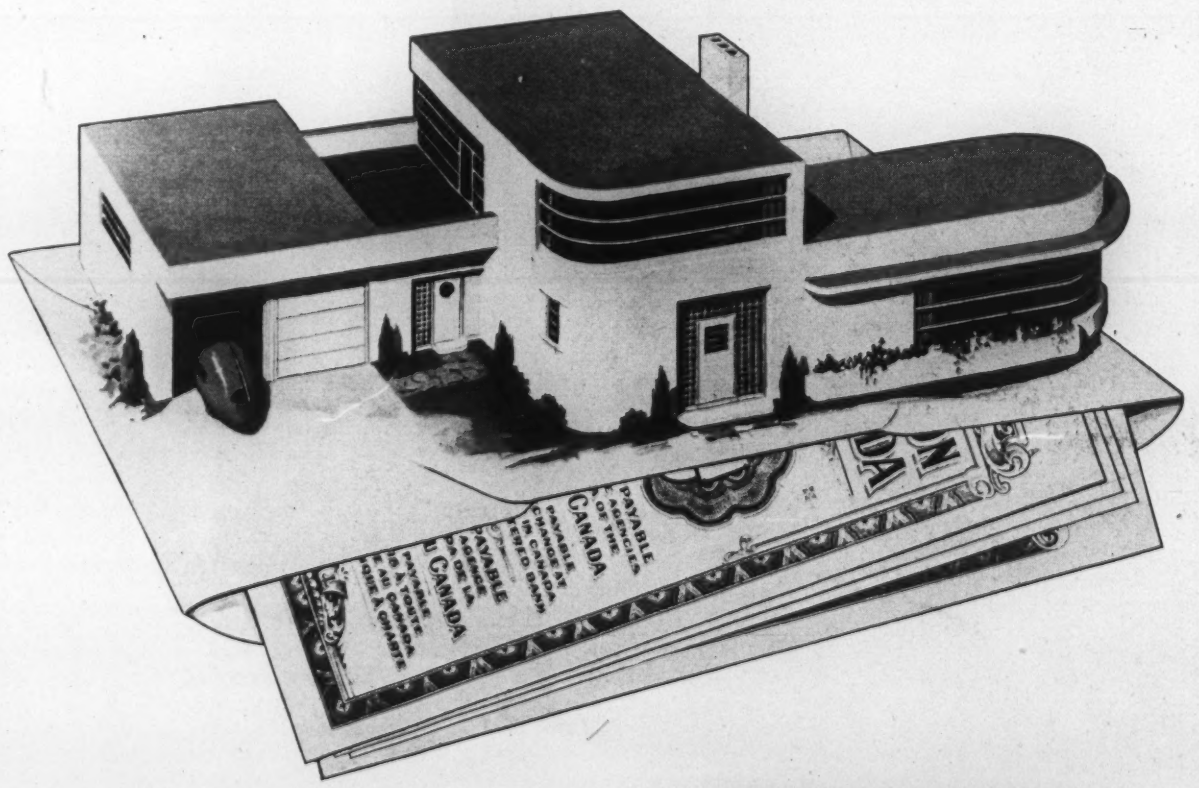

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youth associations have been unified into a National Socialist body which aims at collaboration with the Hitler youth movement.

None the less Belgium children have not taken to the ideals of "Nazi discipline" any better than the Dutch, and in the first year of occupation alone, juvenile delinquency—especially in truancy, theft and begging—increased by one third.

It is in the little Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, however, that the Nazi program of "indoctrination" reaches its highest pitch, and the record is worth studying in considerable detail.

In Luxembourg

"One of the first changes made by the invaders was to forbid all use of French, although for 500 years it had been one of the official languages of Luxembourg. The Germans even prohibited all French expressions used in the Luxembourg dialect, such as "madam," "merci," "bonjour." Even a French accent in pronouncing names has been punished by fines and imprisonment. All existing textbooks were confiscated and replaced by German bocks. All religious instruction has been forbidden and priests dismissed, deported or taken into German concentration camps, as have most members of the teaching profession.

"German teachers have been sent into Luxembourg with their families, their duty to indoctrinate the children of the Grand Duchy with National Socialist theories.

"Two out of three secondary schools for boys have been closed, and very little time is spent on cultural education. The main duty of the teacher being to make of the young Luxembourger an ardent National Socialist."

But the Nazi program for gaining sympathy among the youth of Luxembourg does not include methods likely to lend self-respect to the pupils. In one typical day there were no fewer than 25 Luxembourg schoolgirls, aged 13 to 17, at the Strasburg maternity hospital awaiting the birth of babies after having been raped by German soldiers.

"All girls are compulsorily incorporated in the German Girls bund," the report continues, "with labor service compulsory. In an address to one contingent of girls leaving for labor camp, the chief of the German civil administration, Gauleiter Gustav Simon said: 'You will be pleased that you are allowed to serve for six months in a German labor camp and proud to know that you may have the honor to return from there as German mothers'.

"Before leaving for these labor camps, all young girls are medically examined, and if they are found sterile or are known to belong to an anti-German family, they are sent to soldiers' brothels."

None, or Nazi?

The answer to the question: "Is it better to have no education or to be taught only Nazi doctrine?" has been given most forcefully, perhaps, in Norway. There the teachers have fought doggedly and unselfishly for the future welfare of their pupils, and the answer appears to favor no teaching as opposed to the wrong kind.

In Norway, from the beginning of German occupation, education has been one of the most prominent points of conflict between the Nazi invaders and the population.

Matters came to a head when two new measures were imposed by the authorities. The first compelled all teachers to join the newly-formed "teacher's front" under penalty of being dismissed and recruited into labor squads; the second was the compulsory enrollment of all children in the National Socialist (Quisling) youth movement. In addition, Quisling's portrait was to be displayed in all schools, regular instruction was to be given in the doctrines of the National Socialist party, and children who showed disrespect for teachers or fellow pupils who were members of the Quisling party were to be sent to reformatories.

The result was that 12,000 of Norway's 14,000 teachers resigned.

In his Labor Day speech at Harvard University

Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill said:

From a photograph by Karsh.

"WHATEVER our station may be, whatever part we have to play, great or small, our conduct is liable to be scrutinized not only by history but by our own descendants. Let us rise to the full level of our duty and of our opportunity."

The same leader who stunned the world with the memorable words "I can promise you nothing but Blood, Sweat, Toil and Tears" now warns us that we are only "at the end of the beginning".

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No Fable is the Northwestern Treasure House

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

Unparalleled riches lie in the Canadian northwest waiting for development after the war. Oil (more, it is thought, than in all the rest of the world), coal, gold, iron, radium, uranium, silver, salts, power, lumber, fertile agricultural land and teeming fishing beds. The war has spotlighted this huge area, most of it as yet entirely undeveloped, and great new industries promise to rise from its untold wealth.

This is the second in the series of articles by Mr. Davies on the northwest territory.

"NEARLY all known minerals will be found in the Mackenzie river basin in commercial quantities," a prominent United States geologist assured me when we discussed the Dominion's potential wealth during my visit to Norman Oil Wells this summer.

He was one of the select group of geologists seeking oil and making the first detailed study of the vast region between the Mackenzie river and the Yukon. He was enthused by Canada's wealth but unable to understand our slowness in developing it.

"It is difficult to fathom the reason for there being only 3,000 or less white men in an area as vast as the Northwest Territories, nearly 1,000,000 square miles in expanse," he said. "After the war a change should come. There is room here for millions."

"Just imagine," he continued. "Whenever we go out to look for oil we are just as likely to find other minerals. Last week we found manganese ore."

He was right. Minerals and natural wealth are everywhere, only awaiting the life-giving hand of man.

Traces of dormant wealth can be found everywhere. An American petroleum engineer was aboard the SS *McKenzie River* which was bearing me down river. Each time the boat stopped to load wood, he would go out with an ordinary pan he borrowed from the cook, and wash a little sand. Almost everywhere he found small traces of gold and other minerals. Not enough to become rich, but enough to make the possibilities worth while investigating.

Fascinating natural wealth begins at the very threshold of the north, at the beginning of the Mackenzie river basin, a Waterways, Alberta.

Here the black tar sands observable from shipboard and covering some 200 square miles hold the secret of more petroleum, Alberta government geologists report, than is known in the rest of the proven deposits of the world. Only the surface has been scratched and a small pilot plant with government support is now beginning to test the commercial possibilities of the deposits. Asphalt is being produced for sale to the road builders who are more and more rapidly linking community with community in the lower expanses of the northwest.

At Waterways, too, salt deposits already producing some $20,000 worth of salt a year, give promise of a thriving chemical industry in the future. Salt is chlorine and sodium, basic components of hundreds of chemicals essential to modern life and production. Salt in huge quantities is also known to exist near Fitzgerald, Alberta, just below the border of the Northwest Territories.

Thus far the best known of northern minerals, and the most profitable, has been gold. But gold is not a country-builder, unless it is found in such huge quantities as in the Rand in South Africa. Instead it acts more as a pioneer in opening up the land by offering substantial return in the shortest possible time. This is its role in the northwest.

On the north shore of Lake Athabaska are the Goldfields and Fond du Lac gold deposits. Gold bearing formations abound in many areas between Athabaska and Great Slave Lakes. In this same region, above Fort Smith on the 60th parallel, between the Buffalo and Little Buffalo rivers lead, zinc and silver have been discovered.

A new, rich gold bearing region has been discovered in the alluvial strata along the little known South Nahanni which flows into the Liard river. Little has been done due to war conditions but after the war a new gold rush may take place here.

Mineral Deposits

Farther down the river, coal and oil begin. At Fort Norman there is much coal and traces of oil have been found. An oil well is being drilled at Bluefish, seven miles to the north. Other wells are being drilled all the way to the Norman Oil Wells, 55 miles north, and beyond, and the limits of the oil deposits have not yet been found. It is believed that the richest oil strata lie directly under the Mackenzie River near the Norman Oil Wells and wells may soon be drilled right under the water. This will be the first time this process is used in Canada.

East of Fort Norman, on the east shore of the Great Bear Lake are located the famous pitchblende deposits from which radium, uranium salts and silver are obtained. After two years of stagnation and partial shutdown, work is now proceeding at feverish tempo. Those who remember the stories of U 236 may realize that a radium deposit is of very great significance in wartime.

Radium deposits have also been located on Echo Bay, in Camsell River and in the Hottah Lake Region south of the Great Bear Lake.

Flowing north to the Arctic Ocean, the Coppermine river offers a potential source of copper which occurs in native form on the river itself and on islands of the Bathurst Inlet. Copper has been found on Victoria Island, forty miles northwest of the Prince Albert Sound and 60 miles east of the Bathurst Inlet. In the same general region are vast sulphur deposits, the extent of which has never been measured.

Iron has also been found in the northwest, especially on the islands of the Great Slave Lake, northwest of Resolution.

If you examine a map you will see that most of these deposits are located along the main rivers and lakes, in other words where they have been most accessible. There is no reason to doubt that inland, farther from the main travelled arteries even richer deposits will be found and in greater variety.

But mineral deposits do not even begin to exhaust the northwest's possibilities.

Huge Timber Fires

Everywhere I was struck by the vast timber lands. It is true that in spots along the rivers and in the interior, the trees tend to be small and at times even puny, while along the coast of the Arctic Ocean there are no trees at all—nothing like the rich arboreal treasure of the British Columbia coast and the Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands. Nevertheless there are tens of thousands of square miles of easily accessible balsams, firs, spruces, aspens, polars, alders, balsams of Gilead and other trees.

When I flew over the Mackenzie Basin I was forcibly struck by the fact that all of this wealth was untouched. In a four and a half hour flight from the Norman Oil Wells to Fort St. John on the Alaska Highway I saw only two small settlements. Yet forests extended as far as the eye could see between the Mackenzie river and the farm lands of the Peace River Block, interspersed by lakes and muskegs.

This timber could furnish the foundations of a vast paper industry, and wood for light construction work. It could serve as base for the fibre and processed wood enterprises which elsewhere are only now beginning to come into their own on the basis of the latest scientific discoveries regarding the usefulness of wood even in this age of light metals.

At present all of this forest wealth is going to waste. For days at a time, along the rivers, from shipboard I followed the smoke of devastating fires which devour millions of square feet of timber each year. I saw these fires in dozens of places when I looked out of the windows of the giant DC 3 transport in which I travelled later. Sometimes smoke is so thick, the pilot of the plane told me, that planes are grounded, and Captain MacDonald of the SS *Mc Kenzie River* related that last year his ship was smoke bound for days at Fort Simpson because of forest fires. The damage done to forest wealth and animal life is inestimable.

Under present conditions there is nothing you can do about it. The fires can not be stopped and they eat their way into the moss where they smoulder for years, only to flare up under favorable conditions. A thorough program of timber conservation is required with a special fire fighting corps. A job for after the war.

Cheap Power

The main problem in utilizing forestry resources and in establishing mechanical and chemical industries in the northwest is cheap power.

It is fortunate that in this respect there are few areas in the world as rich as the Mackenzie river basin.

To date water power has been developed only in a few places and on a small scale. There are electric power plants at the radium mines in Great Bear Lake and at the gold workings at Yellowknife. But in the settlements, power is produced by Delco engines which run on gasoline and supply electricity for individual households. Essentially hydroelectricity in the northwest, as almost everything else, is still asleep and must be brought to life.

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Province	Total *Population	Urban Families	Rural Families	Total Families	Combined Circulation
Nova Scotia	577,962	58,016	66,004	124,020	53,560
Prince Edward Island	95,047	5,049	14,541	19,590	6,934
New Brunswick	457,401	31,378	62,101	93,479	32,135
Quebec	3,331,882	435,127	212,727	647,854	316,179
Ontario	3,787,655	569,742	332,549	902,291	518,900
Manitoba	729,744	79,611	85,638	165,249	88,950
Saskatchewan	895,992	67,894	122,243	190,137	92,186
Alberta	796,169	74,281	101,463	175,744	118,255
British Columbia	817,861	112,036	86,326	198,362	137,060
Miscellaneous	—	—	—	—	53,729
TOTAL	11,489,713	1,433,134	1,083,592	2,516,726	1,417,888

*Yukon and Northwest Territories not included pending D.B.S. figures

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CITY	Families*	Combined Circulation	CITY	Families*	Combined Circulation
Halifax	16,783	17,657	Hamilton	41,931	32,469
Sydney	6,739	3,331	Ottawa	51,196	32,765
Charlottetown	3,577	2,328	Windsor	28,836	20,988
Saint John	12,320	8,947	Winnipeg	69,176	52,251
Moncton	5,420	3,733	Regina	13,915	13,184
Montreal	271,410	155,691	Saskatoon	10,244	11,310
Quebec	47,831	24,443	Calgary	21,168	25,749
Three Rivers	10,001	4,960	Edmonton	22,290	22,968
Sherbrooke	8,563	5,364	Vancouver	83,690	59,016
Toronto	210,677	150,484	Victoria	10,492	15,996

*Families estimated pending inal D.B.S. figures.

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MAYFAIR . . . NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY . . . NEW WORLD *(Illustrated)*

The greatest potential source of power is the series of rapids below Fitzgerald along the Slave River. Here, it has been estimated, from 500,000 to 750,000 horsepower can be harnessed. The location is close enough to Waterways and Edmonton to make it feasible to send electricity by power lines to major population and production centers. United States engineers working at the Fitzgerald-Fort Smith portage, estimate that the cost of a dam to create a water head at this spot would be much less than elsewhere due to the favorable rock formation of the rapids.

An attractive possibility for power is the Lockhart river which flows into the Great Slave Lake and drops 700 feet in 25 miles.

The Taltson river which also flows into the Great Slave Lake drops 130 feet in a few miles, and the Snowdrift river to the south descends 500 feet in six miles.

But the greatest and most visionary project is that which awaits Canada at the Ramparts of the Mackenzie, just below the Arctic Circle, where a dam between the rocky Rampart walls could raise the level of the river, eliminate two series of dangerous rapids, improve the watercourse for transportation and produce an all-year, immense quantity of water-power.

Why have none of these important power resources been utilized?

Rich Farming Land

In the first place because there has been no demand. There is no use producing power simply for its own sake.

Then, too, special difficulties are posed by the long and cruel winter which renders the smaller streams quite useless for power production for about six months of the year when they are frozen solid. The main sources, however, are good the year round, especially the rapids below Fitzgerald.

The Canol project has opened new possibilities for the development of Mackenzie basin wealth. As new deposits of minerals are found and development begins, power too, will find demand. Then with the development of power, will come the utilization of forest resources for pulp and paper mills and for industrial chemicals and explosives. Essentially these products are wood plus electricity plus water, all present in super-abundance in the north.

The expansion of production in the northwest will create new demands for food, and this, in its turn, will lead to more intensive farming, especially in the rich alluvial lands along the main rivers where the 20 to 24 hour sunlight during the hottest summer weeks, more than compensates for the shortness of the season. Above all a rich agricultural future faces the Liard river basin where alluvial lands are rich and as yet almost untouched.

"If the Canadian government would build a railway to the Liard," an American official working on the Canol project told me, "I would invest all my money in farm lands. There's a great future here."

Fish and Reindeer Meat

Greater demand for food will also spur the fishing industry, now existing commercially, only in a small way on Lake Athabaska. I have fished in many parts of the world, but never have I seen such wealth of fish as in the north. I was trolling lazily from the steamer as we sped through the Great Slave Lake when I felt a powerful tug. I played with the fish for some time and when I brought it in it was a nine-pound trout.

"This is a small'un," Johnny Reindeer, a deckhand, said. "We get them 20 and more pounds in Wrigley Harbor." That was true. Last year a company of United States troops, their food forgotten on a barge, lived for two weeks on nothing but fish caught in the harbor.

In the lower reaches of the Mackenzie all one has to do is set out a net on floats and in a few hours take it in with 20 or more fish weighing anywhere from three to 20 pounds. There are whole schools of whitefish and Arctic herring, flounder and Arctic salmon.

Complementary to the growth of industry, lumbering, farming and fishing will also be the expansion of reindeer herding. A few years ago the Canadian government brought reindeer from Alaska and established a reindeer reserve northwest of Aklavik.

In Aklavik and along the Arctic coast reindeer meat is already a staple food and sells for about 30 cents a pound. Were fast transportation and refrigerator barges available it would pay to ship meat from the Arctic to the south, where this year, a grave shortage exists. In the future, reindeer may provide meat for the whole northwest and their skins and horns will find industrial uses.

One other industry will prosper in the northwest after the war. This industry has played a great role in making Ontario and Quebec prosperous. It is one of Canada's main industries—tourism. The northwest offers unparalleled vistas for tourists. The Norman and Mackenzie mountain ranges are unexcelled for beauty. Neither fishing nor hunting are to be bettered elsewhere in the world. The myriad of lakes offer future possibilities of almost perfect and private vacationing. Mosquitoes, black flies and bulldog flies are bad but not as bad as painted, and are not bothersome during the major portion of the summer. I suffered not at all from these pests during my trip.

The Tourist Dream

With the development of the Alaska Highway and the Norman Oil Wells-Whitehorse highway, tourists from New York or Toronto or San Francisco will be able to travel by plane or train to Edmonton, fly to Fort Smith and proceed down river by steamer as far as Norman Wells. From here luxurious buses will be able to take them to Whitehorse and back to Edmonton or to Whitehorse and Skagway from where they could return by boat to Vancouver or Seattle. A month would be enough for this round tour. The cost should not be more than of a similar trip anywhere. A dream? Sure. But realizable.

The promise of tourism and of tourist dollars will make new demands on river transportation, lead to the construction of streamlined and fast river steamships, result in lower air-plane fares, which today are nearly double those of the rest of Canada, and will bring new tourist industries—guest cabins, hotels, vacation resorts, hot dog stands.

This picture horrifies those who would preserve the north in all its Indian, backward, diseased purity. Some tremble at the very idea of losing the frontier. Others prophesy the impossibility of the conquest of the north in our day.

"How old are you?" an important eastern executive working in the north asked me belligerently, as we discussed the possibility of introducing modern changes. I told him. "I'll bet you $10,000," he said, "that you will not see more than 10,000 people in the Northwest Territories in your lifetime."

He is a pessimist. If I had the money, I would take him up. The possibilities are there. They only need energy and vision, and Canada will have enough of both.

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CELLULOSE ACETATE, in roll form
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THROUGH its affiliations, its wide resources and experience, Canadian Industries Limited is able to supply to custom moulders and other users many types of plastics that today are successfully meeting the exacting tests of war. These now are on allocation and can only be supplied for certain requirements, but our technical staff is at all times glad to advise on any problems where plastics are specified.

New and remarkable plastics are being developed from time to time and techniques are constantly improving with widened experience. As one of the largest suppliers of a diversified line of plastics in Canada, C-I-L offers to custom moulders, fabricators and others interested, helpful information on new developments relative to the products we handle.

C-I-L PLASTICS

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
PLASTICS DIVISION

PL8

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES C-I-L LIMITED SUPPLIERS OF PLASTICS IN WIDE RANGE FOR MOULDERS AND FABRICATORS

Our Leading Planner for World Christianity

BY A. C. FORREST

The Ecumenical movement is not well known in Canada as yet, but it is likely to prove one of the great historic movements of the Protestant Christian Church.

One of its world leaders is a Canadian, Rev. Richard Davidson, now released for more active participation by his retirement from the principalship of Emmanuel College, Toronto, the great theological training centre of the United Church.

ON JULY 31 Rev. Richard Davidson, M.A., Ph.D., D.D., retired from the principalship of Emmanuel College, Toronto. But it is significant that he was elected President of the Toronto Conference of the United Church of Canada early in June. Being Conference President is only one of the tasks awaiting his leadership. Apparently he is expected to retire only to greater things.

For over forty years he has taught theology. And since 1925 he has exerted a most profound influence on the still young United Church. Emmanuel graduates almost forty per cent of the ministry of this Church, and his students come from as far away as both the Maritimes and British Columbia. Under him his college has come to be recognized as one of the great theological schools of the continent.

To back up that statement there is the 1938 report of the Association of Theological Schools of America. This Association studied the work of some 250 schools on the continent. And Emmanuel was rated in the top eleven, being the only Canadian college to receive such an honor.

The principal deserves a great deal of the credit for this. His college has been not only his work and his love, but his hobby.

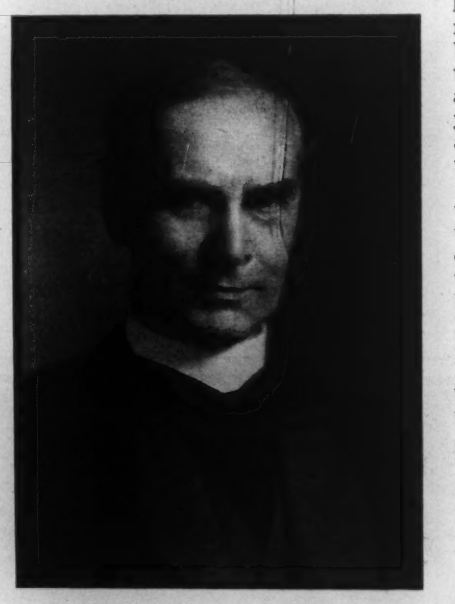
Richard Davidson was born on a farm near Ayr, a little Scottish settlement in south-western Ontario, in 1876. He still loves and honors his home community as a place of industry, integrity and sound religion. And they are proud of him as one of their sons who went up to the university and made good.

As a youngster he spent a good many hours in the Kirk, whether he wanted to or not. In school he shone in mathematics, and for three years of broken attendance at Woodstock High School, where farm boys went when the farm work wasn't too pressing, he gave promise of being a brilliant scholar.

At his boarding-house in Woodstock he was considered a shy lad, and he doesn't deny the legend that when too much company came to the house he retired to the furnace-room where he happily passed the hours reading Calvin's "Institutes". Under the preaching of the late Dr. W. T. McMullen he felt called to the ministry, so in 1895 he enrolled in University College where he won high honors in Semitics.

Brilliant Student

After graduation he entered Knox College, but continued his Semitics work for his Ph.D. which he won in 1902 *magna cum laude*. He was among the first eight or ten to receive this degree in the University of Toronto. That same year he went to Germany where he studied at the University of Berlin. While there he met Miss Edith M. Northwood of Chatham, Ont., who was travelling and studying in Europe; they were married in 1906 after he had been appointed to a chair in Semitics in University College.



Rev. Richard Davidson, M.A.

With a brilliant record the young theologian returned to Canada to preach for a call. But here like many a Scottish scholar before him he was not successful. It is quite possible, he will admit, that his academic sermons were a little heavy, especially when preached on hot Sunday afternoons to farming folk who had been working hard all week.

He preached his first sermon in Malton. But he knew before it was over that he wasn't going to get a call. He felt so badly about it that he trudged his way back to Toronto right after the service rather than have to wait around until train time Monday morning. All summer long he kept preaching for a call, but to no avail. But Principal Hutton of University College had his eye on this keen young scholar, and he was appointed a fellow in U.C. The next year he went to Montreal to lecture, and the following year was recalled to a Chair in University College.

In 1910 he and his young wife returned to Europe to study, and on their return as they were walking down the gang-plank at Montreal he was handed a letter inviting him to become a professor in Knox College. In 1912 they again returned to Europe to study, and this time he travelled extensively in the Holy Land as well as on the Continent—something which he believes is very important as a preparation for teaching theology.

Since then he has been lecturing continuously. In 1925, when Church Union came about, he was in Knox College. "My way was clear, but I was no agitator," he said. And that is typical of the man. Since 1932 he has been Principal of Emmanuel.

Some of his brethren of the Presbyterian Church used to say that he was a Presbyterian high churchman. Everywhere he is recognized as an authority in Liturgics, and it is in matters of church worship that he has made one of his most important contributions to the United Church. One of his strongest points however is his ability to emphasize the practical and the common sense features of Church life and worship, as well as the mystical and profound. And his students always remember his repeated advice that "good horse sense" is a quality absolutely necessary to a successful ministry.

Ecumenicity

Ecumenicity is a very unpopular word, but it is a word which will become commonly known within a few years. It stands for world-wide Christianity. And the Ecumenical movement is the newest and greatest movement in the Protestant Church. Christianity has progressed through the centuries in great movements; the Reformation, the evangelical revivals, the world missionary movement of the last century. This latest movement is the contribution of the young Christian Churches, a direct result of the great foreign missionary work.

Although it was born in Edinburgh in 1910, it only just began to grow at the Oxford and Edinburgh World Councils in 1937. Had the war not come there would now be a World Council of Churches. Prominent churchmen agree that such a Council will be formed almost immediately after the war is over. In the meantime a British Council of Churches has been organized. Within the year there should be a Canadian Council, and probably an American Council representing the Protestant Churches of both countries.

Dr. Hugh Kerr, of Pittsburgh, a past Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, told me a few weeks ago, "Davidson is thought very highly of across the line. Without a doubt he is Canada's top man in the Ecumenical movement."

Dr. Davidson has been giving more and more time to this work since his appointment to a theological committee in America, after the Edinburgh Conference. He is now chairman of the North American Committee of Ecumenical Interests; a position which may easily become one of the most important in the Church as soon as the war is won.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Free X-rays in Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign

BY P. W. LUCE

AN AMBITIOUS program for the checking of tuberculosis in British Columbia will soon be in effect. The most important phase of this will be the X-raying of every resident who is willing to submit to an examination at specified localities on dates to be announced.

The examinations will be free. Special efforts will be made to induce members of the "supposedly well" group to come forward, but they are warned that a large number of them will receive a disagreeable surprise when the results are known.

The tuberculosis survey is to be carried out by clinics in Vancouver, Victoria, and Tranquille, where a large number of tubercular patients have been under treatment for many years. There will also be travelling clinics which will go all over the province, fully staffed by doctors, nurses and technicians. Special equipment has been designed for the trucks carrying these clinics, and a miniature X-ray film has been developed for use with this equipment.

The clinics will be set up in war plants, factories, schools, canneries, mills and other places where people are naturally congregated. Examinations will be on the "assembly line" system. It is estimated that approximately 2000 persons can be checked in one day.

The results of the examinations will be made known within a few days. Persons with tuberculosis lesions will be advised as to what steps they should take to control the disease. Those who are still in the early, or symptomless, stage will be warned of the danger of delay in taking treatment, and assured that a cure is possible and inexpensive if the necessary measures are taken in time.

The funds for the mobile units were raised through the sale of Christmas seals.

Dr. W. H. Hatfield, director of tuberculosis control for the province, believes the disease can be eventually eliminated, though it is still far from controlled. There are over 8000 known sufferers in B.C., and 1421 new cases were discovered in 1942, a period in which deaths totalled 527. Routine X-rays of army, navy, and air force recruits have shown that a surprising number in these presumably healthy classes are infected.

Tuberculosis, unfortunately, is not the only disease that is causing the coast doctors much concern. The incidence of cancer is greater in British Columbia than anywhere else in Canada. One person in every eight has it, against one in every ten in other parts. In most cases, of course, it has not reached the malignant stage, and it is curable if treatment is taken soon enough.

As cancer is often a disease of advanced age, and there is a high proportion of old folks in British Columbia, the reason why it is the second leading cause of deaths in the province is obvious.

$7,000 Sweepstake

For sustained excitement the Fraser River Barrel Sweepstake will take a lot of beating. This has been run for the past four years by the New Westminster Rotary Club in the interest of charities, with the latest event bringing in about $7,000 to be divided between a Christmas Fund for servicemen, a summer camp for children, and a soldiers' recreation centre. Two thousand dollars of the gross take is distributed to good guessers, and enough is set aside for expenses.

Participants in the sweepstake are asked to guess how long it will take a steel barrel to travel the 150 miles from Lytton, at the junction of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers, to the New Westminster Bridge. This year it came down in 64 hours, 36 minutes, and 33 3/5 seconds. In 1942 it took 92 hours, so the guessers have a wide range, and experts and dopesters have yet to establish a worthwhile reputation for accuracy.

The theory is that the fish have been disturbed by the constant dropping and explosions of bombs, and have scattered out to sea again. They may make a later attempt to go up the Fraser River, but they will still have to run the gauntlet of practice bombs. The well-being of fish is not considered in the higher strategy of an all-out war.

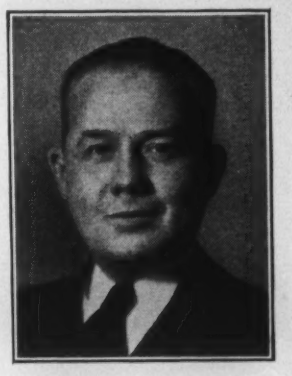
Hear

RALPH W. CARNEY

THE MAN WHO STIRRED THE NATION WITH A MESSAGE LAST MAY

Mr. Carney will address the Empire Club of Canada and their guests—The Canadian Club, The Canadian Manufacturers Association, The Board of Trade and others.

THE TIME—Luncheon 12.30 Noon. Tickets $1.00
THE PLACE—Royal York Hotel, Toronto
THE DATE—Tuesday, Oct. 26, 1943



RALPH W. CARNEY

Few speakers have made in one brief visit so great an impression on Canada as did Ralph W. Carney last May. His tribute to The British Empire was an inspirational masterpiece.

IMPORTANT

Because of wartime restrictions the Oct. 26th luncheon will be limited to 800 attendance so purchase your tickets now at—

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WEEK IN RADIO

This is for New-York-Lovers

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

New York City.

SITTING in the back row of Carnegie Hall you get the same feeling that comes over you when you stand on the balcony of the 70th floor of the RCA building and look down into Manhattan. You get slightly dizzy. Something happens to your ego. Things of this world take on a different value. You pull yourself together and look down on to the stage of the great music hall. It looks almost as large as the floor space of Maple Leaf Stadium, but of course it isn't. The white stiff shirts of the musicians hit you first. Then Eugene Ormandy's bald head. First thing you know the Philadelphia Orchestra is playing "The Star Spangled Banner", and everybody rises and actually sings the words. The audience is eager, intense, and young. The uniforms of soldiers, airmen, sailors, Wacs, Waves, Spars and what-not can be seen in nearly every row. Massey Hall in Toronto holds 2700 people. This must hold over 5,000. There are three galleries below the one we are in. In a few minutes the dizziness goes away, and Ormandy's arthritis seems to give him no trouble whatever as he swings into Variations on a Theme by Haydn, and the rows of violin bows gracefully sweep to and fro like the corn stalks in a Van Gogh painting.

We had been, the day before, to the Wildenstein Gallery on East 64th Street to see the new collection of 68 Van Gogh's. Exciting is the word for it. Thirty of the paintings had never been on public view before. They had come, the curator said, from "distant parts of the world". One, and here his voice became hushed in awe, had come "all the way from Canada". It belongs to the Southam collection. I had seen the Van Gogh show in the Museum of Modern Art some years ago, and again at the Art Gallery of Toronto, but suddenly to come upon thirty Van Gogh's one had never seen before . . . well, only a Van Gogh enthusiast will understand the thrill. "The Postman at Arles" is there. "Outdoor cafe at night" is there. "Starry Night" and "Bridge at Arles". Paintings of potatoes—early works of Van Gogh when he could find no models—rough drawings in pencil—letters to his brother Theo in Paris—a painting of the doctor in the asylum—all these and plenty of yellow and blue ones made up a joyous show. An hour later when we came across Freddy Manning, of "Town Tonics" and many a radio program, we urged him to delay his departure to Canada so that he might see the Van Gogh's. Strange how easy it is to find Canadians among the millions of people in New York. Freddy Manning was in New York finding a suitable teacher for a pupil of his. It was pure accident we met him. An hour later we were talking to Paul Gardner, a Canadian newspaperman now with the Merchant Navy. He had just landed in New York from Iceland, where, typical of Gardner, he had found the only theatrical magazine in Iceland, an art gallery, and a musician.

WE HADN'T been two minutes in John Holden's front bed-sitting room in Washington Square when the telephone rang summoning John to two radio shows. "School of the Air" was one of them, the other is forgotten. "You've brought me luck", cried the young Canadian actor, who is well-known in Winnipeg, Toronto and Bala. He had been in New York six weeks, waiting, hoping, praying. The agents had been kind. The radio stations had given him auditions. He had had three offers to go out with road shows, but stubbornly turned them down. This time he was determined to crash New York. The auditions had been tough. You go up to the floor where the auditions are being held, John related. A girl says Go into that room. You go in, and can't see a soul. Go ahead, Mr. Holden, a voice from a hidden loud-speaker says. And you go ahead until the voice says That's enough, Mr. Holden. You go home. Nobody says you are good, or bad. No-one shakes your hand. You wait. Most people wait a year before they hear anything, John said. But today, here were two calls! We had brought him luck!

Later in the day we taxied along Central Park West to call on a Canadian girl, Addie Richton, whom we vaguely remembered coming into the studios of old CFCA in Toronto with well-written scripts and a conviction she could do imitations of Greta Garbo and Mary Pickford. Today, Addie Richton is a successful script-writer in New York. She collaborates with Lynn Stone in writing "This Life is Mine", a daytime serial. We talked about the years she tried to break into radio, first with Edgar Stone, later with Rai Purdy and Don Henshaw . . . how she wrote scripts for Beatrice Lillie . . . how she dared tell Ruth Draper her scripts needed rewriting, and was gently but firmly told by Miss Draper that she writes her own scripts, thank you very much. Then came a day when she decided to go to New York, and stay there. In New York script-writers get $125 to $200 for a script. If you're pretty good you get $300. If you're a "name", Addie said, you get $500. Addie and Lynn write five a week and each script takes six and a half hours. Her boss is Robert Landry, who wrote one of the best books on radio anybody has written to date. Before "This Life is Mine" started, Addie wrote "Love Doctor", "Five Star Jones", and "Rich Man's Darling", none of which I have heard. I am not a serial fan. But I have sense enough to know that there are thousands of listeners who think otherwise. Addie, by the way, claims that Betty Winkler, who plays in "This Life is Mine" is "the greatest actress in radio today."

IT WAS just ten-thirty when Ormandy finished his program last night, and we had tickets for the late broadcast of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians at the Vanderbilt Theatre on West 48th Street. Maybe you didn't know, but many of the network programs broadcast early in the evening are re-broadcast for the western network around 11 or 12 o'clock at night. So we walked in the dim-out down Seventh Avenue to 48th. The theatre was filled half an hour before the show started. And when it started, it didn't take long to understand why this program has been chosen for four years as the best 15-minute program on the air. Fred Waring is a businessman in radio. He wouldn't let a show go on the air unless it was letter-perfect. He is known to be the finest employer any group of musicians ever had, but he is also firm and stern. He wasn't fooling when, in a pre-broadcast talk to the audience, he said: "This is our job, to do this show the very best we know how. We like our job. We want to keep it. Don't cough. If you cough you spoil our program." When he directed the Glee Club singers his lips moved with every word they sang. He put everything he possessed into his directing. You could see that his men and girls worshipped him. And perhaps stood a little in awe of him. Ed Thorgenson, the sports-writer-turned-announcer, was introduced and he looks just like he does in the movie sports reel.

Then came Donna Day, more lovely than I had dreamed she would be. She wore a red dress. Most all the girls in New York wear red. I have never in my life seen so much red. This Donna Day girl has, to my mind, one of the finest radio voices of its kind on the air today. She sang "Some Day". It was difficult to put your mind on the rest of the orchestra while she was on the stage. The 15-minute program was over in what seemed only a few minutes. Then all formality broke down and Waring and his ensemble entertained for 45 minutes . . . as bright a show as one could find on Broadway today.

THE serious plays on Broadway include "Harriet" with Helen Hayes; "Tomorrow the World", with Ralph Bellamy; "The Two Mrs. Carrolls", with Elisabeth Bergner; "A New Life" with Betty Field (which isn't expected to last long) and "Angel Street", with Canada's own Judith Evelyn. Judith is all that the critics said she is. After two years on Broadway she is still acclaimed as the finest actress in the finest show on Broadway. Like most Canadians, we went back-stage to say hello to Judith. (The stage doorman has orders to admit anybody from Canada.) She was full of life and eagerness. CBS had just offered her a four-year contract, and if the wording didn't need any changes she was going to sign in a day or two. Of the future, she didn't know. One step at a time is enough for this clever young actress. She knows very well that the part she plays in "Angel Street" was designed for her special talents. There may not be another "Angel Street" come along. Radio may offer her new worlds to conquer.

MY SPACE is up, and I have said nothing about meeting an Edmonton boy, Hugh Morrison, son of the late Judge Morrison, and former talks director of the CBC, who is now assistant to the president of the Inter-America Airways Agency, and has an office overlooking the outdoor skating rink at Rockefeller Plaza . . . of bumping into Jane Mallett on Fifth Ave. . . . of breakfasting with Harry Sedgwick, of the Wartime Information Office, who is Canada's unofficial host in New York . . . of the sparkle of Katherine Dunham's "Tropical Revue" . . . of the antics of the monkeys at the Bronx Zoo . . . of the beauty of the Cloisters away up the Hudson River, of the loveliness of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the moonlight, of the swinging charm of "Rosalinda" . . . of lunching at the Town Hall club . . . of the warm October sun in Central Park . . . of the great Radio City Music Hall orchestra rising out of the depths . . . of meeting the non-objective artist, Edna Tacon, of Hamilton, at the Guggenheim Galleries . . . of walking down Park Avenue to the Waldorf-Astoria where Frank Sinatra sings . . . of slumming in the Bowery . . . of the crowds of autograph-hunters outside the Ziegfeld Follies waiting for Milton Berle . . . of Merrill Denison, the Canadian writer, who is in the lobby below. He and I are going out to see some more of this fantastic city.

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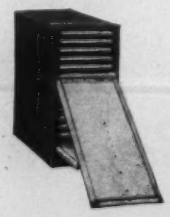

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LONDON LETTER

Under the Surface of Coal

BY P. O'D.

MANY people in this country—in other countries, too—must be asking themselves what is the matter with the British miner. Doesn't he know there is a war on? Does he imagine that everything is over now, barring the shouting? What is the real reason for the strikes?—often apparently for the most trivial of causes. More important still, why the almost steady decline in output per man? Isn't he aware of the supreme importance of coal in the national war-effort? What does he really want?

Up in Nottinghamshire recently there was a strike which cost the country the better part of 100,000 tons of coal, and all because a lad refused to work underground, as he was ordered, and was sent to jail for it. In Scotland the average output per man goes on dropping month by month. The same applies to a good many coalfields in England and Wales. What is the reason? What is the answer?

There are probably a good many reasons and a good many answers, but there is one explanation that can be struck out at once and finally—it is not lack of patriotism. The miner is as patriotic as anyone else, and as anxious to do his bit. The difficulty has been to keep him in the mine and out of the Fighting Services. The lad who went to jail rather than work underground had done his best to get into the R.A.F., had tried over and over again, but had been ordered into the mine instead.

At the same time it is fairly obvious, I think, that the mining community as a whole has a chip on its shoulder. Miners consider that theirs is a difficult, dangerous, and comparatively ill-rewarded occupation. There are ancient grievances whose memory still rankles. They are apt to be more touchy than workers in other industries—though miners are not by any means the only people who go on strike for what seem very inadequate reasons.

Resent Compulsion

They are especially sensitive and resentful towards anything that smacks of compulsion. And they are not as a class keen that sons should follow in the footsteps of their fathers. They want the youngsters to have what they consider a better chance.

One of my first jobs as a reporter in Fleet Street at the end of the last war was to cover a miners' strike in the Rhonnda Valley down in Wales. It was an experience I shall never forget—those blackened hillsides, the immense slag-heaps that made every outlook hideous, the dreary straggling villages of miners' cottages, and especially the crowds of strikers who lounged about, sullen and watchful and obviously in a mood of dangerous readiness. They seemed a grim and alien community—an impression that was greatly heightened for me by their unfamiliar speech. Most of them talked Welsh.

This indeed is one of the chief difficulties of the mining problem, this comparative isolation of the mining community. More than the workers in any other of the great industries, miners seem to live in a world of their own—and, it must be admitted, rather a harsh and dangerous world. Much has been done to improve their lot, and much more will have to be done. In the meantime, the coal must be mined.

That last "must" is imperative. No doubt, the coal will be mined—the miners have never yet really let the nation down, and there is little reason to believe that they will do so now. But the problem is a serious one—one that calls for a lot of sympathy and understanding as well as firmness.

Fortunately the miners have among their leaders some very able and forceful men, who can do more than anyone else to bring back the spirit of national service into the coal-pits. The one thing that would be fatal would be anything in the nature of bullying and denunciation. There is little disposition towards that attitude either in the Press or anywhere else—whatever the red-faced old buffers in the leather-backed club chairs may say. And nobody minds them.

Mr. Shaw's Happy Wife

George Bernard Shaw has been a singularly fortunate man—fortunate in his great mental gifts, in his amazing health and energy even at his present advanced age, in his fame and success, and especially fortunate, one is tempted to say, in his wife, his "Irish millionairess with the green eyes". Now she is dead, at the age of 80-odd, and the happy partnership of 45 years has been broken.

The story goes that Shaw fell off his bicycle in front of her house in Dublin, broke his leg, and was nursed by her back to health—and matrimony. It may even be true. They were both Fabians, and had previously met at the house of the Webbs in Suffolk. So it seems likely that the bicycle accident merely completed what was already begun—if he ever really did fall off.

Shaw made a joke of his marriage, as he has done of most other things. He always claimed that he had married Charlotte Payne-Townshend for her money—"ever so many hundreds a month for nothing", he told Ellen Terry. But just how many hundreds he never would say. In fact, he once explained that he had no idea of his wife's income but, judging by the way she lived, he thought it must be fairly considerable.

Actually the marriage was a singularly happy one. Mrs. Shaw was a woman of intelligence and character and culture, who devoted herself with self-effacing completeness to the career and comfort of her famous husband. She hated publicity for herself, and managed with amazing skill to keep out of the limelight, while he basked in its rays. All who knew her speak with warm appreciation of her richly Irish sense of humor. This may have been one of her ways of indulging it. It is perhaps the only way two humorists could manage to live happily together for so long.

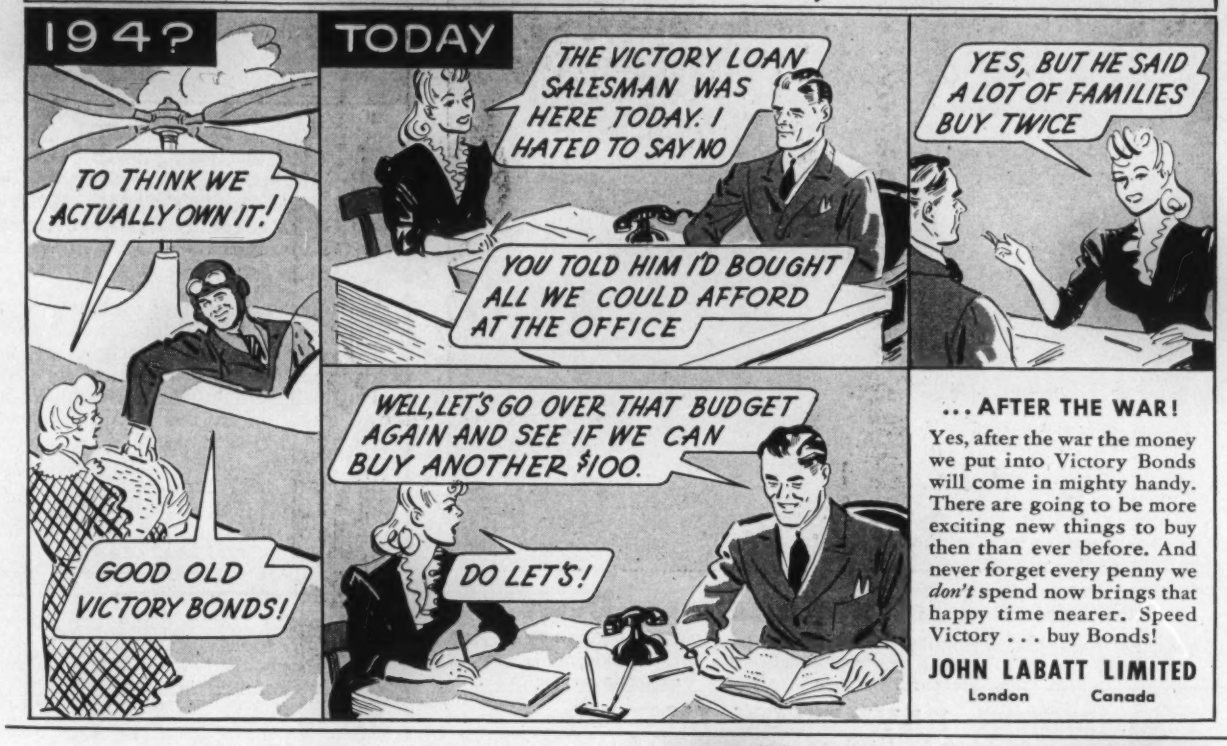
Vandals and Hadrian's Wall

Freedom is not the only precious possession that must be watched and guarded, if it is to be maintained. Almost everything worth keeping must be guarded and, if necessary, fought for—even such a possession as Hadrian's Wall, for instance. Strange as it may seem, the Society of Antiquaries has had to write to the Ministry of Works urging that steps should be taken to prevent further destruction of that ancient and famous monument.

Quantities of stone have been taken from it for the repair and construction of roads; and quarrying operations have caused hundreds of yards of the Wall to disappear with the land on which it was built. Surely not all the Vandals live on the other side of the Rhine!

The Ministry has issued a statement to the effect that action has already been taken to prevent further demolition; but it is a sad commentary on the public indifference to such historical remains that official action should have been necessary at all. The average man simply doesn't care a hoot about them, forgetting that even as a matter of mere business such assets are of immense value. Think of the thousands of visitors who have gone all the way to the north of England to see the wall that the Emperor Hadrian built to keep out the Scots—as if anything could do that!

Fortunately we have in this country various organizations like the Society of Antiquaries and the National Trust, which make it their business to see that these historic monuments of the distant past are preserved. But it is only at the price of constant watchfulness and effort.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By Ti-Jos
No. 21
1942
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THE BOOKSHELF

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All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto

The Conquerors Who Failed

THE BIG ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAIN, a novel, by Wallace Stenger. (Collins, $3.25.)

PIONEERS who tamed this Continent were men of violent energy striving for Big Things, and generally speaking, contemptuous of an average life, or a moderate fortune. The railroad builders, whether in the field or in the counting-house, saw a golden harvest just ahead. The miners toiled over desert and mountain pass for California, or in later years for the Klondike, the ranchers, herding, for the present, a mere thousand head of cattle, were careless of present rewards and dreamed only in millions.

Following them came the homesteaders, more practical and less picturesque. But even these, when settled, dreamed of forty bushels to the acre and strove to multiply their acres. Farmers from the East, used to a hundred acres, made a start with 320, picked up a quarter-section here and a half-section there, until some of them were cropping well over 900 acres. For all a fabulous prosperity was just ahead.

"On the big Rock-Candy Mountain
where the cops have wooden legs
And the handouts grow on bushes
and the hens lay soft-boiled eggs,
Where the bulldogs all have rubber
teeth and the cinder-dicks are
blind—
I'm a-gonna go where there ain't no
snow, where the rain don't fall
and the wind don't blow, on the
big Rock-Candy Mountain."

"Bo" Mason was no settler, but an adventurer with itchy feet and a background of infinite travel and infinite adventure. Strong, quick, clever, unscrupulous, and yet with a rich vein of loyalty and sentiment, overlaid by moments of sheer brutality, he married a girl of Norwegian ancestry, clean as a hound's tooth in spirit and in action. She gave him two sons, one as vigorous an extrovert as the father, the other timid and sensitive. To bring the boys to honorable manhood the mother longed for a settled demesne but loyally followed her husband to this prospect and to that, all of which ended in bleak failure.

His rage at continued frustration would be contained for months, and then on some trivial annoyance would burst out in a very volcano. Though never brutal towards his wife—save in his perpetual dominance—he was alternately loving and fierce in his attitude towards the boys and they grew up hating him, and with good reason. The eldest boy's career crumpled after his first defeat, and he was dead at 23. The mother after too long a devil's life, "from going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it" died of cancer. The youngest boy, studying law, had shut his father out of his life. And so the old man ends, penniless and a suicide.

The tragedy is unfolded with astonishing grace and competence. The construction provides a steadily mounting suspense, the characterization is masterly, the writing is clean and vigorous, the style admirable, the spirit of a manly pity for the leading characters, capable of great things, but ill-starred and futile, pervades the whole novel. Some of the low-life incidents, in our judgment, are drawn-out too far and decency gives place to extreme frankness, but that is the custom of the day—and a damned unpleasant custom too—but on the whole this is more than a novel; it is a saga of the disillusioned who walked among the conquerors, but themselves conquered nothing and were mere hostages to a bitter-minded Fate.

American Imperialism

BY W. S. MILNE

THE SHINING TRAIL, by Iola Fuller. (Collins, $3.00).

ONE of the most satisfying novels to come my way for some time, "The Shining Trail" on first inspection seemed just another story of western expansion, with color and excitement supplied by Indian warfare. Actually, however, the book is much more than that. It is an arraignment, devastating in its restrained artistry, of that American imperialism which cozened and coerced the Indians of the middle West, tricking and provoking them to the point of violence, spreading rumors and manufacturing "incidents," harrying them across the Mississippi, and if they dared to make protest, overwhelming them with armed might.

It covers about twenty years in the life of the Sauk Indians, peacefully settled near the Mississippi a century ago, in what is now Wisconsin. Under their chief, Black Hawk, they were an orderly, well-behaved people, tilling the soil, hunting and fishing, friendly to the whites, and possessing a rich culture and tradition. Unfortunately for them, their lands were fertile, and there was a lead mine, so in spite of treaties, in themselves unjust enough, but to which the Indians had been faithful, the political rallying-cry of "Wipe out the bloody redskins" was sounded, and Black Hawk, much against his will, was forced to take up arms in a forlorn attempt to preserve some small part of his people's existence. He was defeated, but won more glory by defeat than his conquerors in their victory of rape and massacre.

"The Shining Trail" presents the Indian side of the picture throughout. The Indian characters are far removed from the Fenimore Cooper tradition, for this book is written by one who has a sympathetic understanding of Indian ways, and the literary skill to make her characters completely convincing. For once, we have Indians who are believable human beings, not picturesque properties of wild-west melodrama. Black Hawk himself is a memorable portrait of a great leader and gallant chief. The tragic story unfolds slowly, moving inevitably to the last brave and desperate scenes. There is a spiritual power in the book, and a lyric tenderness, that make it one of the most distinguished novels of the year. One felt on laying it down that one had not merely finished a book, but had been enriched by a memorable experience.

THIS WAS LIDICE, a Novel, by Gustav Holm. (Allen, $3.00.)

AMID all the horrors of German oppression none is more terrible than the fate of the village of Lidice in Czecho-Slovakia. In revenge for a long series of sabotages crowned by the assassination of the Hangman, Heydrich, men, women and children of the village were machine-gunned by companies until not one was left alive, and the houses were burned.

The author of this book re-creates the peaceful, happy life of the village, before the war, and pictures in full colors—mostly blood-red — the end of it all.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Too Much Edgar Bergen

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART, a novel by Richard Llewellyn. (Ryerson, $3.25.)

THEY made a movie out of *How Green Was My Valley*. They won't make one out of this, for Mr. Llewellyn in this book says good-bye to heroism, self-sacrifice and the brittle charm which makes Hollywood romance. His theme is human futility as illustrated by Ernie Mott of East London, a lazy good-for-nothing with neither ambition nor intelligence. There is a sea-chantey which asks What will we do with the Drunken Sailor? The author doubtless considering "the brave, new world" that everybody is talking about is asking What's to be done with this sort of person? The answer, of course, is nothing, but to shut him behind prison walls. And when the story ends Ernie is well on the way to Dartmoor.

Because his father was a lithographer and an artist in his spare time; so good that one of his pictures hangs in the Tate Gallery, and so futile that he would have drunken himself to death if he hadn't been killed at Verdun; Ernie begins as a lithographer's apprentice and after five years is as useless as when he started. So he is discharged. His mother who runs a second-hand furniture shop, with shoplifting as a side-line, wants to make him a solicitor's clerk, but he prefers to live off her and get money without working for it. Naturally he gravitates to membership in a smash-and-run gang of thieves and the end for him is in sight.

Bach wrote an exalted Air for the G string. Mr. Llewellyn undertakes to play a whole Suite on one string; that is to say, he tells his stark tale of low-life completely in the thoughts of the idle ne'er-do-well, and, of course, in his East London dialect. That dialect is no longer the rich tongue of Albert Chevalier and the "Pearlies", but a strange mixture of old Cockney, rhyming slang and American gangster-talk picked up in the movies. So the hero's usual response is "Okeydokey", girls are "brides in posh drygoods" and a policeman is a "nark". There are scores of expressions that the reader must make out by the context. Any one in these parts can read Damon Runyan with understanding and laughter, for American slang is a lilting, vivid, humorous vocabulary, but this language of the by-ways and dead-ends off Whitechapel High Street is itself dead-end-ish, like the Apache argot of Paris, and calls for a liaison officer.

But though the lout who thinks and speaks is as dull as the back of a knife, the author gives him thoughts and feelings and dreams of an observing and sensitive spirit. To a poet of Celtic origin, such as Mr. Llewellyn, weather and smells, shops and pavements gleaming after rain, motor headlights and crowds are eternal and lovely mysteries. To Ernest Verdun Mott they must necessarily be nothing, or even less than nothing. So, while the reader must be enjoying the flavor of Mr. Llewellyn's emotions, and his talent in creating odd and alluring characters, he is irritated at having them strained through the dirty jelly-cloth of Ernie's personality.

It's an old problem for the writer. Can illusion of power through direct speech be maintained? Can the narrator, secretly fob-off his own ideas and thoughts on the puppets with which he is working? Charles Dickens could. Shakespeare could when he liked, as the part of "Shylock" proves. Thackeray couldn't. Conan Doyle could. Bernard Shaw can't. Scores of writers hang midway, peering out past the back-cloth often enough to destroy the illusion; to make you think of the author rather than of the puppet.

So to our notion this novel is too much Edgar Bergen and not enough Charlie McCarthy, although Edgar is a clever dog, isn't he?

FUN WITH MAGIC, by Joseph Leeming. (Longmans, Green. $2.50.)

AN EXPLANATION of some of the most mystifying, yet simple tricks, used by the entertainment-magician; even to the taking of a rabbit out of a hat! The assumption that any one of these can be easily learned by boys and girls is flattering, but open to doubt. Nevertheless a most amusing book for children of all ages—up to 80.

Early Florida

BY MARY DALE MUIR

THE BAREFOOT MAILMAN, by Theodore Pratt. (Collins, $2.50.)

"THE MAIL must go through" is the theme of this story of early boom days in Florida. It is based on the picturesque and little known fact that in the Eighties the mail was carried from Palm Beach to Miami Beach, then a mangrove swamp, by a barefoot postman. In pursuit of his task he dared the beachcombers concealed in the jungle wilderness that lay along his way, crossed streams in flood and teeming with alligators, risked his life if need be in swimming such floods when his boat had been stolen.

The writer knows his Florida as he has proved on previous occasions. His characters, though just as picturesque and unusual as his story, are equally credible. There are the bachelor brothers Bethune, Doc who keeps the general store and Jim who runs his sharpie up and down the coast, the woman-shy Steven Pierton whom they have brought up, Jesse Paget the mailman, and his Cuban wife, Della, and the plausible, ingratiating, first land "boomer" to South Florida, Sylvanus Hurley. There is color in the communal attitude of the Palm Beachers to the gifts washed up by the sea and in such historically true incidents as the naming of Palm Beach, the Great Wine Wreck and in the election held to decide the site of the courthouse for Dade County. As refreshing a story as we have come upon lately because of the unlikeness of the plot to any other.

Social Satirist

CONVERSATION PIECES, by Constantin Alajalov, with text by Janet Flanner. (Musson, $4.50).

KNOWN chiefly by his covers of *The New Yorker*, this Russian artist has won a tremendous following, not only by the satirical bite of his pictured commentaries on American life, but by the magic of his drawing and color-work. Here is a rich collection of his most notable work; one hundred pages, folio, with a smile on each.

SEVEN WINTERS, by Elizabeth Bowen. (Longmans, Green. $1.25.)

THE story of the author's childhood in Dublin up to her seventh birthday. Singularly free of adventure of any kind and valuable only for its clear pictures of the people about her.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Guatemala --- Close to Heaven

BY BETTY COOK

IT IS strange and a bit heady to a Canadian to live in Guatemala City—a city at once so modern and so old, of so many unshaded black and white contrasts, a potpourri of smells, sounds, sights as stimulating as new wine. The climate is heavenly—literally and figuratively—for this Central American city surrounded by mountains is five thousand feet above sea level and at night the stars seem so close one feels the urge to reach up and pluck one right out of the sky. It is strange to be looking out on a panorama of mountains and sky and suddenly to realize you are seeing pines and cedar cheek by jowl with stately palms.

Guatemala City is beautiful—so clean and white and shiny. The houses, flush with the street have great heavy doors that enter into a patio, open to the sky and usually filled with trees and flowers. And every Wednesday and Saturday night there is a band concert in Central Park. Here in a setting of exotic flowers and birds, gently splashing fountains, everyone promenades around the Plaza or sits on benches and listens to the music. In the distance you see the President's Palace—a pastel green edifice that from where you are seated looks like lacey filigree. All the public buildings are beautiful. The Post Office building looks for all the world like a great big cake. It is a lovely shade of pink and all the architectural details are carried out in white that looks like frosting.

The people, predominantly Indian, are as fascinating as their surroundings. Each village or district is known or represented by a different costume of rainbow-hued skirts and vivid blouses. Women from Quetsaltenango, for instance, wear their hair in a peculiar style, their braids wound round and round and through with purple wool. The women are extremely graceful and fine of feature and pad along the streets in their bare feet, gracefully erect as they carry large baskets on their heads. Without exception, all have wonderful braids of thick and lustrous hair.

Violets and Silver

Largest in Central America, Guatemala City's market abounds in smells, teems with people. A huge square partially covered with a roof, it has everything under the sun from handmade layettes to lovely bits of silver, exquisite carved wood pieces, statues of Don Pedro, the patron saint, blankets in the Guatemalan pattern, beasts, birds, marvellous hand woven linens. And, of course, flowers—carnations, sweet peas, violets, calla lilies—any of which can be bought for a few cents.

Incongruities are met at every turn. On one of the city's busiest corners a ragged Indian with a small pocket mirror and a naked razor blade, trims his moustache and beard while leaning against the side of Ciro's, one of the night clubs. This, in a city where there are three or four barber shops per block. There must be at least five shoe stores in every block or two, yet most of the people walk around in their bare feet or with sandals. A small Indian with a pack on his back, accompanied by his even smaller muchacho, with an identical pack in miniature on his back, walk along in their dusty bare feet, and all of a sudden subside on the sidewalk in a doorway and have their siesta. You go into a flower shop and come out with three lovely bunches of perfect violets, only leaving behind ten cents. You go into another shop to buy a small box of cleansing tissues, and leave behind you seventy-five cents.

And the shops. Nowhere are there more modern, cleaner, whiter drug stores. A Pharmacia here is what its name implies and nothing else, and there are almost as many of them as there are at home. Not much on display, but many little drawers and small cupboards that you would love to peek in. And the silver and gift shops—there are hundreds filled with things of breathtaking beauty.

The Ubiquitous Chaperone

Walking through Concordia Park, which looks like a bit of the old world lifted right out of a painting or a tapestry, one sees a throng of people, Guatemaltecans and Indians alike, clustered around a huge loud speaker in the bandstand. They are listening absorbedly to the noon broadcast. There are two announcers. They speak so fast that they get worn out and when one has to stop for breath the other carries on without a break in the rhythm or sense until he is tired. The team work goes on for about an hour.

Down here the chaperone is very much a going concern. Recently in Ciro's we saw two young girls and two young men seated at a table, smoking and drinking in moderation. And sitting stiffly with them, Mama. Unmoving and unmoved and no doubt bored to tears, there she was, and there she remained until they went home.

Going to the movies here always is an adventure. You don't wait until a good picture comes along but go anyway and nine times out of ten it isn't what is advertised. It is a grab-bag system of entertainment with piquant elements of surprise.

During Holy Week from Wednesday night to Sunday night no papers are printed, theatres, stores and shops are closed, and there are no radio programs, but there are many religious processions.

Easter Sunday the huge and beautiful Cathedral is massed with calla lilies and the bare pews are filled with the rich and fashionable Guatemaltecans, humbler folk in cotton dresses, Indian women in their bright colored costumes—all wearing black shawls over their heads. Those who cannot find a place to sit in the pews, either stand, kneel or sit on the floor against the Cathedral pillars. The robes of the priests and acolytes were the finest and most beautiful I have ever seen. A magnificent tenor voice and a choir of boy sopranos sang the service, and the organ music rolled in the background.

SNAP OUT OF IT, SUE, THERE'RE PLANES TO BE BUILT

SUE: Don't make me feel worse than I do now! Goodness knows, I'm trying not to lag. But long hours, irregular sleep and haphazard eating seem to be giving me my troubles. Constipation is no fun!

JANE: Why not take a tip from me? Try getting at the *cause* of your trouble. If it's the common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk"- forming material in your diet, eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly. You'll feel like a new woman!

SUE: You mean eat ALL-BRAN instead of taking laxatives and getting only temporary relief?

JANE: Exactly. Try it and you'll agree it's a "better way"—a delicious cereal that gives breakfast a real lift! But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like harsh purgatives. It takes time. Be sure to eat ALL-BRAN every day, drink plenty of water, and see if it isn't just what you've needed.

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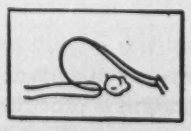
Ride an imaginary bike to counteract that body droop. Lie on floor, raise body on shoulders and back of neck, using arms outstretched flat or hands-on-hips to support torso. Start at 10 bicycle-ride motions, increase count daily.



HEELS OVERHEAD
Lie flat on floor, arms straight at sides. Slowly raise both legs, up, back and over until toes touch the floor. Return body very slowly to original position. Repeat 10 times or more a day. Marvelous for the tummy and waistline!

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WORLD OF WOMEN

"Going Up --- Possibly?"

BY MARJORIE REESOR

TAKING it by and large we have always endeavored to go along with things as they have cropped up. Even when we finally realized we were firmly entrenched in our forties, we felt that we were a pretty good example of the open mind.

Well, all of that was before last Tuesday and our solo flight in an automatic elevator.

Now we've ridden in automatics for years. Going up—coming down. Very composed we've been as we stepped blithely in, with friends. We even indulged in superior smirks as the girls would fume, "I hate these things—Let's see—You—push—this—and—ah! that's it."

"Nothing to it, really." We'd brazenly bluff, as we'd finish fussing with the hat, veil or crooked seam that had required attention until such time as the friend had capably worked the thing out. And then we'd both peer anxiously through the grill to see whether we were *really* going to stop where we had hoped and planned.

As we have said—that was all before last Tuesday. Now the irony of it all is, that we have always toyed with the idea that it would be very pleasant indeed to have nothing to do but push buttons. Well, "All things come to him" (and I should like to add 'or to her') "who waits." Last Tuesday we went to visit a friend in a convalescent hospital. We stepped into the foyer and looked about for some sign of human habitation. There was none! We walked along the corridor hoping to meet someone, but didn't! The lights were soft, the carpets thick and the feeling of absolute silence terrific. If only some person would come around that corner! No person came.

We finally realized we were standing in front of the elevators. Two of them, apparently. A frosted panel lighted up and an arrow pointed "Next car going up." How nice, we thought. *Now* we should see some person. We wondered how the war was going and whether winter had set in. So many things we wanted to know about—so long since we had seen anyone. Softly the elevator door slipped back. We stood politely to one side as elevator operators in department stores have trained us to do. You know, "One side please! LET THE PASSENGERS OFF!" But this was different. No solicitous voice warned "Mind the step, Madam!" However, it didn't matter because apparently no person was getting off.

Waiting for Someone

"Going up?" we brightly enquired, and before our astonished eyes the door started noiselessly to close. We leaped forward, looked inside—no person there! It was an automatic! Well, we just wouldn't get in. We'd wait. Some person must come. It was a large building and there would be other visitors. We'd look about.

There was little to look at except one painting. A chilly thing. A bit of a winter scene—still life. A brook wound from the south-west corner straight across to the north-east corner but it didn't babble, because even the brook had frozen over. We shivered. Frankly, the whole business was getting us. And then, quite suddenly we recalled our aspirations regarding purposeful living and becoming a symbol of stability. This was a fine thing! There was our poor sick friend awaiting our visit on the fifth floor. We'd go up, and at once too. No more dilly-dallying. Wait—was someone coming? No person came. We finally, with trembling fingers managed to adjust our glasses. So many instructions. "Push button." "Do not hold finger on button." "Do not push all four buttons at once."

Briefly we pushed one button "up" and prayed. The elevator came before the answer to our prayer and no human form had appeared. Gingerly we stepped inside and began to study the formidable row of buttons confronting us. "Push button for floor you want." With quivering finger we pushed "five." The die was cast—we were off but how should we stop the thing? And then we realized some way, although we were securely shut away from the world in that little green box, that we weren't going up at all. We were sinking—sinking—sinking! We stopped—the door slipped back and two tittering nurses stepped in.

"And he said to me, 'You gotta answer for everything'." She turned to us, "Which floor?"

Going Down?

And we who had been craving human contact, exposed in a flash the perversity of human nature. We looked at her coldly and snapped "Five."

She pushed five and they gave each other a meaningful look and in absolute silence we reached five.

There lay our friend, looking fragile and exquisite in a filmy bedjacket, a fluff of ribbon in her hair. About the room, great costly bouquets were perched wherever they could get a toe-hold. She was so sweet she reminded us of moonlight and distant music, until she burst into hearty, uncontrollable laughter.

"What on earth is wrong with you? Why you look as if—as if—"

We regarded her with loathing as she frankly wiped the tears of mirth from her eyes. "You've never heard of one of them getting stuck—what are you afraid of?" she finally gasped.

All very well for her! They'd brought her up and they'd take her down. These smart-alecks who know everything and are afraid of nothing!

"Why," we enquired in scornful tone, "do you suppose they have a button marked 'Emergency' and another marked 'Bell'."

We began to wonder why we had come to see her at all, and we'd still have to get out of the place. WE'D HAVE TO GO DOWN IN THAT THING!

At that precise moment the door opened and her husband walked in.

"Hallelujah!" we shouted.

"Nice of you, Marj," he remarked without enthusiasm. "Didn't realize you took any interest in me."

"Fantastic!" we scorned. "But you'll be going down in the elevator. I'll wait."

"Oh?" We could see he was surprised. He turned finally to his wife, "Tell her, darling, she'll be as safe as though I were her own brother."

Briefly, he took us down. He walked us to the door and with real fatherly interest patted our shoulder as he soothed, "There you are! All right now?"

Fortunately for him we recalled at that very moment the ambitions we had entertained about gracious, purposeful living. We supposed Symbols of Stability did not go about slapping the annoying, simpering faces that should be slapped.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Tenth Season of the Proms

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THIS week the tenth season of the Promenade Symphony concerts at Varsity Arena reaches its end and its record has been exceptional. In all it has embraced 26 concerts; 24 in the regular series, with two extras. Attendance has, only on rare occasions, run below 5,000 and frequently above 7,500. Through broadcasting the performances long since ceased to be purely local events; but apart from a multitude of listeners the Proms have for some time been under observation in managerial circles in New York and elsewhere.

Under Reginald Stewart, now conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra who did pioneer work for several seasons, a record was ultimately established, which did much to enhance the musical prestige of Toronto. For at least four years now, the Proms have held the record for continuous paid attendance at indoor concerts in North America. Mark the word "indoor"! The showing has of course been surpassed in "outdoor" free concerts given in some American cities during July and August,—concerts in which many factors militate against tranquil audition. Personally my attitude has always been cold toward free concerts. Since good musicians spend a great deal more time and money on their education than men or women of most other professions, there is no good reason why people should have the idea instilled in their minds that they should get music free, any more than free motion pictures or free baseball. It is unwise philanthropy to provide free music, but very wise philanthropy to provide the resources whereby music lovers not richly endowed with this world's goods should hear symphonic concerts at prices within their means. The Proms management has done great service to that end, with a price scale relatively the same as that of leading motion picture houses.

The series is unique in that it runs at least three months longer than outdoor concerts in other cities; and, according to managerial authorities, the success of the co-operative system among the personnel, the basis of Prom economics, is attracting wide attention and may be adopted in other centres. Toronto music lovers are specially favored in having a vast auditorium donated by the University of Toronto, and there have been other helpful factors.

The Season Reviewed

In last week's program-book expressions of pride by officers of the Toronto Musical Protective Association were well justified. Apart from its evidences of continued popular favor this year's showing has been of high importance from a purely artistic standpoint. Many distinguished conductors have revealed a fine initiative in presenting unfamiliar music of real importance; sometimes entirely new.

This very week, the first performance in this country of the twenty-first symphony of Nicolas Miaskovsky (comment on which must be deferred) is listed. Though he is over sixty and a noted figure under both Czarist and Soviet regimes, his works, though numerous, are quite unknown to Canadians. A survey of the season shows several unfamiliar European names, Baronovic, Gotavac, Kabalevsky, Kodaly, Mohaupt; and there has been a goodly showing of able modern American composers, Maurice Baron, Paul Creston, Morton Gould, Jerome Kern, Victor Kolar, Douglas Moore, W. J. Reddick, Robert R. Bennett. There have also been first local hearings of works by Canadian composers, Gabriel Cusson, Thomas J. Crawford, and a revival of Healey Willan's superb "Marche Solennelle".

Of profound interest have been novelties by composers already widely known. Foremost was Schumann's Fourth Symphony, a beautiful but forgotten work, which the Toronto Symphony Orchestra is to repeat later on. Then there was a Suite by Gretry, ancient but new. Percy Grainger's unique "In a Nutshell" is a quarter-of-a-century old but was heard in Toronto for the first time this summer. Similarly Shostakovich's comic ballet suite "The Bolt" though more than ten years old, had its first local hearing; and recently we were initiated to the symphonic music of Gustav Mahler. Altogether it has been a stimulating summer, for musical commentators at least.

Last week the novelty happened to be a world premiere; a tone-poem "Frontiers" by Paul Creston, conducted by Andre Kostelanetz to whom it is dedicated. Mr. Creston is a New Yorker of Italian ancestry, noted for his investigations of musico-therapy. His compositions have been winning attention because of their finesse and individuality. A considerable number of American composers have been inspired by the epic of migration across the prairies and mountains. Some, because the experiences of the pioneers were rough, have made rough music in their honor. None has treated the theme with the poetic enthusiasm to be found in "Frontiers". The urge of a great movement is felt in the music as well as the beauty of a great vision. The interpretation under Mr. Kostelanetz was surprisingly excellent, for an absolutely new work,—a tribute to the technical ability of the Prom orchestra.

The whole world knows Liadov's "Musical Snuff Box" but his "Enchanted Lake" is more or less of a novelty. The pianissimo passages were notably lustrous and the rendering revealed the poetic intuitions of the conductor. For my own taste we have had rather an overdose of Gershwin this summer, but Robert Russell Bennet's "symphonic picture" on tunes from "Porgy and Bess", gave them more distinction that lay within the technical ability of Gershwin to convey. This is not intended as a slur. Stephen Foster was similarly limited. Yet there is no doubt of his immortality, and some of Gershwin's tunes may live also.

Though suffering from a severe bronchial affection, the progress that Donald Dickson, bass baritone, has made in artistic expression, was demonstrated by that very fact. A singer's training is most fully revealed when he suffers from a bad throat. Mr. Dickson obviously knows much more about the nice-technique of voice production than when one last heard him. At its best his voice is of singular mellowness and breadth. Though last week he could not prevent some tones from sounding hard, the miracle was that he did so well with famous and difficult arias like the Drinking Song from Thomas' "Hamlet", the tragic "Eri Tu" from Verdi's "Masked Ball"; and Valentine's tribute to Marguerite from "Faust" (Act 1). Some will be surprised to learn that the latter beautiful number did not appear in the original Paris score. It was composed for the London original of Valentine, the superb baritone Sir Charles Santley.

Principals of The Philadelphia Opera Company, presenting "The Bat" by Richard Strauss, at Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, on October 28 and October 30 (matinee and evening), opening the Auditorium Musical Season.

Helmut Blume

The ability to rouse enthusiasm, an important factor in all musical endeavor, was evident in the pianist Helmut Blume, a young refugee from Northern Europe, who gave a recital in Eaton Auditorium last week. With rare technical accomplishment he unites compelling vitality and poetic feeling. His touch is virile yet appealing.

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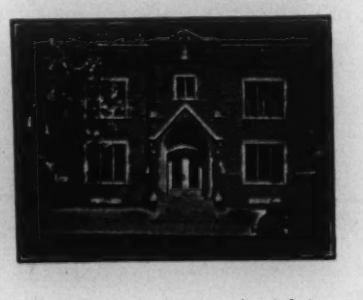

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THE FILM PARADE

Irving Berlin's Army

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"THIS Is The Army" is a rather difficult film to analyze. It is long and unwieldy yet it never seems to drag. It has one of those perfunctory background stories which by all the rules should stop the action dead every two or three sequences. Yet it never does, because the high exuberance of the show simply sweeps the foolish little plot out of sight. And while most of it is so openly planned to make you cry that it should merely stiffen your resistance, it actually does make you cry just the same. My own case was complicated by an incipient case of sinus and I couldn't be quite sure whether I was crying from cold-in-the-head or from Irving Berlin's quavering and small-voiced rendition of "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." I'm inclined, however, to give the credit to Mr. Berlin. Incidentally, Mr. Berlin's presence in the show is so anomalous that if you didn't know he was responsible for nearly the whole enterprise you might think he had simply been dragged in because he was a friend of the director. However, since Irving Berlin doesn't need plot credits to establish him this doesn't matter either.

The problem was to present the overwhelmingly popular soldier show and to tie it up with "Yip Yip Yaphank" of the First World War. Apparently the producers after looking over their material figured that any sort of knocked-up structure would do as a display counter, and for once they were right. It's still an Army show and the civilian actors, headed by George Murphy, are a likable lot who don't impose too much Hollywood illusion. The revue numbers put on by the enlisted men are nearly all fast, funny and expert—as they should be since the performers represent the liveliest talent in the U.S. Army. Even Sergeant Joe Louis is brought on, and though he is stricken almost voiceless by the sound-camera he recovers his authority brilliantly when they give him a punching bag later on. The sergeant in his own way is one of the sensations of the show.

Naturally the film succeeds to a certain extent because both it and the audience are steeped in war-sentiment. It is possible that it mightn't seem so moving and lively to a public less susceptible to the charm and talent of the Army than we are today. However, this isn't important either. It's a fine show for our times because it is so closely and touchingly related to them; which is a great deal more than can be said for most of the pictures describing Hollywood's war.

ONCE or twice "Hi Diddle Diddle" almost succeeds in being as funny as it thinks it is. But once or twice isn't quite enough to make up for what you have to go through with in between. This is the film that brings Pola Negri back to the screen, this time as a comedian, and all I can say is that Madame Negri could hardly have chosen a more peculiar entrance, short of being shot out of a gun.

"Hi Diddle Diddle" is a confused and terribly noisy farce, with Pola Negri cast as a Wagnerian soprano ready to take off into violent arpeggios at a moment's notice. Then, just to show how ingenious the casting is, there is Adolphe Menjou as a boulevardier type and Billy Burke as a flight matron. (To prove how flighty she is Miss Burke comes on at one point in a hat which she had apparently snatched off the dressing-room lamp in passing.) The plot is one of those let's just-go-crazy things that Hollywood occasionally turns out on the theory that the mentally abnormal is bound to be funny. It isn't, invariably. Sometimes it's just sub-normal.

On the credit side there are the two or three good cracks which the script writers by working frenziedly managed to pull off, and of course there is Pola Negri who is exactly as beautiful as ever, after all these years. There is also June Havoc, who plays a dubious night-club entertainer with almost frightening authority. Adolphe Menjou is amiable and spry and still the best-dressed man anywhere.

More Patriotism

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

IF YOU want to see "The City That Stopped Hitler" it will be advisable to book early. Every seat in the Royal Alexandra was occupied when the program began on Monday evening. The audience reaction is less excited than one would expect, and certainly less than the American commentator on the sound-track was aiming for; but the explanation is that the events exhibited are so tremendous that their full impact does not reach the mind until later. The coolness of the photographers who took these sequences is incredible. There are clear and distinct—and quite prolonged — records of every kind of fighting except the hand-to-hand variety; and the general strategy of the campaign is very convincingly worked out by diagrams.

Stalingrad towards the close of the fighting was no longer a city. It was merely a strategic position with a number of gutted buildings whose ruined walls afforded handy cover for marksmen. At the end it was the Germans who were besieged, and their finish was brought about by a tunnelling operation which enabled the Russians to blow up their most effective stronghold.

At the same time those who think that the psychological experience of being in a battle can be "enjoyed" at second hand should be warned that this is not the case. The difference between what we see on the screen and what the photographers saw in the battle is practically nil; but the difference between what we feel and what they felt is infinite, because they never knew whether a shell or a bullet might not finish their photographic career in the next minute, while we in the theatre are quite safe. This is a difference that no cinematographic art can overcome. Moreover the "performers" in these sequences do not "act" to produce the impression of danger; they are much too busy fending the real danger off, and having been engaged in doing that same thing for some months on end they are naturally quite unexcited about it. War is not a hockey game, played in prescribed periods with rest intervals between.

There are other Russian films on the Alex. program, including one which depicts a small village girl helping to trap German troops in a "partisan" operation. This is a dramatic concoction and not an actuality. It has all the quality of a fairy-tale, with German troops in the place of the Big Bad Wolf. The difference is that you sit through a fairy-tale secure in the knowledge that there is no Big Bad Wolf, whereas you sit through this with uncomfortable awareness that there *are* German soldiers to the number of some millions in Russian territory still, and that any little village girl who goes guerrilla fighting and falls into their hands will probably be impaled on a bayonet.

FILMS designed to make us aware of our allies in this war are getting rather numerous. I sat through two previews of such shows last week. One of these will be on exhibition in a Toronto theatre before these lines are read, and should be seen by all who love France and admire French acting. It is "The Heart of a Nation," which has been not inaptly called the "Cavalcade" of France. While the main sound-track is in French there are English titles and an introduction and spoken narrative in English by Charles Boyer. Acted by Michele Morgan and Raimu with a strong cast, this is the last picture to be filmed in France before the German occupation, and an ineffectual effort was made by the German authorities to suppress it. One copy, which they failed to destroy, was eventually smuggled out of the country. The film is a narrative of the three successive attacks of Germany upon France—1870, 1914, 1939,—and their effect upon the life of a typical French family. It is a work of noble artistry and patriotism.

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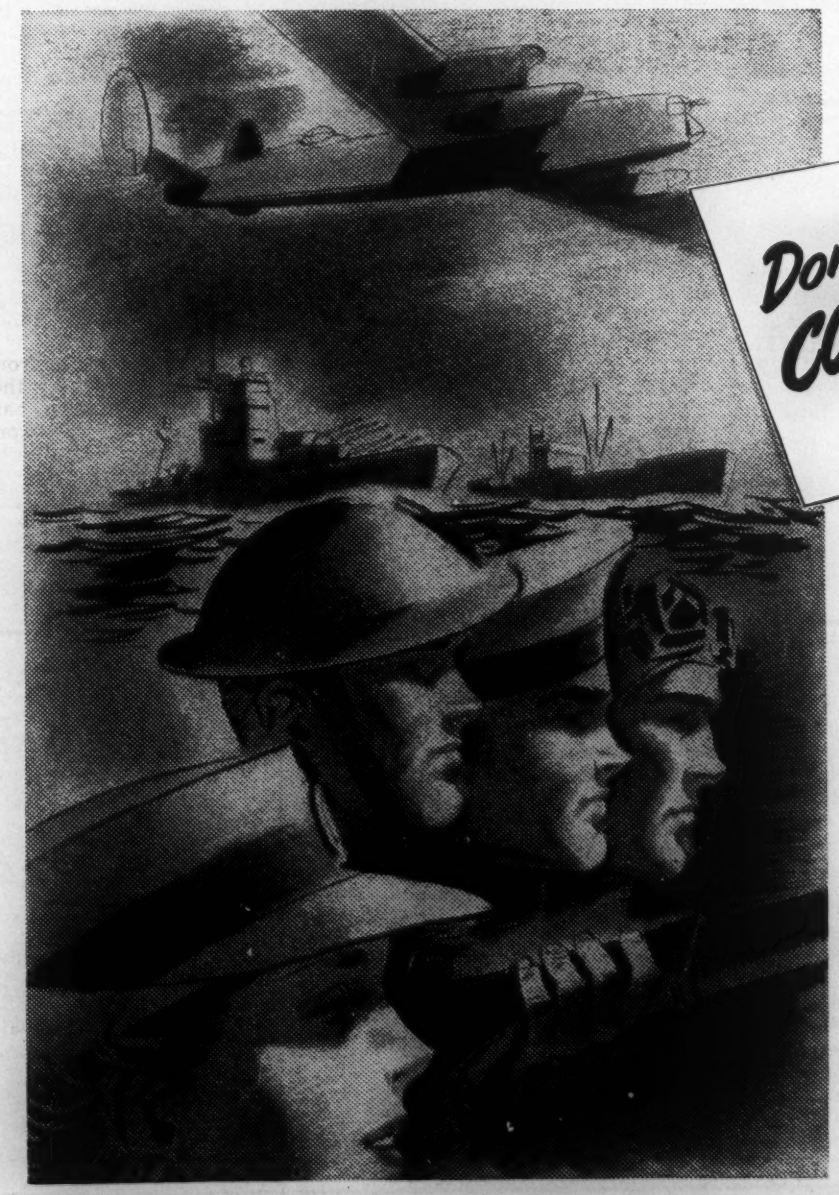

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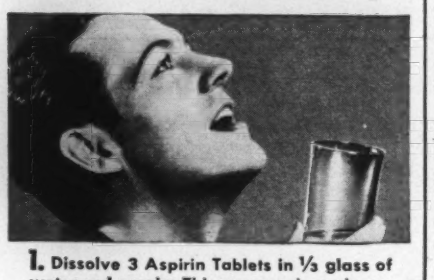

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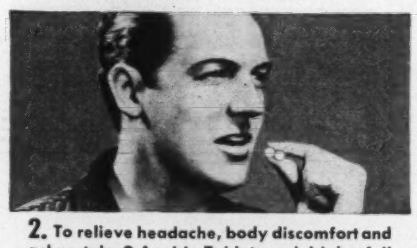

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Women Drivers and Their Cars

BY LILLIAN D. MILLAR

MORE WOMEN are driving motor vehicles today than at any time in history. They are driving not only their own or family cars but also trucks, buses, army vehicles, tractors and even motorcycles. Moreover, many of them have learned to care for and service the automobiles they drive. Exploded is the idea that women cannot be good drivers; that they have no aptitude for mechanics.

You may not be one of those who have studied automotive mechanics and who know all about a car's inners, but if you drive you should know at least enough about the car to see that it gets proper care—and about driving habits which save car, tires and gasoline.

Care of our cars has assumed new importance because they cannot be replaced. Before the war, sale of new cars in Canada averaged about 10,000 a month. Today monthly sales are down to a hundred or two which are needed by those in a few essential occupations. When a car wears out its owner will be off the road not only for the duration but for some time thereafter, for when the war is over it is going to take time to retool our factories for civilian production.

Cars need extra care because most of them are getting old. When the sale of both new cars and new tires was restricted, when gasoline rationing became more stringent, many believed that a large percentage of automobiles would be laid up until the war was over. But Canadians do not give up their cars thus easily. At the end of 1942, nearly 85,000 more cars were on the road than when the war started. Total Canadian figures for 1943 are not available but in Ontario (which has nearly half the cars in Canada) the number of passenger cars registered in 1943 was only 4% below the 1942 total and the number of commercial cars was less than 1% below the previous year. And records show that 40% of all cars now on the road are ten years old or older. It is clear that the old bus will be driven as long as there is a kick left in it. An old car may be quite safe if it is given a square deal. But it needs more attention to keep it operating efficiently and it must be driven more carefully.

Points to Check

A car needs extra care at this time of year to prepare it for winter driving.

First, give attention to safety devices. Have brakes tested and properly adjusted. See that linings are not worn. At any time of the year good brakes are essential to safe driving. But in winter when pavements are wet or icy it is especially important that they be kept in first class condition.

Have the steering mechanism checked and adjusted. Consider how much depends upon your being able to steer the car precisely where you want it to go. An inch may mean the difference between safety and disaster.

Headlights should be tested and adjusted at least twice a year. Now is the time to have this done, for fall and winter bring longer hours of darkness and you need every bit of assistance that is to be had from lights in perfect condition. Dirt is a very common cause of trouble. The amount of light often can be increased one-third merely by cleaning dirty lenses. Reflectors should be cleaned and polished several times a year. Dust or grit inside headlights should be carefully wiped out.

Windshield wiper, horn, rear-view mirror and windshield defroster are all safety devices. They should be kept in good working condition at all times, but especially in winter, so that they can be depended upon to work well when needed.

It takes a healthy car to go through the winter without a break. If you want it to run smoothly and start easily it will pay you to have the engine and ignition gone over by an expert and put in good condition. You should see, also, that the cooling system is thoroughly flushed out and cleaned and that radiator air holes are not clogged. Remember to have a good anti-freeze solution put in before freezing weather comes. Of course it is very important to keep the car well lubricated and to use a lubricant recommended by the manufacturer of your car. And don't forget to change to a lighter lubricant when cold weather comes.

More Miles

But, to guard your tires is probably most important of all. Here are some ways you can add many miles of wear. Have inflation checked every week to keep the pressure recommended by the manufacturer. Check tires before adding air. If there is considerable drop in pressure have the tire examined for there may be a slow leak which should be repaired at once. Also, examine tires for and remove nails, bits of glass or other sharp objects. Have any cuts, breaks or bruises repaired immediately. Keep air-tight valve caps on all tires. They protect valves from destructive dirt and moisture.

Wear of tires is not even. Rear tires wear much more rapidly than front tires because power is transmitted through them. Therefore, periodically have tires shifted to different positions. This evens out wear.

Alignment of wheels should be checked and adjusted every six months. Wheels which do not run parallel with each other—are not lined up—grind off rubber as by a giant file.

Keep oil off the floor of your garage—oil rots rubber.

Watch That Tire

Be considerate of your tires when you drive. Avoid bumps. Bumping into curbs, striking a stone or other obstruction may bruise the inside wall of the tire. Often this is unnoticed because there may be no mark on the outside tread, yet you may run only a short time before the tire blows out. After a severe bump have the tire inspected by an experienced tire man.

When stopping, watch that you do not scrape a tire against the curb. This grinds off many miles of wear. Stop immediately when a puncture occurs. Running even a block on a deflated tire is liable to ruin it. Take curves slowly. High speed on curves is like holding your tires against a fast moving grindstone.

Of course, every driver is interested in getting as many miles as possible for each gallon of gasoline. Your ration will go further if you keep all parts of your car in good condition so that it runs smoothly and easily. Then, you can stretch it also by careful driving. Warm up the engine slowly. A racing engine wastes fuel. It also cuts down the life of the engine and even may seriously damage it. Switch off the engine while you go into a store or to make a call. It wastes gas to leave it running. It also tempts thieves.

Starting and stopping use up large quantities of gasoline and for this reason it's advisable to avoid congested streets or highways. Try to time the speed of your car with traffic lights. If you see a red light ahead, take your foot off accelerator and coast to the light, using your engine as a brake. Frequently the light will turn green before you reach it.

Stop and start slowly. Sudden stops and quick acceleration waste fuel. As you use extra gas to accelerate, don't weave in and out of traffic because you must accelerate each time you pass a car. Maintain uniform speed on the highway. Fluctuating speed means constant acceleration.

Stretching the Ration

Avoid use of first or second gear as much as possible, except when descending long hills.

If you use too much choke you flood the engine with gasoline which cannot be used.

Don't "ride" the clutch.

But, most important of all—slow down. Excessive speed is a saboteur which wastes precious lives and materials. A slowing up of even 10 miles an hour makes a great difference to the amount of gasoline needed and to the amount of wear on tires and car. According to official figures, when a car is driven at 35 miles an hour it burns up twice the amount of oil used when driven at 25 miles an hour. Ten per cent more gasoline is used. Wear on tires is doubled and wear on the car is 25% greater.

The down-folded crown of this puckish sport hat of green velour with hooded brim, is pierced by two matching green quills. By Lilly Dache.

EASY TO SEE WHICH CUP WAS MADE RIGHT!

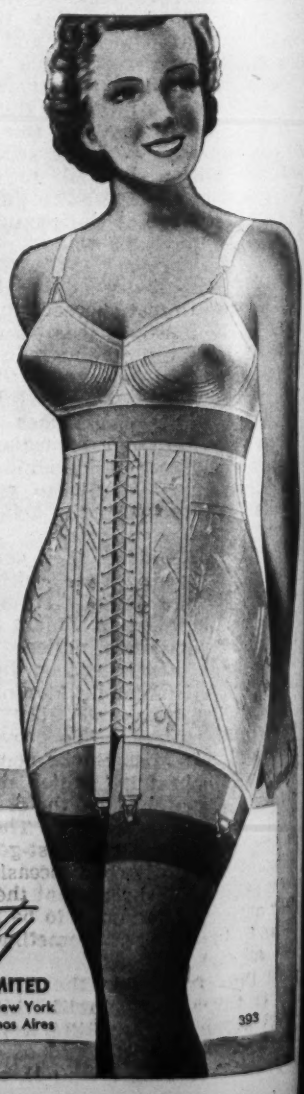
Pot scalded, water freshly drawn and briskly boiling, 3 to 5 minutes allowed for steeping . . . and most important . . . young TENDER leaves! To enjoy this extra tea satisfaction at your house, ask . . . *by name* . . . for Tender Leaf Tea.

At your grocer's in two convenient sizes . . . also in improved FILTER tea balls.

BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

Speed the Victory
BUY VICTORY BONDS

That WELL-GROOMED *Look*



You look graceful, alert, alive—neat and well-groomed whatever your size. You do it with a well-cut, expertly-fitted foundation—such as Gossard's front-lacing corset, designed to give you day-long support and comfort. For, no matter how particular you are about line, fit and fabric, we're just as particular. The Gossard name is your "buy" word for quality.

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

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393

FOR SUPERIOR BAKING RESULTS USE

COSTS LESS THAN 1c PER AVERAGE BAKING

MADE IN CANADA

"IF YOU have three dinners then you can have three puddings," said the volunteer in the Wartime Day Nursery blandly looking at a white bowl in which there was still quite an amount of meat and vegetables. A large pair of almost jet black eyes regarded her seriously for a moment and then inspected the contents of the bowl. A moment later the owner was travelling carefully towards the cafeteria style serving table clutching his empty bowl. He waited his turn for another helping which when consumed was going to put him on the three priority pudding list.

The pudding was there already waiting in a vast bowl, and its presence helped the children through the tedium of mashed potatoes. Once pudding time came there was an almost continuous flow of traffic from the low tables to the serving table, and before you could believe it possible the pudding bowl was empty and a second one was brought in. It was chocolate pudding and evidently simply super, though these two and three year olds wasted no time in exchanging descriptive words. They ate in solemn silence for the most part.

I thought of meals when I had laboriously coaxed a path through a plateful, giving one spoonful for each finger and then beginning on the toes. By the time pudding was reached we were all exhausted. The power of example is very strong to a three year old. In fact if you can't send your child to a nursery school you had better have twins or triplets. The Dionnes look as if they ate well.

Clean and Fed

Dinner over and the traces of chocolate pudding removed, each child went to his or her cot with a blanket marked by a ticket with a name on one side and a colored flower on the other so that the small non-readers can identify their belongings. After two hours rest there is more play, music and story-telling and supper. Then the children are dressed in their outdoor things and play outside till their parents come and pick them up. The working mother has to put them to bed, get them up, give them breakfast and drop them at the school as she goes to work. Then she knows that her child is under expert supervision in pleasant surroundings with two good meals provided. The children were lovely, clean, well dressed, orderly, and happy looking.

As we strolled down the street on leaving we ran into a group of dirty little ragamuffins sitting on the curb stirring up a batch of mud pies in some tin cans with rough edges. It will be interesting to see if this wartime experiment in day nurseries will carry over into peace so that all the two to five year olds will of right be able to attend nursery schools.

Quid Pro Quo

It will also be interesting to see if the children continue voluntarily to eat well balanced meals. There seems to be something pretty sound about the theory of eating the food that is nutritionally right even if you aren't crazy about it and then having a reward of something you love to eat. Adults are altogether too fussy about their food and too inclined to think that no diet rules apply to them. If they don't like milk well—they should, and they had better get fond of root vegetables on the double or goodness knows where they will be by the time the winter is over. Under the sod, or struggling with some deficiency which, if it doesn't do them in, probably makes them bad tempered.

Crusts and Curls

If you are sufficiently interested to want to know more about what makes up a good diet—and if you aren't interested you should be!—read "Eat What You Want!" by W. W. Bauer and Florence Marvyne Bauer published last year by Greenburg, New York. This book debunks a lot of the things which people are forever talking to you about such as "acid foods" and "heavy foods" and all the rest of it. The more absurd food fads are neatly listed and pretty universally denied—such as rhubarb purifies the blood and carrots and crusts curl hair.

The book is full of the most interesting lists and charts. There is a master menu against which you are to check what you actually eat for five days. The seven protective foods are listed above the line and then there is a space left below for other things eaten to be added. As you no doubt know the seven essentials are milk, butter or cream, meat or fish, eggs or cheese or legumes, two fruits (one citrus), two vegetables besides potatoes, and the whole grain or enriched bread and cereal.

If you want to reduce or to gain there is a lovely table for counting calories. The authors sagely remark that there is as much dishonesty about calory counting as there is in playing solitaire. First of all you estimate the calories you need daily, and this is done by figuring out the number you need per pound of weight per hour according to your occupation. For instance you need least when sleeping, sewing takes a few more than reading aloud, singing requires fewer than typewriting, dishwashing and ironing take an equal number, swimming needs a lot, but walking upstairs needs most of all.

Figure Problems

After you have worked out your day, and which bits of it you sing and walk upstairs in, you arrive at the number of calories you must have to get along on comfortably. Then you go over to the lists which tell you which foods have most and least calories. If you haven't run out of arithmetic by this time you can move on to the vitamin tables and get your requirements lined up. Nor are you finished with figuring then for there are very good lists of foods for low cost meals.

Don't let all this figuring discourage you if you are one of those who can't keep accounts and cringe whenever figures are mentioned. You can gather all the information in the letter-press of the book, but if you like accuracy the lists are fun, particularly good lists such as these. If you'll take a little time on your family's nutrition you will soon have them as well fed as the nursery school children.

• •

ENGLAND and the Soviet Union have given special attention for several years to rose hips as a source of ascorbic acid. This vitamin (C) is necessary for healthy gums, teeth and blood vessels. The season for collection is late August, September and October.

For pickled rose hips, cook the hips in water until tender, then remove seeds. Make syrup of equal parts of water, vinegar and sugar syrup, adding any desired spices. Add the seeded hips and simmer for twenty minutes. Place in sterilized jars and seal. Use with fish and meat dishes.

To make rose hip jam, cover the hips with boiling water and simmer; rub through sieve. To each pound of pulp, add three-quarters pound of sugar, boil rapidly, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking, until the mixture falls from spoon in sheet. A better consistency will be obtained if one part commercial pectin is added to each two pounds of syrup.

GOOD GRIEF

NOW that you've said goodbye to me
With unmistakable finality,

I could be bitter, I could complain,
I could vow never to love again

But it was fun, you were nice to know,
I've learned a thing or two, and so

I'm a jilted lass not remotely vexed,
Just blithely waiting for what comes next!

—MAY RICHSTONE.

I'M FINDING WAYS TO MAKE COFFEE GO FURTHER

FIRST—I've learned to buy coffee that gives me more flavor ounce for ounce . . . Chase & Sanborn Coffee. It's super-rich!

And I make sure the coffee container is air-tight—that the coffee-pot is scoured clean. Of course, I measure the coffee and water accurately for exact strength—and I make not one bit more than the amount I need. And I serve coffee as soon as I can after it's made.

But my best rule, I think, is that first one: Get Chase & Sanborn Coffee. And, remember, quality coffee goes further.

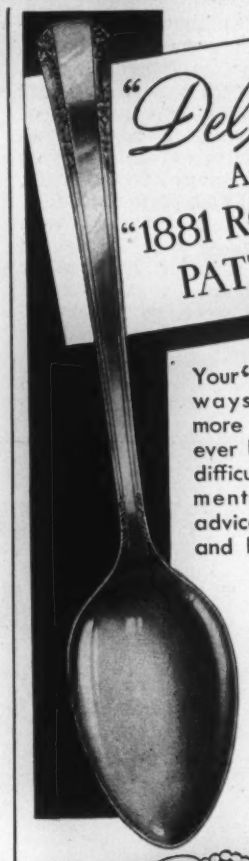
CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

A Quick Stimulant

HOT BOVRIL

42-23

"Del Mar" An "1881 ROGERS" PATTERN



Your silverware, always treasured, is more precious than ever by reason of the difficulty of replacement. Follow the advice of its makers and bring out its full sheen and loveliness by polishing it with Silvo — magic in its quickness, gentleness and safety!

Silvo is recommended by the manufacturers as perfect for the preservation of their lovely products.

834

Silvo LIQUID SILVER POLISH

★ A Thick Sauce from the English recipe—Gives zest to all meat and fish dishes.

19

C&B THICK SAUCE BY CROSSE & BLACKWELL

"WE WANT ANOTHER SLICE OF BREAD"

— OF COURSE THEY DO —
IT'S MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST

● Everyone loves the wholesome goodness of bread baked with Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. That's why four generations of Canadian homemakers have preferred this yeast for baking bread at home. If *you* bake at home, it can be *depended* on every time to give a smooth-textured, sweet-tasting, delicious loaf. No chances of doughy, heavy failures with Fleischmann's Yeast. At your grocer's.

GET MORE VITAMINS — MORE PEP! Eat 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B Complex group of vitamins!

MADE IN CANADA

CONCERNING FOOD

Catch Them Young

BY JANET MARCH

THE DRESSING TABLE

Unfinished Business on Hand

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IF YOU want to know what someone is thinking—watch the hands, not the face, say many psychologists, amateur and professional. Those who make a hobby or a business of hand-reading claim to be able to measure the limits of one's tact or lack of it by the shape of the thumb, to be able to tell at a glance whether one is artistic, materialistic or a vain creature who, given a choice, would take a John-Frederics hat rather than a pair of health shoes—even though her feet were, in the classic phrase, "killing her." And wouldn't we all?

Hands are not as amenable to change as the rest of the body. For instance, those with square, capable-looking hands cannot transform them into the elongated sort popularly associated with those of dreamy, artistic temperament. (We've noticed that most successful artists are anything but dreamy, however, that's neither here nor there—wherever that is). So the only thing is to do the best you can with what you have. A short hand can be made to seem longer, more slender, by letting the nails grow rather long and any rings that are worn should be oval or oblong in shape rather than round or square. Those with large hands will do well not to wear jewellery that is insignificant in size but will find oversize rings (if not too spectacular) a better choice on the basis of keeping things to scale.

A hand of any shape can be beautiful if it is well cared-for with nicely shaped fingernails, but there are some stubborn problems that do not lend themselves readily to treatment.

Palms Up

It is said that large veins usually are an inherited characteristic and for this reason little can be done about them. However, hands in which veins are over-prominent should be kept out of hot water, for this will cause them to be even more emphasized. The rest of the time try to form a habit of resting the hands palm up. Sometimes the veins become less prominent after the arms have been held high over the head.

Vitamin deficiency is said to be the cause sometimes of certain skin discolorations such as "liver spots," or the name may indicate the cause of their appearance. If the brown spots are caused by a sluggish liver, better get your doctor's advice. Twisting and bending exercises that stir up the liver sometimes are helpful. In the meantime make-up will help to conceal the spots. Use a hand lotion and then powder lightly over the spots, or use on the offenders an opaque cream base such as you may use on your face, and powder over.

Sunspots

Freckled hands? Don't worry too much about them for it won't get you anywhere—that is, not unless you can reconcile yourself to living the life of a mushroom in some dark sunless spot. You can bleach them out each fall with lemon juice, or a prepared bleach preparation, followed by a rich hand cream or lotion. If they still stubbornly remain, use make-up, and then forget about them.

Are split nails the bane of your existence and a constant menace to your stockings? Perhaps you need more calcium in your diet. Maybe you are cheating yourself of the minimum daily amount of milk the nutritionists say we must have to maintain good health, and the split nails are an evidence of nature's protest at your neglect. Take a vitamin pill, do right by your diet, leave off nail polish for a short time and oil the nails every night to nurse them back to respectability and health.

Knuckle Down

Large knuckles may be another inherited characteristic matching up with the rest of the body's bone structure, and if this is so you'll have to accept it along with the color of your eyes and the shape of your nose. But if a knuckle has become enlarged it may be the result of one of two things. It may have been injured in which case it's medical advice you must seek. Or it may be caused by deposits which have accumulated at the joint. You'll have to let your doctor decide this too.

At this time of the year and in this climate a hand lotion is not a luxury but very much of a necessity. It should be used every time the hands are washed, before one goes outdoors and last thing at night so that the hands receive an all-night beauty treatment while you sleep. If chapped and reddened hands are to be avoided, gloves should be worn at the first approach of cold weather. Be very particular that they are the right size for you. Tight gloves bind and constrict the hands, interfering with the circulation. Loose, easy fitting gloves not only are much smarter in appearance, but much kinder to the hands.

HOW CAN I HAVE MORE ALLURE?

Probably You Can't Change—

The contour of your chin
The shape of your nose
The colour of your eyes
The slope of your forehead

PEPSODENT WITH IRIUM CAN ADD BEAUTY TO YOUR SMILE!

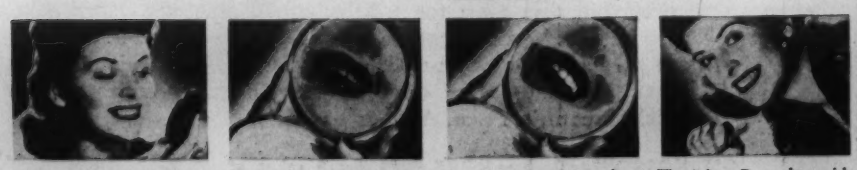
You will have more poise . . . more charm . . . even more pleasing personality, if you can smile confidently . . . buoyantly. And you can, if your teeth are given their natural brilliance. Make sure that your teeth are bright and lustrous. Pepsodent with Irium removes film that makes teeth look dull.

Once film is removed, Pepsodent's super polishing agent, Composite Metaphosphate adds more lustre . .. more sparkle to your teeth—brings out the natural brightness of your smile. Pepsodent's polishing agent is proved safe for tooth enamel. No grit, no pumice, no bleach. Add beauty to your smile. Don't delay. Buy Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder today.

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

The Pepsodent Co. of Canada, Ltd.

How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.

The cigarette-slim silhouette keeps fashion within the boundaries set by government clothing regulations without sacrifice of style. This dress of rayon jersey in toasted tobacco shade is worn with a hat trimmed with curling pheasant feathers. Scarab brooches brighten the bodice.

KEEP YOUR BEST FACE Forward

"Bond Street" Perfume — rare, regal, captivating — $2.20 to $11.50

Yardley English Complexion Powder — perfumed with "Bond Street" — $1.25

Keeping your best face forward is more important now than ever. And it is so easy with Yardley's English Complexion Powder, the regal air of Yardley's Bond Street Perfume, and the guarding care of Yardley Beauty Preparations.

KEEP YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH Yardley LAVENDER AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

VICTORY BONDS

AND THE HOME FRONT

Every living soul in Canada has confidence in this land of freedom. Let's all fight, work, save and buy Victory Bonds today, for that brave new world of tomorrow . . . a world that is swiftly and surely rising like a new planet from the blood, sweat and tears of all peoples as a shining tribute to democratic ideals.

Our modern Army, Navy and Air Force have the superlative support of the home front to provide the stuff, pass the ammunition and keep it coming. They will put it where it will do the most good.

Every dollar subscribed to this Victory Loan is a pledge from the home front that we are doing everything possible for the boys over there and a pledge to keep Canada just as it is, just as it must always be, a land of progress and limitless opportunities.

This space contributed for the 5th Victory Loan by

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THE OTHER PAGE

Room for a Guest

BY E. A. McCOURT

JOHN WARNER sat on the edge of the bed, his hands resting gingerly on the elaborately tufted counterpane, and looked about him with bewildered eyes. "You've changed it, Mother."

Mrs. Warner smiled brightly. "Yes. Your pictures are safe in the attic, locked away in one of the trunks. I've given most of your books to the I.O.D.E. for their camp libraries. I knew you wouldn't want them any more. And besides—in a guest-room." She waved her hands in a vague, meaningless gesture. John unlaced a shoe, removed it, and looked idly at the toe of his sock.

"That makes two guest-rooms you have now," he said. "You and Dad must be leading a pretty gay life."

"Well, one never knows." Mrs. Warner seemed suddenly ill at ease. "And of course, we may have to let a room if something isn't done to relieve the over-crowding. In these times it's as well to be prepared."

"Over-crowding? In this town?" John laughed outright.

Mrs. Warner changed the subject. "Dinner will be ready in half-an-hour, John. I've asked a few old friends in—Joan and Frances McKelvey and Major Hartland and Harry Gibson—"

"But Mother—my first night!" He was staring at her now as if she were a stranger.

Mrs. Warner bent over and kissed her son quickly on the forehead. "Your leave is so short, dear," she said, "and everybody wants to see you."

SHE went out quietly. She stood for a moment directly under the hall light before closing the door behind her. John noticed for the first time how round-shouldered she had become. She was greyer too. But he had expected that. It was the things he hadn't expected that upset him. A worried frown creased his forehead as he looked around the room.

The photograph of his Varsity football team had yielded the place of honor over the mantel of the imitation fireplace to a water-color in delicate pastels; the books which he had loved in boyhood and clung to with a curious sort of affection long after they had ceased to interest him as literature had disappeared, along with the home-made shelves on which they had been piled; and the rough homespun curtains he had chosen himself had been replaced by brightly colored chintzes. The effect was as impersonal as that of the average hotel room.

It was silly, of course, to have thought that the room would be unchanged after three years. It just hadn't occurred to him that the things which made it peculiarly his own would be gone.

"Mother was right, of course," he assured himself. "The place was a pretty awful mess in the old days—books, radio-parts, baseball bats—a regular junk-yard, that's what it was."

He got up from the bed, went to the window and looked out. The garden ran all the way down to the river and from the window John could see the gleam of water through the willows which grew thickly along the bank. The cherry tree which he had climbed so often as a boy had disappeared from the bottom of the garden, but the lilac was in bloom and the air was heavy with its scent. John stood at the window breathing the familiar perfume until the sound of voices on the front porch warned him that the dinner guests had arrived.

FOR weeks now John had looked forward to his first meal at home. There would just be Mother and Dad and himself, and they would have fried chicken and ice-cream as they used to in the old days when he came home from college on vacation. Afterwards they would sit out on the wide porch and he and Dad would smoke their pipes while Mother knitted, and they would watch the boys and girls pass on their way to and from the park or the movies, and perhaps a neighbor would stop and say hello. But everything was different. His father, never a sociable man, seemed to have receded into a world incredibly remote. He sat at the head of the table, a gray shadowy stranger who spoke only in monosyllables, but whose faded blue eyes never left his son's face. The McKelvey twins looked at John adoringly, but with something of wistful wonder in their childlike eyes. Harry Gibson, stiff and self-conscious in his new Airforce uniform, stared with undisguised envy at the ribbon on John's breast. When he spoke, his voice was absurdly respectful. John understood. He and the McKelveys and Harry Gibson had played together as children, but they were contemporaries no longer. Three years ago he had been young, and was now old.

Major Hartland, his fierce old face more like a wrinkled parchment than ever, dominated the conversation. "Hope you didn't find the reception at the station too boring, John? Old McFee spoke twice too long—he always does. Time we got another Mayor. But he meant well—the whole town meant well. We're proud of you, John, proud of you! Fine show, Dieppe. Wish I could have been there myself."

"Yes, a fine show," said John mechanically.

"Wait till the real invasion comes though! By Gad, I'd give what's left of my life for just one hour with the old 29th that day!" The Major brought his clenched fist crashing down on the table. "You'll be back for it, John, mark my words! You'll be back for it!"

JOHN looked at his mother sitting at the foot of the table. Just now she was busy with the vegetable dishes. "You think the invasion will come then, Major?" she asked. "Perhaps all this bombing—"

Major Hartland snorted contemptuously. "No good at all—no good at all! What we've got to do is march all the way to Berlin and hang Hitler from the roof of his own chancellery! That'll show 'em, eh John?"

His mother had aged greatly. Even in the soft light John could see the wrinkles in her face, and her hair was almost white. But she smiled at him and her voice was quiet and serene. "I'm sure, John," she said, "that you won't want to miss it."

It was like that all evening—his father silent, unresponsive, seemingly withdrawn into himself beyond the reach of any human contact; his mother placid, smiling, impersonal. It was not even a house of ghosts John had come back to, for there was no suggestion of the past anywhere to haunt him—it was a house of strangers. He was a guest in his own home.

IT WAS late when John went to his room. But although he was tired he did not go immediately to bed. He sat down by the window and stared out into the night. The garden, the river, the scent of the lilac—these things at least were familiar and unchanged. And because they spoke to him of much that he had loved he sat there in the darkness, scarcely daring to turn his head lest in so doing he sever himself completely from the past. When a knock sounded on the door his only emotion was one of resentment. "Come in," he said.

His father opened the door and stood there hesitantly, his hand still on the knob. John was surprised. He could not remember his father ever having come to see him in his own room before. "Hello, Dad".

The old man was painfully shy. His eyes refused to meet his son's "John—I—"

"Sit down, Dad." John pulled forward a low, chintz-covered chair.

"Thanks, John." His father sat down, groped for his pipe, filled it with trembling fingers, then put it back in his pocket. "How do you like your room?" he asked unexpectedly.

"It's fine!" said John heartily. "Just fine. It was grand of Mother to have it done over. It must have been a lot of trouble. All the old junk in here—"

"She fixed it up herself, last week. Your books and pictures and things are safe, up in the attic."

"But she told me she'd given the books away."

His father got up and walked slowly to the window. "They'll all be back—the day after you've gone."

"But why—" began John.

His father did not seem to hear him. "And all those people in the house tonight—I figure—" The old man hesitated, fumbling for words. When he spoke again he pronounced each syllable heavily, as if it cost him an effort to utter it. "I guess your mother thinks that maybe it's easier to leave—what you don't know—"

He broke off abruptly. But there was no need to say more. With all the strength and unexpectedness of a revelation his message leapt across the gulf. There was a long minute of silence. Then John moved to the window and laid his hand on his father's shoulder. It was the first time he had ever done so. They stood there together without speaking and watched the reflection of the lights on the water, and the fireflies dancing at the bottom of the garden.

After his father had gone John sat down again by the window. But this time he did not stare out into the darkness, He was content to breathe the scent of the lilac and to look about him. For the room had not really changed. Things were just the same as they had always been. They would never be any different now.

SUNRISE

AIR-SHAPED leaves
Were poised against a flow of smooth cloud.
Even dewy grass had skyward erectness
Until there came a gathering of brilliance beyond hedges,
An upthrust of lordship behind the roof of a neighbor's barn,
Spurting light from the rim of a violent and contained presence.
Then rayed grandeur cut the earth,
Urging rootstocks and the shape of trees;
Love streamed from a circle of mad dancing,
Bursting across continents
To the half-opened petal.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

WINTER COMING ON

OUR Church is saving coal.
It *may* be warm for Morning Prayer;
Not really warm, but only fair;
Say, fifty-eight or such.
Ah, then it will be tough to save a soul,
And save it well
From fires of Hell,
Because
All churchly laws
Insist that only comfort and content
Can stir a modern sinner to repent;
For on his goose-flesh he is too intent.

Our Church is saving coal.
The bean-feast for the Corps of Scouts
Will steam no longer hereabouts.
The Missionary Tea,
Though Spartan—one small cupful with a roll—
Postponed till June.
The self-same tune
Describes the Supper at Thanksgiving time.
To eat religiously will be a crime,
And cold high-thinking won't be worth a dime.

J. E. M.

Your every question on funeral arrangements is answered in our new booklet "Sundown." May we send you a copy, in a plain envelope—so that you may have it by you in case of necessity.

FRED W. MATTHEWS CO. LTD.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
665-9 SPADINA AVE. NEAR BLOOR ST. KINGSDALE 2101-2102

Original Appearance Skillfully Restored! Our scientific rug cleaning and renovating process retains the original color, brilliance and cushion-deep softness. Work done by expert craftsmen. Our clients include Toronto's most prominent homes. Try us today.

TURCO-PERSIAN RUG RENOVATING CO.
166 DUCHESS ST. . . . EL. 7592

at EATON'S

BRIGHT BROWN GOES TO DINNER

The new, neat, clipped-to-the head look in copper-coloured rayon velvet strewn with glittering copper-colour nailheads. Each 12.00. Puffy, carry-everything bag to match, 8.50. French Room, Main Store—Third Floor.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

How the Phony Stock Operators Mine the Public

BY A. L. FLETCHER

This is the third of a series of articles on the methods of operation of a ring of racketeering share-pushers now at large in Canada.

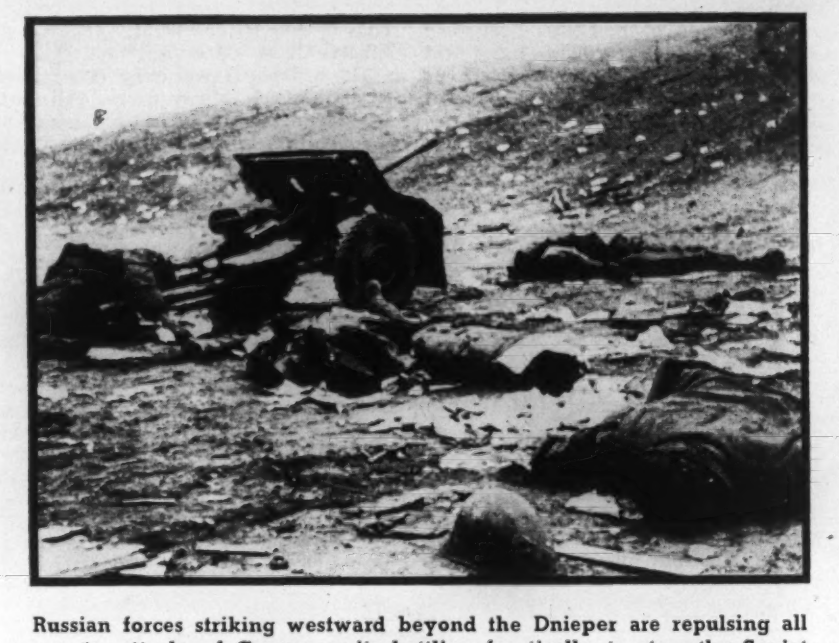
Saturday Night hopes that the information in these articles will forewarn and thereby forearm investors who might otherwise be victimized.

HE LOOKED across barren rocks and muskegs and envisaged a mill, perhaps several of them; he saw cities with their schools and churches, their well-kept homes and the happy laughter of children at play—and he saw it become a reality. He was a *mine-builder*, and when his dream came true it influenced many others such as he to carry on to success as well. It was through such men that we have our Timmins, our Kirkland Lake, our Sudbury, our Rouyn, and we will have many more in years to come. But it seems that we must also have the *mine-destroyers*, the parasites who take advantage of human nature for their own selfish ends and deliberately sabotage good prospects—the phony stock promoters. One subscriber to SATURDAY NIGHT has written a letter to us regarding the operation of these "Boiler Rooms" and ably expresses himself as follows: "It is time to put an end to such methods of 'wildcat promotions' whereby honest prospectors jeopardize their property and waste years of their lives as victims of downright 'shysters'. It is time also for governments to rectify the laws, rules and regulations which continue to function as protection for shysters instead of for public investors and which prevent instead of facilitate investigatory proceedings."

A number of years ago a fine type of Englishman whom we will call Mr. G. came to Canada, became interested in mining and decided to acquire a property and with the help of a wealthy associate in England, develop it. The property secured was a meritorious one. Numerous engineers reported favorably upon it. Exploration work—stripping, sampling, diamond drilling—was carried out and then it was decided to offer a block of shares to the public. The friend in England made a heavy subscription. Several Canadians were to be elected to the board and then—the friend in England died.

Mr. G. tried to carry on. But it takes a long time for one man to promote a mine. Finally Mr. G. was approached by a "Front man". Would Mr. G. consider optioning to him a large block of stock? The price would have to be a low one as conditions were not at their best. It would be expensive selling the stock. Mr. G. agreed and things started off well, then a slump set in. The operators were having difficulty. However, if Mr. G. would give them a list of his friends in England they would go over and see what they could do there.

In due course of time all arrangements were made and off they went to the Old Country. What a killing this would be . . . never before had they entered England under better auspices. Mr. G. remained behind to manage the property. For a while glowing reports came through. The stock was being accepted, the option payments were being carried out as agreed upon. One day Mr. G. received a cable: "Sir Harry S— would become a director providing the operators could give him 500,000 shares at a low price." It was imperative that Mr. G. accept. It would mean suc-



Russian forces striking westward beyond the Dnieper are repulsing all counter-attacks of German units battling frantically to stem the Soviet threat to the 200-mile-long German defence line. Tanks, planes and men hurled against the Russian forces have met with heavy losses. North and South of Kiev the Red Army spread through three widening holes established on the west bank of the Dnieper. Thousands of abandoned German guns (as above) mark the path of the Russian advance. In this case a direct hit from Soviet artillery blasted the gun, killed its crew and scattered debris far and wide. In their latest drive the Russians have retaken many villages. In the one shown below, Red Army men clear the remnant of an enemy force from buildings set afire in the fighting.

In most of these towns and villages of the Ukraine extensive rebuilding will be necessary before the inhabitants can take possession again. Much hardship still lies ahead this winter for Russian civilians, who were driven from their homes and compelled to huddle in primitive dugout shelters built in the fields (below). Often several families occupied a single dugout. Even these shelters may not be available this winter, for retreating German forces are reported seeking to destroy these wretched hovels by setting fire to the thatched roofs with incendiaries.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Montreal Power and Mr. Godbout

BY P. M. RICHARDS

IS THE Government of Quebec's move against Montreal Light, Heat & Power Consolidated related to the fact that a provincial election is close ahead? There's reason to think it is.

The company, Canada's largest privately-owned utility, serves the city of Montreal and forty-eight other municipalities in the metropolitan area. Thus, a forced reduction in the company's electricity rates would be the same thing as putting money into the pockets of a great many Province of Quebec electors. And voters are apt to respond to a political party's promise to put money in their pockets. Also, French-Canadian nationalistic feeling has long been expressing itself in a popular demand that development of the province's natural resources should be in French-Canadian hands. Again, Premier Godbout's political opponents have been advocating the taking over of Montreal Power, and a move to this end by Godbout's administration thus steals some of the opposition's thunder. Politically, no doubt, the move is a good one. But on any other ground, it doesn't look so good.

Because of "fictitious values" in Montreal Power's capitalization and its "exploitation of the people," Premier Godbout says that "a radical measure has become necessary to make electrical services available to the people of Quebec under conditions similar to those under which such services are supplied in Ontario." In other words, to bring the rates of Quebec's electrical services down to the level of Ontario's, and to bring the privately-owned power services of Quebec under public ownership. But Mr. Godbout, surprisingly, fails to mention a most important point, which is the fact that Montreal Power is paying about $8,000,000 a year in federal, provincial and municipal taxes from which the publicly-owned utilities of Ontario are practically exempt. Obviously it would be necessary to reduce Montreal Power's rates by the amount of taxes paid per unit of power sold to get a proper comparison with Ontario Hydro's rates.

What the Records Show

According to the records Montreal Power sold a total of 1,486,098,697 kilowatt hours of electricity in 1942, from which it grossed $20,617,649. This was without including Beauharnois, dump and export sales. In the same period Ontario Hydro sold 1,320,976,910 kilowatt hours, which grossed $13,750,205. But Montreal Power paid in taxes on its electrical services $6,589,971. Deduct this amount from Montreal Power's gross, and it leaves $14,027,678. It is to be noted that Montreal Power has repeatedly proclaimed its willingness to rebate the amount of the taxes to its customers if, like Ontario Hydro, it is relieved of the taxes.

Whether or not the company could cut its rates to the amount envisaged by the Public Service Board of Quebec and still pay these taxes this column doesn't know, but it's an undeniable fact that reductions in rates have been frequent and persistent over many years and the company itself asserts that its rates are lower than those charged by any other similar utility on this continent. Back in 1908 the net rate for electric lighting service was 12.75 cents per kilowatt hour. By 1914 it was down to 6.00 cents; by 1923 to 4.25 cents; by 1928 to 3.25 cents; by 1933 rates were varying from 2.52 to 0.90 cents per K.W.H. and the company explains that since then reductions in rates have been applied to specific classes of electricity services. Today the average cost of electricity to the Montreal householder for all purposes—lighting, refrigerator, radio, vacuum, washing machine, ironing, etc.—is $1.67 per month or 5.4 cents per day.

Of Course a Monopoly

"Let no one believe," said Premier Godbout in his statement that a bill will be introduced to expropriate Montreal Power's electrical services, "that we intend to destroy private enterprise in this province. On the contrary, we consider private enterprise as inseparably linked up with our democratic institutions and we intend to aid and foster it by freeing it from the control of monopolies. . ."

To this the company plaintively replies that the electrical industry is of necessity a monopoly, and that the fact of this necessity is recognized by the Quebec Government and the Public Service Board. It points out that the province itself, to stimulate competition in the electrical field, freely granted charters to any person willing to go into the business, and consequently was responsible for the creation of a large number of uneconomical units requiring forests of duplicate pole lines in the area served by the company. If waste was to be eliminated, the company had no course open to it but to work toward the merging of these numerous competing units into one integral system.

The people are entitled to ask: If the Government of Quebec expropriates Montreal Power, or the electrical services of Montreal Power, will it give as good service at as favorable rates to consumers as the company does now? As, under government ownership, there will be no taxes paid, how will this loss of revenue be made up? In this assault on private enterprise, the Government of Quebec has picked on a company commonly regarded as giving the public efficient service at fair rates. If private enterprise (the system on which this country's economy is based) is to function vigorously to provide the employment and production needed in the years ahead, clearly it must have confidence that it will be treated fairly by government and public. Despite Mr. Godbout's protestations of regard for private enterprise, his action in respect of Montreal Power is certainly not designed to support such confidence.

cess to all of them. The price of any further issued stock would be higher .

Mr. G. agreed to the operators' suggestion and the certificates were forwarded immediately. As soon as arrangements could be made, he left for the Old Country. Alas! When he arrived, he found that the shares had all been sold at a price far above the unlisted market in Canada. The operators had made their killing and were safely on the Continent. Mr. G. had to face the incensed shareholders—friends and acquaintances whose names he had so carelessly handed over to the crooks. It was only by the use of influence that Mr. G. escaped the courts. The last large block of shares that Sir Harry S— had purchased practically exhausted the treasury stock. It would mean re-organization and years of hard work to raise money to bring the property to the mill stage. Mr. G. booked passage back to Canada but he never arrived. The deep had claimed another victim. The operators' "Front man" on hearing the full story was filled with remorse. He turned to drink and a little later on, took the easy way out as well ... Canada had lost another potential mine.

"Cow Pasture"

In many of the operations which these smoothies carry on, they prefer that the property shall be just "a piece of cow pasture". All that they are interested in is the stock position and the manipulative possibilities of the shares. Often the "cow-pasture" background is more advantageous for them when it is desirable to announce "bad news" in order to, in their vernacular, "pull-the-plug"—that is, to take away all financial support of the market and depress the stock in question.

Just a short time ago a "Boiler Room" organization acquired options on large blocks of shares of a listed issue and by the use of telephones, tipster sheets and all the high-pressure methods possible, ran this stock up to a point far above its intrinsic value. During this manipulation a large short position was taken and when these operators were called to cover their position, they approached several of the directors with large holdings and tried to borrow their stock. They were refused. Immediately these boys went into action. Shareholders were advised through another "Boiler Room" to get out, bad news was circulated, the stock was depressed to a point which was very profitable for the operators to buy it in and cover their position. Another "killing" was made. The operators used the same old story that "other brokers had raided their stock position". In the meantime these same operators are running up another issue and in all probability history will repeat itself.

These phony operators do business on the assumption that the average stock buyer will boast of his winnings and hide his losses. They also know as well that John Public stays clear of legal entanglements if possible. They even try to prevent a client from selling at a profit. Once in a while a "sucker" with real courage comes along and makes these "phonies" pay up.

Recently a certain man, residing in a city six or seven hundred miles away from "Boiler Room" headquarters, was telephoned and urged to buy a listed issue. Each call was more insistent than the previous one. Finally, one evening he placed an order for 5000 shares of the stock. The next morning, on his way to the office, he read an unfavorable report on the company and immediately wired to cancel his order. The wire was received before the market opened, but several hours later the "sucker" received a wire confirming the purchase of 5000 shares for him and that the stock would be sent draft attached to his bank. The stock went up eight or ten points and the "sucker" wired to sell his stock. No reply was received. Two days later he wired again and this time received a reply stating that his first wire of cancellation had been carried out. This in spite of a wire being received several hours later that the stock had been purchased. A reputable broker would have stood behind his obligations, but not this crowd. The eight or ten points gain looked good to them. However, our "sucker" sought legal advice and with his wires as evidence threatened civil action. The "Boiler House" rather than get the unfavorable publicity that would have ensued, agreed to settle for a nice tidy sum. Too bad that courage of this type is not shown more often.

I have before me a copy of a special bulletin issued by a security company advising the immediate purchase of a certain stock listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. It is dated some weeks ago and carries such terms as "buy at the market", "upward move will follow quickly", "may double present market price in short time", "we predict another Big Profit", "particularly Don't Delay".

Share-Pushing Ring

By sending out thousands of these bulletins and persistent telephoning through other "Boiler Rooms", this stock should go up. At the moment of writing, the stock actually is selling below the price recommended. A notation on the bottom of this bulletin sent in by a SATURDAY NIGHT subscriber reads as follows: "The great operator is— —& Co. and they do know how to plan their work. There is a boiler room and I have been phoned long distance from time to time, but they did not succeed in capturing me."

The point to bear in mind is that the house that issued the bulletin was not the house that telephoned. The facts are that this definitely establishes the existence of a "Ring", otherwise how would the one house have the name of the "sucker" that was mailed the bulletin.

These cases are merely examples of the vicious rackets going on at this moment here in Canada. Operations carried on by men of warped mentality, men who, if their ability could be directed into a constructive channel could play a most important part in the development of the natural resources of our country. Honest people tend to believe others to be honest, and, as a result, they are preyed upon. It may be that over the next several months millions of dollars will be taken out of the pockets of these honest citizens. The sensible investor will seek to make sure that he possesses all the facts of any speculative venture he is interested in, so that he shall not be one of those victimized.

THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O'D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.

The Publishers

SATURDAY NIGHT,
The Canadian Weekly

"WHAT A SHOT THE KID HAD!"

"It's quiet in here. Guess I'll sit and think awhile. Lord how he loved those skates. And what a wonder he was on 'em!

REGRET TO INFORM YOU HEAD-
QUARTERS OVERSEAS ADVISES...

"Guess being good with a hockey stick must have come in handy to him, learning how to handle a bayonet properly. He was quick as a flash. What a shot the kid had!

YOUR SON SERIOUSLY WOUNDED
WHILE ON ACTIVE DUTY...

"It's a pity wars can't be fought by us older ones, with most of our living behind us. But it seems only kids can take it . . . kids with fire in their veins and springs for muscles and steel for bones . . . like Johnny.

BE ASSURED HE IS RECEIVING
BEST MEDICAL ATTENTION...

"Oh, Johnny, come home again! Come home running, shouting, tramping in and out of the house with muddy feet and clothes awry. Come home, Johnny, shouting, laughing, heedless, turning the house topsy turvy in your endless quests for lost sweaters and misplaced mittens. But come home to us, Johnny, come home . . .

HOPE TO RELIEVE YOUR ANXIETY
SOON AS POSSIBLE... LETTER FOLLOWS.

"If prayers will do it, you'll be back, Johnny. But we're not stopping with prayers alone, boy. We're working for it, buying with every last cent we can scrape together the Victory Bonds that put weapons in your hands and sound ships under you and good food in you and dressings and drugs to care for your wounds.

"This is our pledge to you, lad: that when you sit again at our table and look into our eyes you'll know we did not fail you, that we gave everything we had, just as we gave you."

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

Your Future Security

REMEMBER...

every Victory Bond you buy today helps to speed victory, curb inflation and protect the purchasing power of your dollars after the war.

FOR FUTURE SECURITY
PUT EVERY DOLLAR YOU CAN SPARE
INTO

VICTORY LOAN BONDS

Speed Victory

THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

CANADIAN CANNERS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

If you are able to form any estimate of the probable earnings of Canadian Canners this year I would be glad to be informed of it, also regarding the current prices and yields on the first preferred and common stocks.

—T. P., Winnipeg, Man.

It appears very likely that owing to the smaller crop yield and labor shortage, the gross operating profit of Canadian Canners for the current fiscal year (to end February 28, 1944) will not be as great as that of last year. However, it appears that net earnings should approximate those of last year because of the reduction in provision necessary to meet income and excess profits taxes consequent on the lower taxable income resulting from the year's operations. The company's standard base gives a wide latitude with respect to dividends and permits the company to retain income well above dividend requirements.

Net earnings for 1942-1943 were equal to $1.71 per share on the combined convertible participating preferred and common stock outstanding, against dividends paid of 80 cents a share on the former and 50 cents a share on the latter.

During the war years Canadian Canners has carried out considerable experimental and research work and developed many new products to add to the company's post-war prospects. The 5% first preference cumulative stock of $20 par, which participates in dividends on the common to a maximum of 25 cents a year and is convertible into common, is currently selling at the call price of $23 per share, at which price the yield is just under 5½%. The common stock, paying 50 cents a year and returning a little over 5½%, is currently selling in the neighborhood of 9.

WRIGHT-HARGREAVES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have a few hundred shares of Wright-Hargreaves Mines and would like to know whether there is any future for the mine itself and whether this company is interested in any other properties that have a future.

—B. K. N., Toronto, Ont.

Implication of disappointing results at depth at Wright-Hargreaves Mines is that the mine has bottomed, but deeper exploration might entirely change the picture. The shortage of manpower for underground work, however, has greatly curtailed forward development. I understand that fairly satisfactory results have resulted from the limited amount of work the company has been able to do, but this has mainly been in extending old areas on the upper levels, with further exploration at depth having to await easier labor conditions.

In the meantime the company's ore reserves are sufficient for about four years' milling, but the mine should at least be expected to operate for some years beyond that. At the end of August, 1942, ore reserves were approximately 1,185,500 tons, grading over $19 which at $38.50 gold had a value of close to $23,000,000. Net working capital at that time was around $4,900,000, so that the value

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: Stocks on the New York market from which Canadian stocks take their cue, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are regarded by us as having registered a zone of distribution over the early half of the year, from which eventual cyclical decline should be witnessed, and a reversal in the SHORT TERM TREND to a downward direction was recently (August 2) indicated. For further discussion of intermediate outlook, see below.

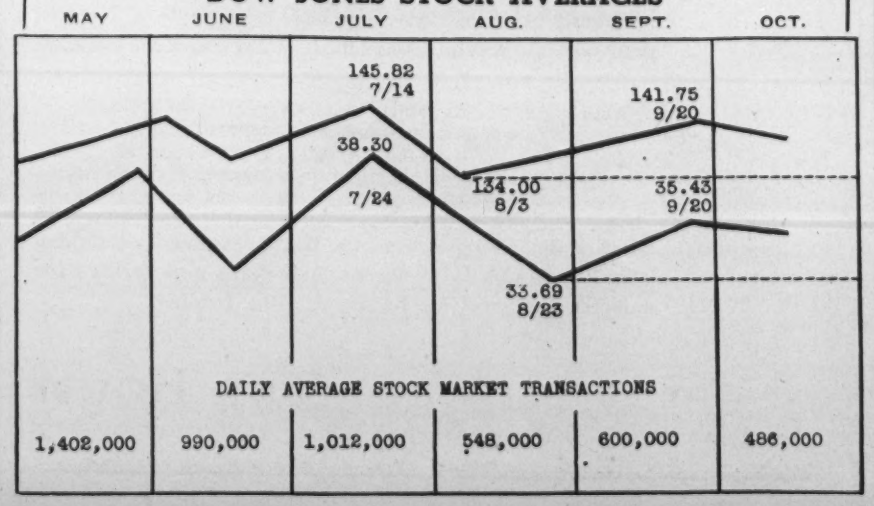
BE PATIENT—WATCH THE AVERAGES!

So far the stock market has adhered, in general, to the pattern outlined by us during the current year. There was first the advance to mid-July, when the Dow-Jones industrial average attained a peak close at 145.82. This level, marking the high point of the year to date, compares with a maximum objective for the year's advance, as given in our Forecast of January 9th and 16th, 1943, of 140/145.

Following its July 1943 peak the market has witnessed its most substantial correction in 15 months, said correction, as outlined in our Forecast of July 17, having a normal objective of 125/112 on the Dow-Jones industrial average. In the course of a decline, such as that envisaged as currently under way, important rallies, however, are to be anticipated. Thus, following the 12 point break to 134 on August 2, we set up an objective of "above 140" (see Forecasts of August 21 and subsequently) on the industrial average for selling of stocks on the part of those who had not sold on our advices during strength culminating in the July peak. This objective was attained between September 19 and 25, when the industrial average, accompanied by the largest volume since the July break, rallied as high as 141.75. Price weakness has subsequently been witnessed.

At this juncture the main consideration to be kept in mind for the moment is the fact that the averages have been in a line formation since August 2, and, as previously discussed herein, the clue to the market's more immediate trend will be disclosed only when this line is decisively penetrated. Closes in both the rail and the industrial average at or under 32.68 and 132.99 would indicate downside breaking, calling for the 125 to 112 level previously mentioned. To the contrary, should the two averages close at or above 36.44 and 142.76, upside breaking of the line would be signalled. In such event the industrial average could temporarily climb to or moderately above its mid-July peak but it is doubtful that the rails would confirm such strength, following which renewed decline by both averages would be in order.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



Lake of the Woods Milling Company

Limited

AND ITS WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

Combined Statement as at August 31st, 1943

After paying interest on Bank Loans, providing ample reserve for doubtful accounts and writing off $155,316.62 for depreciation, and providing $1,226,431.92 for Federal Income and Excess Profit Taxes, including refund payable to Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation, the net profit amounts to $341,134.03.

Balance—Profit and Loss and Surplus Account as at 31st August, 1942			$2,608,075.43
Net Operating Profit for the year ended 31st August, 1943		$1,911,015.97	
LESS: Interest	$ 154,101.39		
Depreciation	155,316.62		
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes, including refund payable to Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation	1,226,431.92		
Directors' Fees	7,542.93		
Executive Salaries	75,893.46		
Legal Fees	78.70		
		$1,619,365.02	
		$ 291,650.95	
Dividends from Investment in the Controlled Company	47,988.00		
Income from Investments	1,495.08		
		49,483.08	
			341,134.03
			$2,949,209.46
DEDUCT: Dividend on Cumulative Preferred Stock	$ 105,000.00		
Dividend on Common Stock	177,226.80		
			282,226.80
BALANCE—At 31st August, 1943 per Consolidated Balance Sheet			$2,666,982.66

Montreal, October 13th, 1943.

THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

BRANCH OFFICES:

AGENCY BUILDING . . . . EDMONTON, ALBERTA
211A EIGHTH AVE. W. . . . . CALGARY, ALBERTA
McCALLUM HILL BLDG. . . . . REGINA, SASK.
411 AVENUE BUILDING . . . . SASKATOON, SASK.

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash

TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Chartered Accountants

E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS

Authorized Trustees and Receivers.

15 Wellington Street West TORONTO

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $62,000,000

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 227

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1943. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

S. M. WEDD
General Manager

Toronto, 22nd September 1943

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 376

A regular dividend of 1% has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 4th day of November, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 21st day of October, 1943.

DATED the 14th day of October, 1943.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

The Royal Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 225

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one half per cent (being at the rate of six per cent per annum) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Wednesday, the first day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of October, 1943.

By order of the Board.

S. G. DOBSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, Que., October 12, 1943.

McIntyre Porcupine Mines

LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

Dividends Nos. 104 and 105

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of McIntyre Porcupine Mines Limited (No Personal Liability) held on the 13th day of October, 1943, the following dividends were declared payable in Canadian currency:

No. 104 for Fifty-five and a half cents (55½c) a share payable December 1, 1943, to shareholders of record November 1, 1943.

No. 105 (Extra) for One dollar and eleven cents ($1.11) a share payable January 3, 1944, to shareholders of record November 1, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

BALMER NEILLY,
Treasurer.

BE YOUR OWN BRIDGE-BUILDER

of ore reserves and cash assets work out in the neighborhood of $5 for each issued share.

Outside prospecting has been carried out for some years past and numerous properties examined but the only holding of which I have record is Aetna Mines in the Sudbury district. This optioned property has had considerable exploration but further work is postponed until the end of the war.

HALCROW SWAYZE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

In 1934 a number of us in this office purchased shares of the Halcrow Swayze Mining Co., and shortly thereafter we no longer saw them quoted on the exchange. But lately I have noticed that the shares are being quoted and are around 18 cents. Can you give me any information?

—H. T. W., Dartmouth, N.S.

The shares you hold must be Halcrow Swayze Mines, Limited, as the name of the company was not changed to Halcrow Swayze Mining Company, Limited, until March 1941, when a reorganization was effected. Your shares are exchangeable by the Trusts & Guarantee Co., Toronto, on the basis of one new for each five held. After two years of inactivity the company recently aranged new financing and proposes to resume active exploration.

An interest has been acquired in New Ribago Mines—a copper-gold-prospect in the Rouyn area of Quebec—through the purchase of a block of shares and the company has assumed director control. A new program of exploration is planned for the property. Halcrow's main holding is a large acreage in the Swayze area of the Sudbury district. Underground development here is reported to have indicated over 1,000,000 tons of low grade ore which might be mined by the open pit method if cheap power and transportation were available. However, at the time work was stopped on the 350-foot level to the west, values averaging $18 per ton in gold across four feet were secured.

Twenty claims are held in the Porcupine area and while diamond drilling failed to secure any values, interesting structure was disclosed and further exploration is considered justified. A block of 250,000 shares is held in Briscoe Bryce Mines, which may develop into a holding of some importance. Surface work, including 15 pits, indicated a 450-foot vein length averaging between $7 and $10 per ton across widths of three and four feet.

BROMPTON PULP & PAPER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am considering the purchase of shares of St. Lawrence Corporation, and would be obliged if you would tell me the numbers of shares of the various subsidiaries held by this company, also some information on how Brompton Pulp & Paper Company is doing this year, as I understand this is the major subsidiary.

—R. W. N., Outremont, Que.

St. Lawrence Corporation owns 298,107 of the 300,000 outstanding common shares of Brompton Pulp & Paper Co., 510,101 of the 514,675 common shares of St. Lawrence Paper Mills, and 24,811 of the 100,000 common shares of Lake St. John Power & Paper Co., while another 51,469 common shares of the latter company are held by St. Lawrence Paper Mills. In recent years St. Lawrence Corporation's revenues have been almost entirely derived from dividends from Brompton.

Brompton Pulp & Paper recently informed shareholders of a sharp decline in earnings for the first half of 1943 as compared with the first half of last year, but coupled with this is a statement that "some improvement in earnings is being experienced during the third quarter".

According to the statement, earnings of the company before depreciation and income taxes were $395,197 during the first six months of 1943, as against $839,169 during the same period last year. The explanation of lower production which has been responsible largely for the decline in earnings is similar to that recorded for the latter part of 1942. As the company states: "The difficult situation respecting wood supplies, referred to in the last annual report, has become intensified. Prices of wood have been increased. Large quantities are still being exported to the United States, and the company is obliged to obtain wood from remote regions at greatly increased cost to ensure immediate operations." It adds that labor costs have risen sharply and prices of many supplies and materials, particularly coal and lime, have been increased.

Production, on the other hand, has declined due to wartime restrictions affecting certain essential materials. These many factors have combined to greatly increase manufacturing costs and to reduce production. No increases in selling prices have been obtained on any kraft products, which form the major part of the company's products since June, 1940. The statement adds, however, that "it is hoped that some adjustment may be obtained in the near future." Then comes the reference to improved earnings in the third quarter. It should be noted that Brompton's earnings in second half of 1942 fell below those of the first half, against which the earnings for 1943 shown above are contrasted.

ARMISTICE GOLD

Editor, Gold & Dross:

For some time past I have been frantically urged to buy shares of Armistice Gold Mines. Do you know of any special reason why this stock should be bought?

—L. T., Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

I know of no special reason why Armistice Gold Mines' shares are attractive at present, and in such a purchase you are speculating in the hope that the present diamond drilling campaign will reveal conditions similar to those which made Kerr-Addison—part of the property adjoins it on the west—the outstanding new gold producer of recent years. So far I have heard no reports of the discovery of ore.

The Armistice property consists of approximately 500 acres in McGarry township. Extensive surface work and diamond drilling have been carried out and last February a new contract was arranged for some deep drilling which is now proceeding. It was recently reported that the fourth hole was down over 700 feet. I understand 100,000 treasury shares were underwritten at 30 cents per share and options granted on an additional 1,100,000 at prices ranging from 35 cents to $1.

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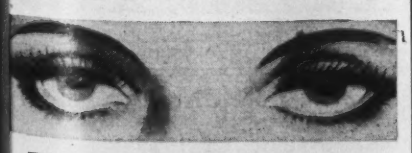

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Fire Insurance in Wartime

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Comparatively few people are aware of the extent of the contribution being made to the country's war effort by the associated fire insurance companies, or tariff companies as they are usually called, although government authorities have recognized its value and have expressed their appreciation.

At considerable cost of time and money, these companies in their associated capacity have built up efficient inspection, engineering, loss investigation and map-making departments, and their experts are rendering excellent public service at this juncture—all with the object of maintaining war production free from interruption by fire, and all at no expense to the taxpayers.

IN ADDITION to carrying out their ordinary function of providing indemnity to policyholders for loss or damage by fire or other insured hazards to their real and personal property, the associated fire insurance companies in Canada, Great Britain and the United States are performing various public services the value of of which, though recognized by the government authorities in these countries, is but little known by the public generally.

While people as a rule are inclined to look askance at the activities of these underwriting bodies, or tariff associations as they are usually called, it is only by their association together in such organizations that they are in possession of the means and equipment which enable them to render such public service in a time of emergency and on a voluntary basis, that is, without expense to the general taxpayers.

Free Service

In Canada the engineers of the associated companies are devoting a great deal of their time to consultations with government architects, engineers and army, navy and air-force authorities regarding the construction of buildings used for military purposes. Their experts are also making inspections of war industrial plants at all hours of the day and night so as to observe their operation under the different working shifts. According to an official statement, over 1700 such inspections were made last year.

As the Dominion Government does not carry insurance on its various properties as a rule, the companies derive no business benefit from such services but perform them voluntarily as a contribution to the country's war effort. Their services include the laying out and checking of water mains, sprinkler installations, water tanks and reservoirs, pumps, etc., and the inspection of plants presently engaged in the production of war supplies—all with the object of preventing the outbreak and spread of fire.

Many hazardous conditions have been discovered and corrected in such plants as a result of their efforts. Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, is on record with an expression of the Government's appreciation of the work they are doing. He said, among other things: "I feel that to a considerable extent the comparatively good record to date of fire losses in such plants is a reflection of their services."

Their staff of trained fire loss investigators have also rendered valuable public service in the prevention of incendiarism and sabotage in co-operation with the fire marshals, local police officials and the R.C.M.P. It is no exaggeration to say that the disruption of production in war plants by sabotage or preventable fires could result in the loss of battles in Italy, Russia, the South-west Pacific, or other war fronts, and so postpone the day of victory. That there has so far been a noticeable absence of sabotage in this war may be attributed to a considerable extent to the effective preventive measures taken as a result of their combined efforts.

Valuable Information

Those engaged in war production have also been furnished by the associated companies with reliable information regarding the merits and efficiency of many of the appliances, devices, machinery and materials needed in their plants, as the result of the research and tests made by the Underwriters' Laboratories, whose label attached to any piece of material or equipment is an assurance of its dependability. Before such a label is attached, samples of all such material and equipment are thoroughly tested for life and fire hazards and their freedom from inherent faults which might endanger those using them.

Further, they have furnished the R.C.M.P., the Department of National Defence, and other Government Departments with complete sets of their copyrighted Underwriters Survey Bureau detailed plans of cities, towns and villages throughout the country, which have been prepared and kept up to date by constant revision over a lengthy period of years at the expenditure of a great deal of time and money by the associated companies. This has saved the Government a large amount of money, as the information contained in these plans is essential to it for war purposes.

Rights of Bureau

These plans, incidentally, were the subject of extensive litigation a few years ago when action was taken by the Underwriters Survey Bureau Limited and the board companies against a non-board organization for wrongful use of these plans. They won in both the Exchequer Court and the Supreme Court of Canada, but the case was not finally determined until later when the Privy Council refused the non-board organization leave to appeal from the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada.

This judgment held that copyright in all plans made or revised by the Underwriters Survey Bureau Limited is vested in the Bureau; that the sole ownership of these plans is vested in the Bureau, and that the Bureau alone has the right to say whether they shall be published or not, and, not having published them, the Bureau has the right to restrict their circulation to the members of the Canadian Underwriters Association and their agents.

In the opinion of the Supreme Court the plans were intended for the exclusive use of the members of the Association and their agents acting in the course of their duties as such agents, and the information contained in them was not to be disclosed to rival insurance companies or employed in the business of such companies. Plans or copies are released only on loan to those who receive them, the ownership remaining vested in the Underwriters Survey Bureau limited.

Another war service performed by the insurance companies in Canada, both tariff and non-tariff, is in connection with the administration of the War Risk Insurance scheme of the Dominion Government which was established to meet public demand. Hon. J. L. Ilsley, Minister of Finance, has referred in an appreciative speech to the generous terms offered by the insurance companies which, he said, was proof of their determination to render public service free of selfish motives.

Although the demand for this Government War Risk Insurance has somewhat slackened of late, policies had been issued up to March 31, 1943, for a total insurance of $1,942,528,424, while the premiums totalled $4,585,197. While the Government assumes the liability for war damage to property in respect of those who are insured, the policies are issued through the insurance companies and their agents who are co-operating with the Government in this undertaking on a non-profit basis. The rate charged by the Government for this insurance is 15 cents per $100 on dwellings, etc.; 15 cents per $100, with 90 per cent co-insurance, on churches, hospitals, libraries, public buildings; and 25 cents per $100, with 90 per cent co-insurance, on all other property except stock floaters, transit risks, and vessels in course of construction.

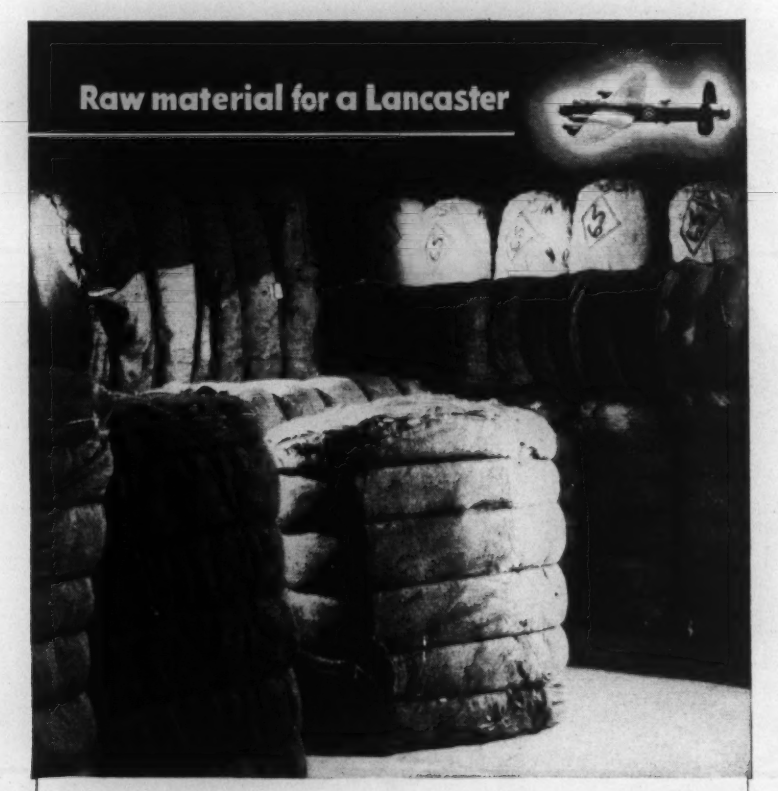
Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

In May, 1936, my wife and I each bought a Dom. Govt. annuity to mature in the Spring of 1946, and each to start paying on maturity $100. a month or $1200.00 a year, and each guaranteed for ten years in the event of prior death. I understand such an annuity, purchased when it was, is not subject to Income Tax under present Dom. Govt. regulations, but in the event of the death of either annuitant, subsequent to maturity date of annuity, and prior to the expiration of the ten year period, would the annuity of the deceased, if paid to the survivor, be subject to Dom. Govt. Income Tax payable by the survivor?

—W. H. S., Edmonton, Alta.

According to our understanding of the law as it stands at present, income from Dominion Government annuity contracts is subject to the following exemptions if the contracts were entered into before June 25, 1940: (1) On contracts entered into before May 26, 1932, to the extent of $5,000 per annum; (2) On contracts entered into from May 26, 1932, to June 24, 1940, to the extent of $1,200 per annum. In the case of a husband and wife, each having an annuity they are limited between them to an exemption of $5,000 per annum altogether if the contracts were entered into before May 26, 1932, and to an exemption altogether of $1,200 per annum if the contracts were entered into from May 26, 1932, to June 24, 1940. The exemption may be taken by either the husband or wife or may be apportioned between them. Payments made under an annuity from death until the end of the guaranteed period are subject to Income Tax only to the extent of the interest element included in each such payment.



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Demobilization?

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

There is concern in Britain over the system to be used in releasing men from the armed services. One large section of thought, headed by Labor Minister Bevin, advocates that priority of release be based on length of service. This solution, however, ignores economic considerations. The answer is not so simple.

London.

THE example of what happened after the last war should be guarantee enough against loose thinking on the subject of demobilization. But official spokesmen seem again to be making this highly delicate and important matter an opportunity for the exercise of those same bluff, provocative and bewildering talents that have constructed strangleholds of weeds around the young plant of post-war planning generally.

The House of Commons was told by the Government a long time ago that demobilization engaged its close attention. In the early spring Sir William Jowitt declared the principle: "Age and length of service, but there must be a latitude so that some men may come out before their normal term". Those some were, of course, the industrial "key" men. In the summer came news of a committee to look into this question of key men.

The latest pronouncement has come from Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labor, who perceives no adequate cause for any adjustment in any circumstances of the beautifully simple plan that the first to go in shall be the first to come out. And once again there is eager controversy.

The barrenness of this controversy is that it seems to be conducted entirely by people who are devoid of qualifications to speak on it. This goes not merely for the special pleaders but also for the bigger names. What, for instance, are Mr. Bevin's qualifications for giving a categorical ruling on a subject that is a matter of profound economic complexity, and which contains so many challenges to the application of the principles of social justice?

Complex Economic Problems

It is a matter for disquiet to find a Minister of the Crown lightheartedly inventing parrot-slogans like "First In, First Out", and so far exposing the incompetence of his understanding of the real problem as to identify all criticism of his diagnosis with "wirepulling". The first-in, first-outers, are well meaning, but they are floundering about like bulls in the chinashop of subtly-intermingled economic and social necessities.

Mr. Churchill should promptly tie the tongues of his Ministers on the whole question of demobilization, before they make things worse, until he has had time to consider it deeply himself. He is well qualified to make a decision on the points of social justice involved, and he could seek the advice of competent economic knowledge—Beveridge and Keynes are two names that would serve—on the question of the relation of demobilization to post-war industrial recovery.

There will be conflict between the two compelling influences, and it is a matter for the Government to say how the priorities should run. If it takes as realistic a view of the peace as it has done of the war it will be forced to admit the necessity for considerable individual departures from the strict dogma of justice in order to serve the more urgent need, for the community at large, of prime economic necessity.

But there is no simple A,B,C, even about the equity aspect. Because a man went into the Forces early it does not follow, except in kindergarten reasoning, that he should come out first. The man who went in first was more often unmarried than the man who went in late. He was more often without financial responsibility. You may not crudely bolster up the qualitative sacrifice with the quantitative sacrifice. Did the single man of 20, called up early in the war, make a bigger sacrifice than the married family man, with possibly his own small business, of 35, called up two years or more after?

As to the economic side, it would take a book to state even the elements of the position. For the benefit of the Bevin school of thought (which seems, to judge from the vociferous reception of his speech to them, to include the whole of the Trade Union Congress), it seems necessary to give new emphasis to the urgency of the need for the British economy to bestir itself to the greatest possible degree in the shortest possible time when the war is done. We shall need exports as a sorely-wounded man needs an infusion of blood, and for them we shall need a restored industry, an alert marketing system, and intelligent jobs for industry to perform. Is the housing position such that builders will be kept in the Army because they were born a little too soon? Is the return of industry to a peace-time organization to wait while the War Office counts years of service? Is it to be conducted with the help of the young and inexperienced, newly released from the Services?

It is a tendency that war governments have, to regard war as the serious business and peace as a sort of indefinitely prolonged recess. Mr. Churchill's Government has not been free from the tendency to disregard matters pertaining to the peace for which we are fighting the war. So it is perhaps inevitable that there should be an air of the incongruous and of the ill-informed and of the unreasoning about the pronouncements of war-winners on the subject of peace. It is charitable to regard the peculiar views of Mr. Bevin in this light. But it is plainly not nearly good enough. The time of peace is not so far off that we can regard its remoteness as an excuse for toying with its problems.

• •

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

HARD Rock Gold Mines has been encountering some of the richest ore so far found in the Little Long Lac area of northwestern Ontario. The vein at this point is fourteen feet in width and has been opened for a length of more than 100 ft. with the face of the drift still in ore. The deposit lies in a contact between porphyry and sedimentary formations. The indicated length of this contact along the strike of the deposit is about 2,000 ft. and while there is no expectation of continuous mineralization along the contact, the outlook is favorable for orebodies at intervals.

•

Steep Rock Iron Mines is forging along with the general program of work designed to bring the mine to production on a big scale. A feature in connection with this undertaking is that it is an enterprise based on indicated ore resources which give promise of activity on a big scale for many decades.

•

Wright-Hargreaves produced close to $5,000,000 in gold during the year ended August 31, according to preliminary unofficial estimates. This compared with $6,259,433 during the preceding year. Efforts are being made to maintain mill operations at the reduced rate of 600 tons daily, but the manpower situation remains acute. The company paid $1,925,000 in dividends during the year and was able to add moderately to surplus, with liquid assets expected to show about $5,000,000 above current liabilities. Ore reserves are indicated at around $22,000,000.

•

Preston East Dome milled 16,983 tons of ore during September compared with 16,885 in August and 19,949 during July. Output has been maintained at a rate of over $160,000 a month through handling higher grade ore. The yield during September was $9.51 per ton compared with $8.44 in July.

•

Central Patricia Gold Mines produced $333,060 in gold during the third quarter of 1943 from 24,632 tons of ore. This compared with an output of $410,038 from 25,790 tons in the preceding quarter.

•

Cariboo Gold Quartz is being hit hard by war conditions. Whereas in 1941 the mill was operating at close to 11,000 tons a month, this declined to less than 9,000 tons monthly in 1942. Now comes the advice that during September of this year the plant operated at just 1,950 tons. Output for the past few months has averaged about $32,000 a month compared with over $150,000 a month in 1941.

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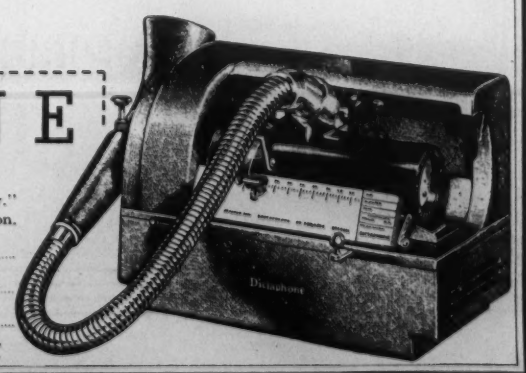

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JIM'S not grousing, but he *does* want to get back.

Back to Mum's apple pie and the smell of real home cooking . . . to Dad's quiet "Hello Son" . . . to the home town hockey games . . . to Doc Hill's drug store where the cokes taste better . . . to the little Palace Movie house . . . to the weirdly painted jalopy . . . to Jane, the brown eyed lass who kissed him goodbye.

And Bob wants to get back too.

Back to Mary and young Bob . . . back to see wee Betty who came after he left . . . to his own radio where Fibber McGee and Molly seemed more amusing . . . to the little work shop in the cellar . . . to the roses and shrubs in the back garden and a chat over the fence with neighbor Ed Brown . . . to the little lake up north where he catches the big bass . . . to the old pay cheque, moderate in size yet so much larger than the official one he now receives.

Yes, they want to get back . . . these men and boys of ours, now far away in the prison camps of the enemy or fighting on land, on sea or in the skies over Europe. And we want them back . . . night and day our prayers go up for their safe return.

But the things they yearn for are the things they went away to fight for. So they will not come back until the job is finished.

Our task at home is clear . . . We must work and sacrifice, save and lend, leaving nothing undone that will speed the Victory and hasten the day of their joyous return to the things they love . . . and fought for . . . and preserved.

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